UPGRADE EVERYTHING! 86 WAYS TO SUPERCHARGE YOUR LIFE

MAXIM

APRIL 2008

All Hail
Jaime King
Geek Goddess Sexes Up Star Wars Comedy *Fanboys*

MAXIM ALL-STARS
SPORTS REBELS, MAVERICKS & GAME CHANGERS

SCARLETT JOHANSSON Takes On Al Qaeda!

WILL SUCCESS SPOIL FLIGHT OF THE CONCHORDS?

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Photograph, Sante D'Orazio; styling, Lia Davis; fashion assistant, Ashley Zohar; hair, Jonathan Hanousek for Exclusive Artists/Biolage; makeup, Kathy Jueng using classifiedcosmetics.com for magnetla.com; prop styling, David Ross for ArtMix Beauty; manicure, Marsha Bialo using China Glaze/bpolished.com for Artists by Timothy Priano. Corset, Dolce & Gabbana; fishnets, Wolford; shoes, Christian Louboutin; jewelry, RoseArk

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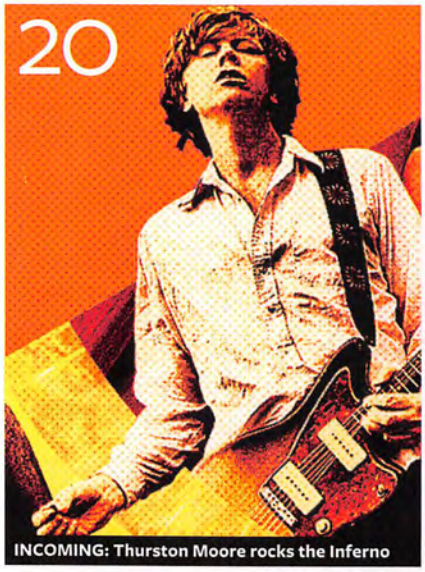

INCOMING: Thurston Moore rocks the Inferno

COLUMNS: How to find friends with benefits

Go hog wild with Harley's meanest machine

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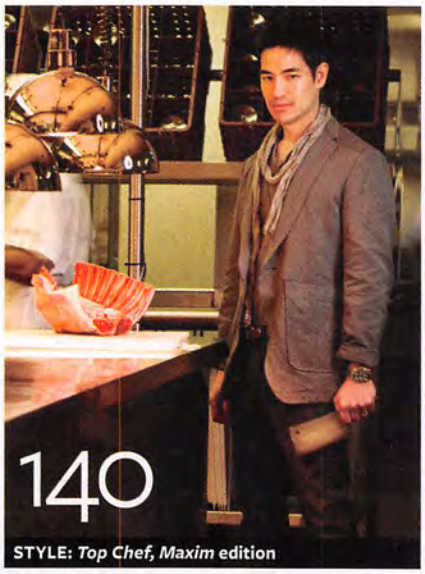

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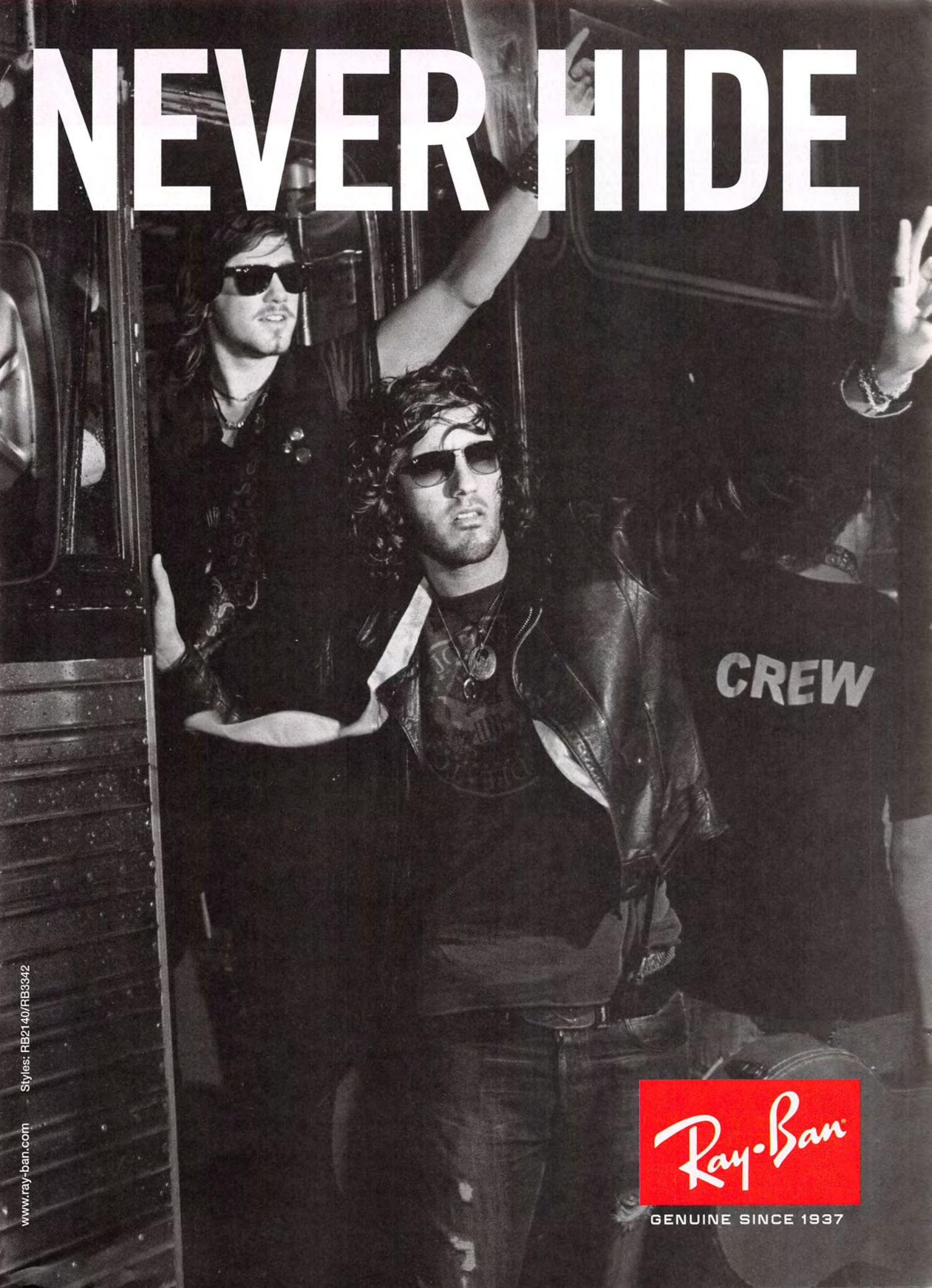
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We are a nation of strivers, always on the prowl for the instant upgrade, the quick fix. How else can you explain such bizarre phenomena as Mike Huckabee's candidacy, the Master Cleanse Diet, Trump's decision to add "celebrities" to his hypnotically sucky reality show, the Flowbee, Dave Zinczenko...The list goes on. Through all the weird clutter, one truth emerges: The road to a better life can be strewn with angst, hardship, and insanely high online porn bills. But lucky you, we've eased the path. Our feature "Upgrade Everything" (p.94) is aimed at giving you advice on the things that truly count: how to get a better job, date out of your league, buy an incredible timepiece, juice your brain, dominate your pickup basketball games, and much more. Think of it as the ultimate guide to a better you.

And we practice what we preach here at *Maxim*. We set out on a staff-wide campaign to upgrade our own lives this month. All our editors got long-term loaners of the new Porsche 911 GT2 (see review, p.69), arguably the hottest sports car on the road. We pooled our cash and purchased a minor league baseball team, the Alpha Media Group Bloomin' Onions (instructions on how to do so, p.134). We switched from Zima to Red Bull, McDonald's to Red Lobster; all our cubicles are now outfitted with Sub-Zero Pro 48 refrigerators and energy saving GE Profile dishwashers. "I upgraded from baseball caps to a fedora," says Senior Editor David Swanson. Looks good, Dave! "I cut down from four drinks a day to 3½," adds Executive Editor A.J. Baime proudly. More staff upgrades below.

But the biggest upgrade may well be the magazine you hold in your hands. You may have noticed, over the past six months, that we've been pumping all our energy into making *Maxim* more beautiful, more sophisticated, sexier, funnier, cooler—in essence, all the things it should be, and by that I mean the best men's magazine in the world. Each issue is crammed with stuff you can't find anywhere else, including the rest of this month's helpful tips: If you're planning on surfing a monster 70-foot wave while high on meth, maybe don't! ("Ghost Rider," p.122.) Or if you want to get your ass kicked, go to Faneuil Hall and read aloud from this month's sports column ("Boston Massacre," p.79). Or if you want to see the most gorgeous *Star Wars* geek on Earth, stop reading this letter and check out *Fanboys* star Jaime King's red-hot photo shoot! (p.88) Whatever's going on out there in the world, you'll find in here. Give us a read and let us know what you think. See you next issue.

James Kaminsky
Editorial Director

WE UPGRADED, AND SO CAN YOU!

This month our staff caught the upgrade bug and made some big changes.

UPGRADE-O-METER
"I confronted my loud neighbor! In my head. While lying awake at 2 A.M."
Senior Editor Maria Fontoura
"Syphilis be dammed, I started an eHarmony account."
Assistant Editor Jesse Brukman
"I bought a pair of mom jeans—roomy in the crotch!"
Senior Editor Patrick Carone
"I lit my house on fire and bought a boat with the insurance cash."
Executive Editor Dan Bova
"I invested in a DVR. Now I can watch my soaps on my own time!"
Deputy Editor Chris Wilson
"I switched from raisins to Craisins."
Entertainment Director Alison Prato

PHOTOGRAPHS, GREGG DELMAN (KAMINSKY AND BOTTOM FIVE STAFF)

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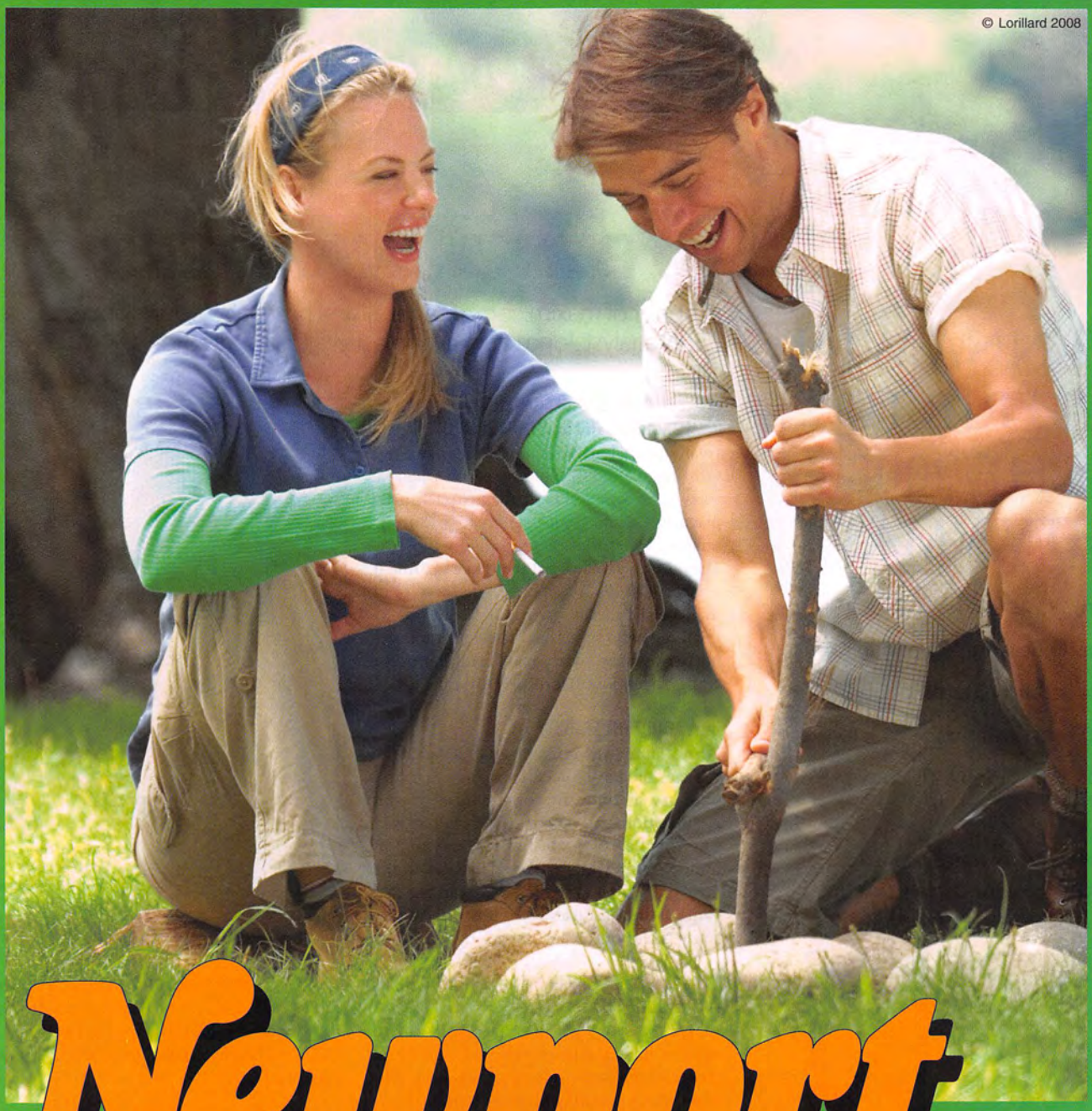

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Maxim Digital

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BENCH WARMERS

In honor of maxim.com's fearless list of baseball's worst skippers, ESPN analyst John Kruk reveals last year's highs and lows.

WHAT WAS THE BEST MANAGERIAL PERFORMANCE YOU SAW LAST SEASON?

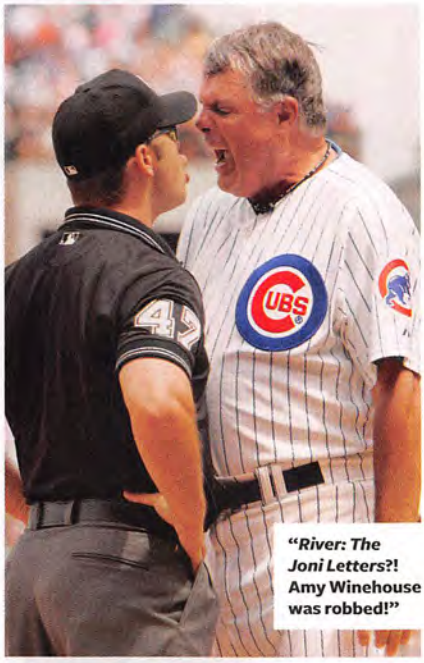
I really liked what [Colorado Rockies manager] Clint Hurdle did in the postseason when he threw those young kids out there to pitch in the playoffs. He had some veteran guys waiting, but said, "Well, these young kids got me here. They're going to do what they have to." And it worked. But it's tough out there for a lot of managers. Especially guys like Lou Piniella [pictured] who have that "screw it, you're going to play how I want you to" attitude. After a while players just lose respect for you.

HOW ABOUT THE WORST?

I'm not sure it was all managerial, but what the Yankees did with Joba Chamberlain. That's a once-in-a-lifetime arm coming through your organization, and he's on a pitch count? And this year he's going to be on some kind of inning count. If the Yankees have to win the division and he's pitching a gem in the last game of the season and he reaches his inning count in the fourth, are they taking him out?

YOU MANAGED A FEW GAMES IN THE MINORS. IS IT A TOUGH GIG?

At first I was nervous, but I liked it. It's fun to make a lineup, change pitchers, and be in charge of the game. Actually, I was more nervous about coaching third base than I was about managing. I knew the game, but I never knew any of the signs when I played. So I was really sure I wouldn't get them right as a coach either. I actually gave Marlon Byrd, who's with the Texas Rangers now, the bunt sign with the bases loaded. He looked at me like I was crazy. So I screamed a verbal sign instead: "Don't watch me—just hit!"



"River: The Joni Letters?! Amy Winehouse was robbed!"

Who are the worst managers in baseball? Go to maxim.com/sports to see our picks, then vote yourself. Watch your backs, Trey Hillman and John Russell.

Phone Fun

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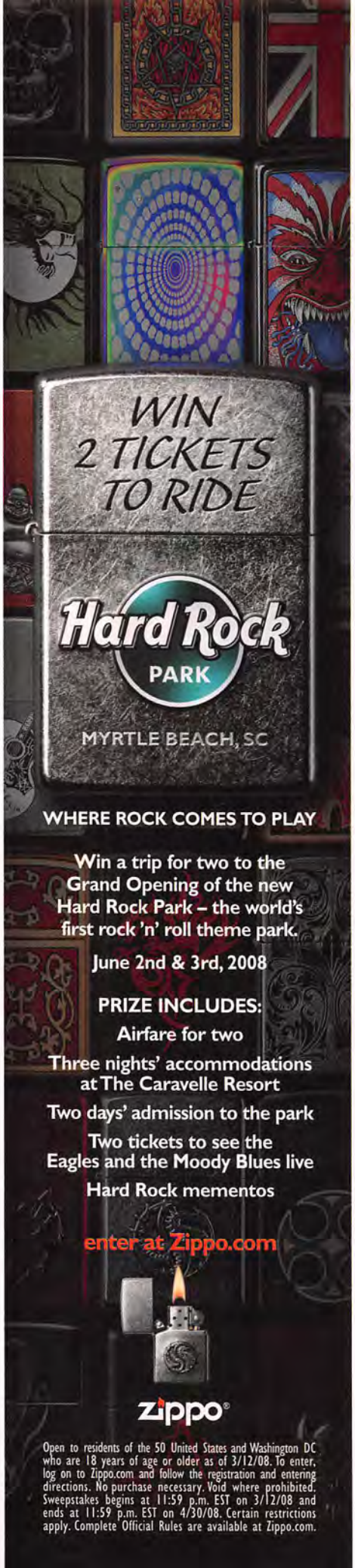
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Hills Billy

Heidi Montag looked amazing [February], and it was good to see her get a chance to tell her own story. Yeah, I watch *The Hills* with my girlfriend, so what? Anyway, I was shocked to read that they shoot multiple takes. How am I supposed to know if "reality" shows are real?

Alexander McAloon via e-mail

See that group of burly shotgun-wielding gentlemen storming your mom's basement while you're down there cooking up meth in your underwear, Alexander? Well, you're on a reality show called Cops, *and it is, in fact, real.*

Lookin' for Love

Let me start off by saying yours is the best magazine out there, so props to all who are involved—I don't know what I would do at work without it. Anyway, if any of the lovely ladies of *Maxim* are single or looking for a good time, they can find me in St. Louis.

Jimmy D. via e-mail

We gave your letter to our thrice-widowed Latvian cleaning lady, Ludmila, who immediately bought a one-way bus ticket to St. Louis. Please remember: Her left eye is her good eye.

Brassed Off

I don't know who was responsible for the "Things that are supposed to be sexy but aren't" list ["The Sexiest Everything 2008," February], but he's full of shit listing the saxophone. What instrument did he play, the bagpipe? Allow me, as a sax player, to inform this douchebag that besides the lead singer in a rock band, and maybe the lead guitarist, no one gets more tail than a saxophone player.

Jason "Beesax" Jay via e-mail

You forgot the drummer. And the keyboardist. And the roadie. So, sorry, Beesax, if we don't share your obsession with blowable phallic objects.

Wing Nut

I was excited to see your article about NASCAR in the February issue ["Ring of Fire"]. Just one thing—the Car of Tomorrow illustration on page 97 doesn't have an adjustable wing! You should ask Jimmie Johnson what would happen if he drove it into turn one at 200 mph.

T.K. Niceville, FL

We asked, and he said, "It's 5 A.M. What the hell are you doing in my bedroom?" Case closed!

Thongs for the Memories

About 10 years ago, you ran a joke article about my men's lingerie company. Thanks to you our business—which is owned and operated by women—expanded and almost tripled in sales over a short time, and we're still growing. Who knew so many *Maxim* boys like to wear frilly knickers? If only they would admit it.

Kristina Bonfeld via e-mail

Glad we could help, Kristina. By the way, do you still sell that metal-studded pink vinyl man-teddy? Father's Day is right around the corner...

Japanese poker is really weird.

Hiroki Helps!

Get sage advice from a total lunatic.

Q: The woman I've been dating for a couple of months is already talking about moving in together. How do I slow her down?

Ron S. via e-mail

Hiroki: Tell her you don't have a heat, so it's getting cold, and ask if she want frozen flesh. Or, say you got in your ear a flea, and doctor said sleep alone on your bed because it is a parasite infection. Tell her you love her but don't want to give her that shit.

Q: When the fat-ass in the cubicle next to mine chews food, he sounds like a hog. How do I make him eat like a human being?

Grant via e-mail

Hiroki: Be more louder till he get pissed. Put on music, like hip-hop or Yoko Ono, and do it closer and closer to his ear. Then eat tomato sauce pasta and spread it around him.

To solicit life lessons from a man who's sure to steer you wrong, e-mail ***hirokihelps@maxim.com.***

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Not the explosive Hummer he was hoping for

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Casualties of War

In Iraq I lost two Humvees, one Xbox 360, one laptop, two iPods, one camera, two uniforms, and one G-Shock watch—and gained a case of posttraumatic stress disorder. The only things that stayed true to me were *Maxim* and Skoal. Thanks, *Maxim*. You never failed me.

SPC Jason Clark via e-mail

Sheesh, didn't Ma ever teach you to be careful with your toys? Here's a Timex to replace that G-Shock, but if you lose it too, you're done, mister.

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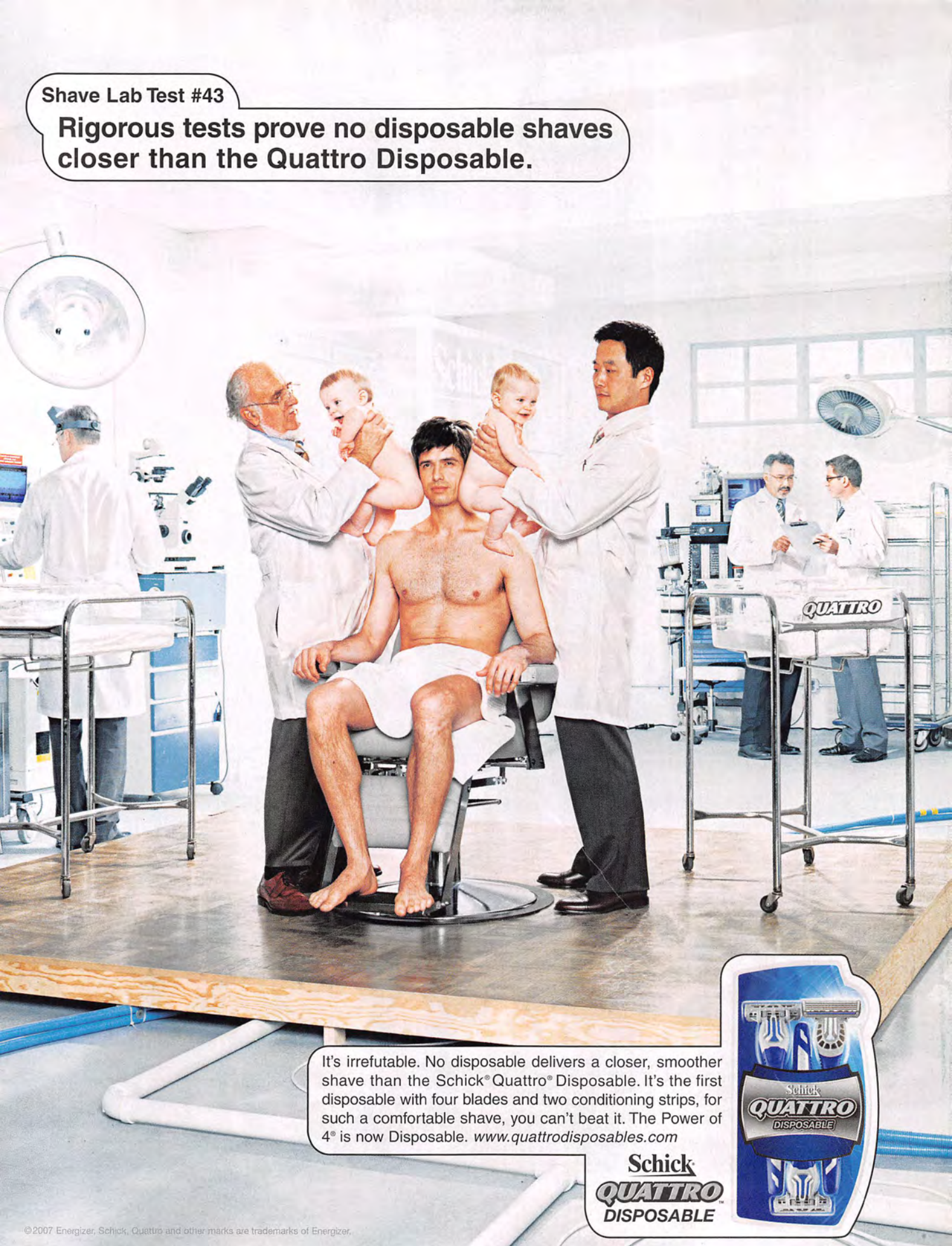

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INCOMING

{IF IT'S OUT THERE, IT'S IN HERE}

MY FIRST TIME

BAR PALY

This stunning Israeli is the first thing you're going to see in this month's big-screen thriller *The Ruins*, based on Scott Smith's bestseller about a pack of friends who find more than just pottery shards on an archaeological dig in Mexico. "I'm in the first scene," she says, "and nothing good happens to me. That's all I can say." Speaking of firsts, Bar revealed a few of her other seminal experiences.

First Kiss

I was a geeky girl who studied a lot, so it didn't happen until I was 17. This guy I studied theater with asked me to get some burgers and take a walk in the park, and that's when the kiss came. I don't think he knew what he was doing.

First Crush

This is embarrassing, but I think Conan O'Brien is hot. I think it's because he's funny and quirky. Or maybe it's the red hair.

AGENCY.COM; PROP STYING, DAVID ROSS FOR ARTMIX BEAUTY

First Concert
Garbage came to Israel when I was 16. It was the first time my folks let me go somewhere alone, so I saved up money and went with my friends. We smoked cigarettes, and when I got home my parents noticed the smell. They caught me doing *lots* of stuff I shouldn't have been doing.

First Time Fired
I tried to bartend, but half an hour into it I threw a drink at a customer because he hit on me.

First International Incident
I moved to Milan to model when I was 17, and after a week of auditions I got tired of it. I packed my stuff and took a train to Berlin without telling anyone—not the agency in Milan, not the agency in Israel, not even my parents. As a teenager, you don't really think about those things. Everybody was freaking out, and my parents finally called the Israeli embassy. Nobody knew where I was, and they were looking for me for a week! I caused a lot of trouble.

"THIS IS EMBARRASSING, BUT I THINK CONAN O'BRIEN IS HOT. MAYBE IT'S THE RED HAIR."

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE SHAW

MAXIM'S INFERNO

Nine new reasons why hell is a place on Earth.

1 Limbo

Getting somewhere fast is so last century. Hop aboard the Manned Cloud, a flying 60-room luxury hotel that will lazily lap the world in three days. If you're looking for the ultimate tourist trap, you just found it, buddy.

2 The Lustful

Indie cred just got stickier now that Sonic Youther Thurston Moore scored the adult film *Extra Action (And Extra Hardcore)*. The flick is more arty than gooey, but we're sure you were watching for the plot anyway.

3 The Gluttonous

Captain Pete Bethune is powering his eco-boat, *Earthrace*, with his own fat. The chubbiness lipo'd out of Bethune and two others will help power his boat as it circles the globe. If he needs to refuel, we know a Wendy's in Sri Lanka.

4 The Greedy

This May the BBC and Ricky Gervais will be raking in even more dinero. Following in the uncreative footsteps of the U.S., Germany, and France, *The Office* is heading to Chile. How do you say "stop beating a dead horse" in Spanish?

5 The Sullen

The first season of post–Mitchell Report baseball kicks off on March 25. Hope you're happy, America. Remember all your self-righteous indignation when your favorite slugger keeps flying out to the warning track.

6 The Heretics

ScientificMatch.com is a new dating service that, for a mere $1,995.95, will use DNA analysis to find you a partner who's genetically matched to give you a good-looking baby. And you thought eHarmony was creepy!

7 The Violent

Want to "get medievel" on people who mock your creepy obsession with Renaissance fairs? Go to PitbullArmory.com for custom-made armor for men, women, dogs, and, yes, squirrels. It's so much easier than losing your virginity!

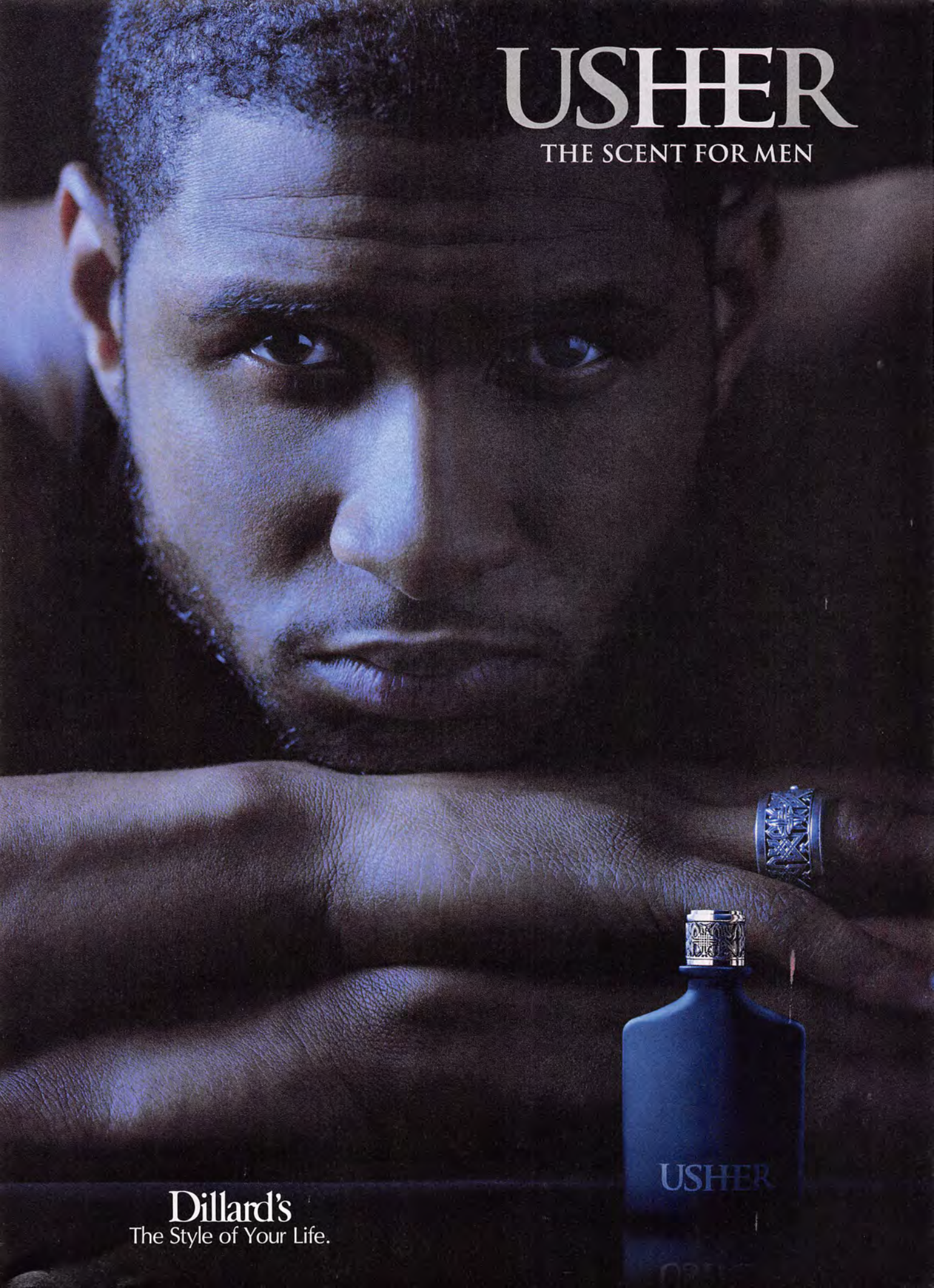
8 The Fraudulent

'Roids aren't just for athletes. Wyclef Jean, 50 Cent, Mary J. Blige, Timbaland, and Tyler Perry were all implicated in the Soares Report. We demand an asterisk next to the box office numbers for *Diary of a Mad Black Woman*.

9 The Traitors

LeBron James' efforts to ostracize Ohio sports fans continue with the release of his Air Zoom LeBron V, a Nike sneaker that pays tribute to the Bronx Bombers by showcasing the Yankees' colors and famous pinstripes. Up your butt, Jobu!

ILLUSTRATION: SEAN MCCABE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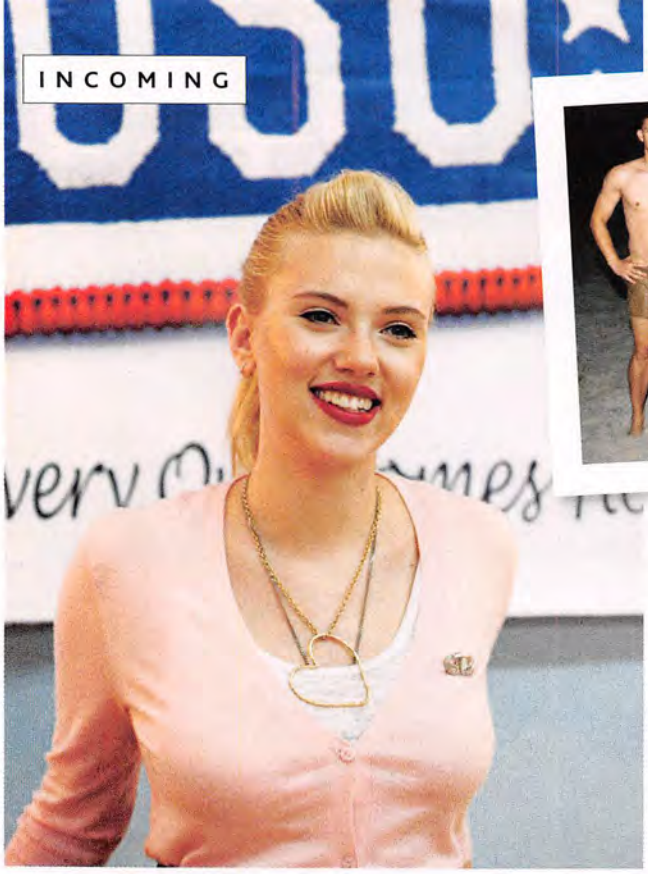


Left: War or no war, there's always time for water polo.
Below: Scarlett delivers a swift blow to Al Qaeda.

SCARLETT FEVER

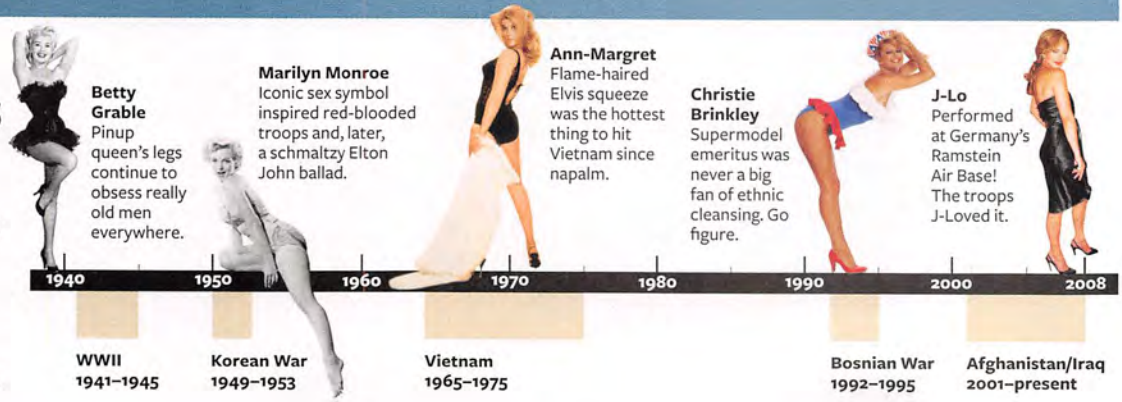
Hollywood's sexiest star takes a USO tour to support our war-weary troops. Lucky bastards.

Troops stationed on military bases in Kuwait experienced the most exciting wartime event since our guys pulled Saddam out of his spider hole: Scarlett Johansson stepped out of a transport plane for a five-day USO tour of the tiny Arab nation. Rocking an old-school pinup look that recalled the blond bombshells WWII pilots painted on their bombers, the 23-year-old superstar met with more than 3,500 troops in Kuwait, shaking hands, giving hugs, and generally reducing legions of battle-hardened badasses to lovestruck fanboys. "When I found out she was coming, I couldn't believe it," said Marine Lance Cpl. Nathan Long. Scarlett was as touched by the troop outpouring as they were by her visit: "It was an amazing, eye-opening experience. I'd go back again in a heartbeat." Wait, she's going back? Which way to the nearest recruitment center?

Above: "It's not a big deal. I just basically kicked a tank's ass with my bare hands."
Left: He hasn't taken that diving helmet off since.

USO All-Stars

Since 1941 the USO has sent patriotic beauties to entertain the troops. Here's a brief history of G.I. Janes who answered the call.



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HEALTH WATCH

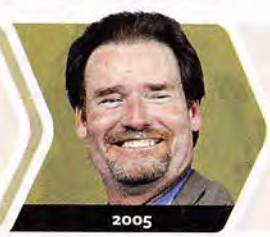
CREEPING HAIR SYNDROME

A cruel disease that causes follicles to spontaneously sprout is ravaging Hollywood heads. A cure is on the way, Piven!

Jeremy Piven
Was once so bald that he portrayed an actor cast to play George Costanza on *Seinfeld*'s "The Pilot" episode. Insiders say he now requires a special team to shave his forehead in between takes on *Entourage*.

Elton John
It is getting harder and harder for this English muffin to face his fans as his body grows hairier and hairier with each passing minute. How long until he is plunking out "Candle in the Wind" with fur-covered paws?

Billy Bob Thorton
Angelina Jolie's blood can trigger CHS, according to trichologists. The rich, sensual plasma can also cause fear of antiques and make one believe he should record a solo album. Oh, it is a cruel, cruel disease.



Wade Boggs
It's believed that excessive consumption of chicken turned the baseball Hall of Famer from cue ball to hairball. Side effects include overly white teeth and an ability to sweat through polyester suits.—*Ed Condran*

Hates to be left in the dryer

Rampage, Inc.

Quinton "Rampage" Jackson is bringing NBA-style endorsement-deal gluttony to the UFC. Ya heard?

Becoming the most recognizable UFC fighter on the planet is as much about building a brand as it is about busting heads—just ask Quinton "Rampage" Jackson. Besides coaching a team on the new season of Spike TV's *The Ultimate Fighter* and being the only man to beat Chuck Liddell twice, the flashy light-heavyweight champ has slapped his fearsome nickname on an unprecedented roster of products. Exhibiting the marketing bloodlust of a LeBron James or a Snoop Dogg, Rampage 's name currently adorns sneakers, rims, T-shirts, Rampage Punch energy drink, and, yes, even action figures.

"I'm just looking for ways to keep the money coming in when fighting's over," says the 29-year-old Memphis native, who hopes to retire by 35. "I don't have those LeBron James endorsements yet. But I know if I keep pushing my brand, in the future I will. Right now I'm taking baby steps." Ronn Torossian, president of 5W Public Relations, which reps Jalen Rose and Roy Jones Jr., predicts UFC stars will only see their marketing appeal grow over the next few years.

"There's a lot of money to be made by smart mixed martial arts fighters, and companies are going to be signing these guys up quickly," Torossian says. "They stand to make as much out of the ring as in the ring." And what UFC brawler wouldn't rather make money selling his name than getting kicked in the spleen?

#5 IN A SERIES

Bacon Porn

Feel the fat-laden power of Lardo!

What, no mayo?

The old-school Italian delicacy of pure pork fat is cutting a buttery swath through the nation's more adventurous Italian eateries. Best when piled atop a pizza or a warm crostini, Lardo is a pearly white hunk of hog heaven that melts on your tongue... much like the tears of an angel. "It's lard's leap toward transcendence," gushes John T. Edge, director of the pork-obsessed Southern Foodways Alliance. "This is beautiful, beautiful food." Get this man a box of Kleenex, please.

BIG NUMBER

10,000

According to a recent study, the number of bacteria "double dipping" leaves in a bowl of French onion mix. To put that in perspective: Picking up a dirty sink sponge transfers 3,000.

PHOTOGRAPH, DAVID BISHOP (LARDO); FOOD STYLIST, ED GABRIELS FOR HALLEY RESOURCES

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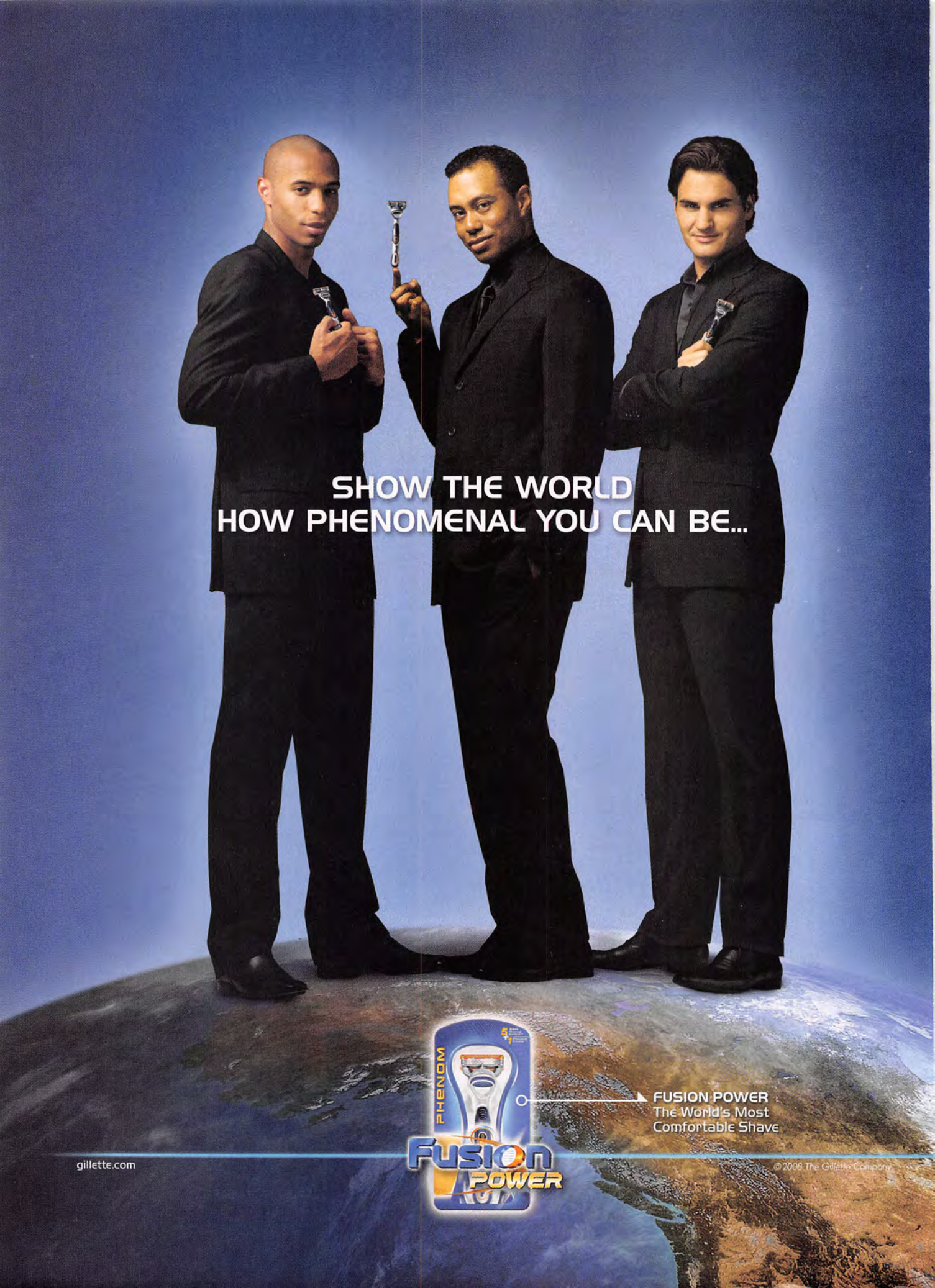
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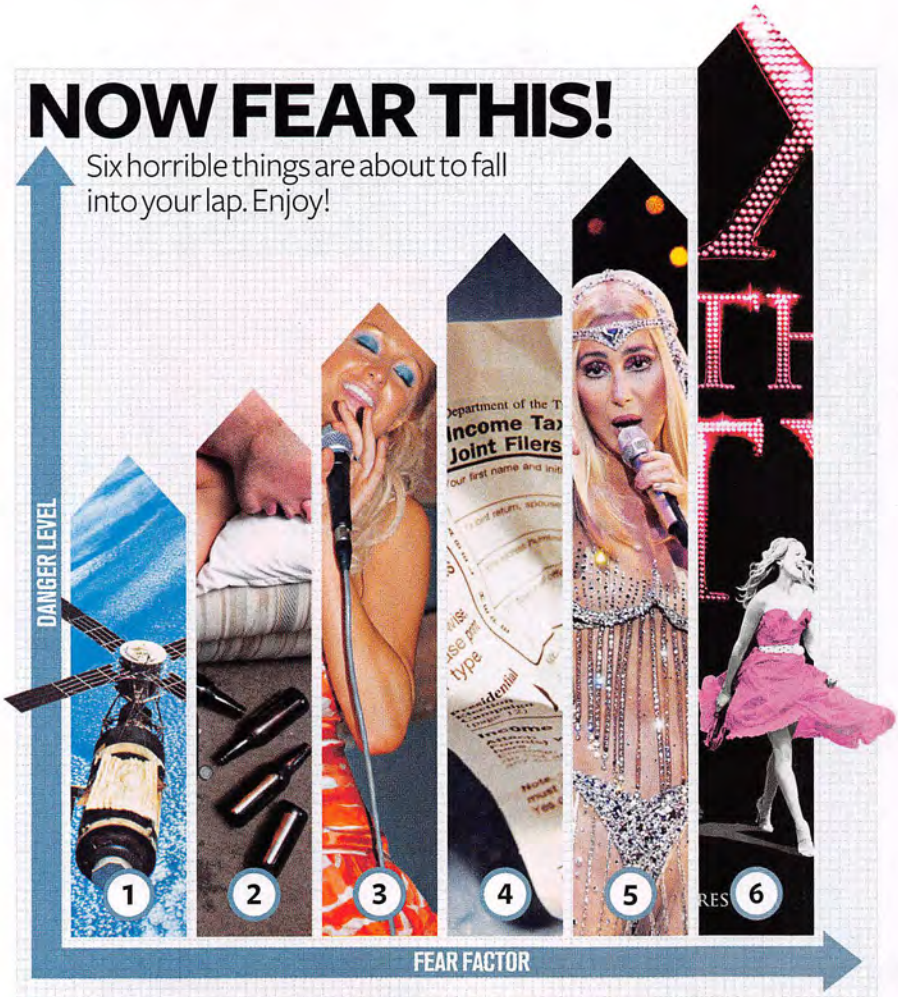
NOW FEAR THIS!

Six horrible things are about to fall into your lap. Enjoy!



1 Death From Above
An out-of-control U.S. spy satellite that lost its power could crash somewhere in North America any day now (if it hasn't already). Why do we even bother getting up in the morning?

2 Spring Breakdown
If you once again find yourself trapped at the spring break cesspool known as Daytona Beach, all the Jäger shots in the world can't hide the fact that you graduated 10 years ago.

3 Paris Hilton Sings!
Behold our fave celebutard's tone-deaf mewlings in the futuristic B-movie *Repo! The Genetic Opera*, in which she plays the daughter of organ transplant magnate Paul Sorvino.

4 Tax-Time Terror
Income taxes are due April 15. So you don't have much time to find a way to write off that silicone love doll you gave yourself for Christmas. Keep the pain coming, God!

5 Turning Back Time
Cher is headlining 200 concerts over three years at the Caesars Palace Colosseum in Las Vegas. That's 200 chances to see the 61-year-old sex goddess in assless sequined chaps!

6 The *Sex and the City* Movie
Prepare to be dragged screaming into the multiplex by your girlfriend to see Carrie and her withered pals look for love and drink cosmos for two gut-wrenching hours!

Hope or Hot Sex?

Which of the following subject lines are from porn spam and which are from Obama's fund-raising e-mails?

a. "That was fast"
b. "Something big."
c. "We knew this would be hard."
d. "Bonus inches of pleasure."
e. "My response to Bush."

Answers: a, b, c, e, Obama; d, porn spam.

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MARIAH CAREY

The truth about her brave struggle against bikini tops.

Dear Mariah,

Have you been working out or something? Sorry, that sounds weird. We hate it when guys at rest stops ask us that. It's just that you're looking especially gorgeous these days. Is it Pilates? A raw food diet? Scientology? Whatever it is, it's working. Trust us.

Maybe you've gotten yourself into goddesslike condition for the release of your new album, $E=MC^2$. You're the best-selling female artist of all time, so we know you take the music stuff seriously. To be honest, your amazing five-octave vocal range sometimes scares us. We thought you were being attacked by knife-wielding dolphins when you made those squeaky noises at the end of "Emotions." But that never got in the way of our love.

Let's totally hang out the next time you're in town. We could hit a bunch of clubs that are really hard to get into. Or maybe just watch DVDs and eat some chicken. You know, see what happens.

Love Ya
Maxim

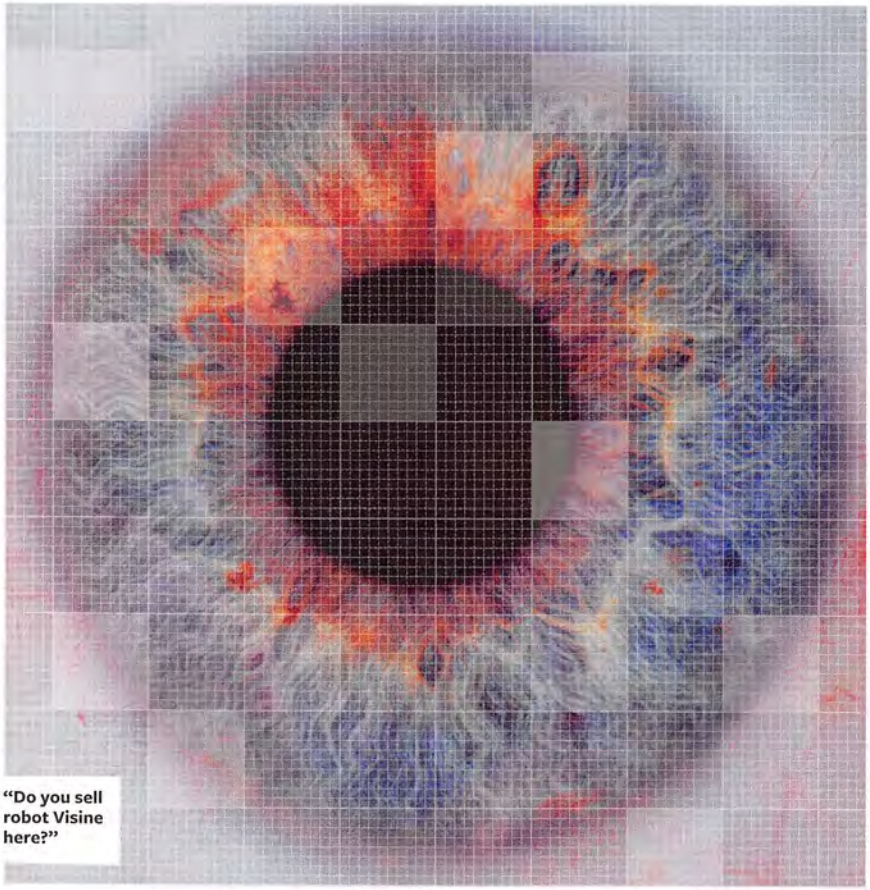
"So a bear walks up to a rabbit in the woods..."

PHOTOGRAPH: LDP IMAGES/JASON FRASER; GETTY IMAGES (INSET)

ASK MAXIM

From why iPods irritate airline pilots to the sad truth about *Consumer Reports*, prepare to be tea-bagged by our balls of wisdom!

"Stewardess, does this mean we're crashing?"



"Do you sell robot Visine here?"

WHEN I'M ON A PLANE, HOW COME I ALWAYS HAVE TO TURN MY iPOD OFF DURING TAKEOFF AND LANDING?

Kyle Bradcock, Flint, MI

Try having a conversation on your cell phone while standing right next to a radio. That terrible screeching feedback you're hearing? That's the noise that can get in a pilot's headset if you leave *any* kind of electronic gadget on. Once the plane is in the air, the captain removes his headset, puts the plane on autopilot, knocks back a few whiskeys, and challenges a stewardess or two to a "tickle fight"—which frees you up to enjoy that Panic at the Disco album. Is the plane going to crash if you don't turn your iPod off? Probably not. But as Southwest Airlines flight operations coordinator Dave Edens says: "Quite frankly, would you like to take that chance?" We never leave the house without a parachute; so don't tempt us, Dave.

When hip-hop handshakes go horribly wrong

HOW MANY MEGAPIXELS ARE IN THE HUMAN EYE?

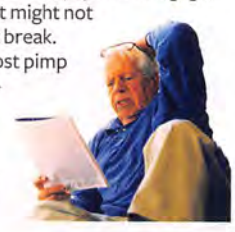
Max Pearlwitz, San Antonio, TX

Prepare to have way too much brainpower unleashed on your boring-ass question, Max. Intellectual Ventures founder and CEO Dr. Nathan Myhrvold—a stone-cold genius who's worked alongside Stephen Hawking researching quantum field theory in curved space-time—tells us that "the human eye is built like a digital scanner, which scans a small sensor over a large scene." Need a translation? Basically, your peepers have an impressive resolution of 324 to 576 megapixels, if they're given a chance to focus for more than an instant. (A decent digital camera has between nine and 12 megapixels.) But as the good doctor notes, that's not even close to the ocular awesomeness of raptorial birds like the all-American bald eagle, whose eyes can see 1,296 megapixels. U.S.A.! U.S.A.!

MY DAD WON'T BUY ANYTHING THAT ISN'T TOUTED IN *CONSUMER REPORTS*. WHY?

Vernon J. Trammel, Santa Fe, NM

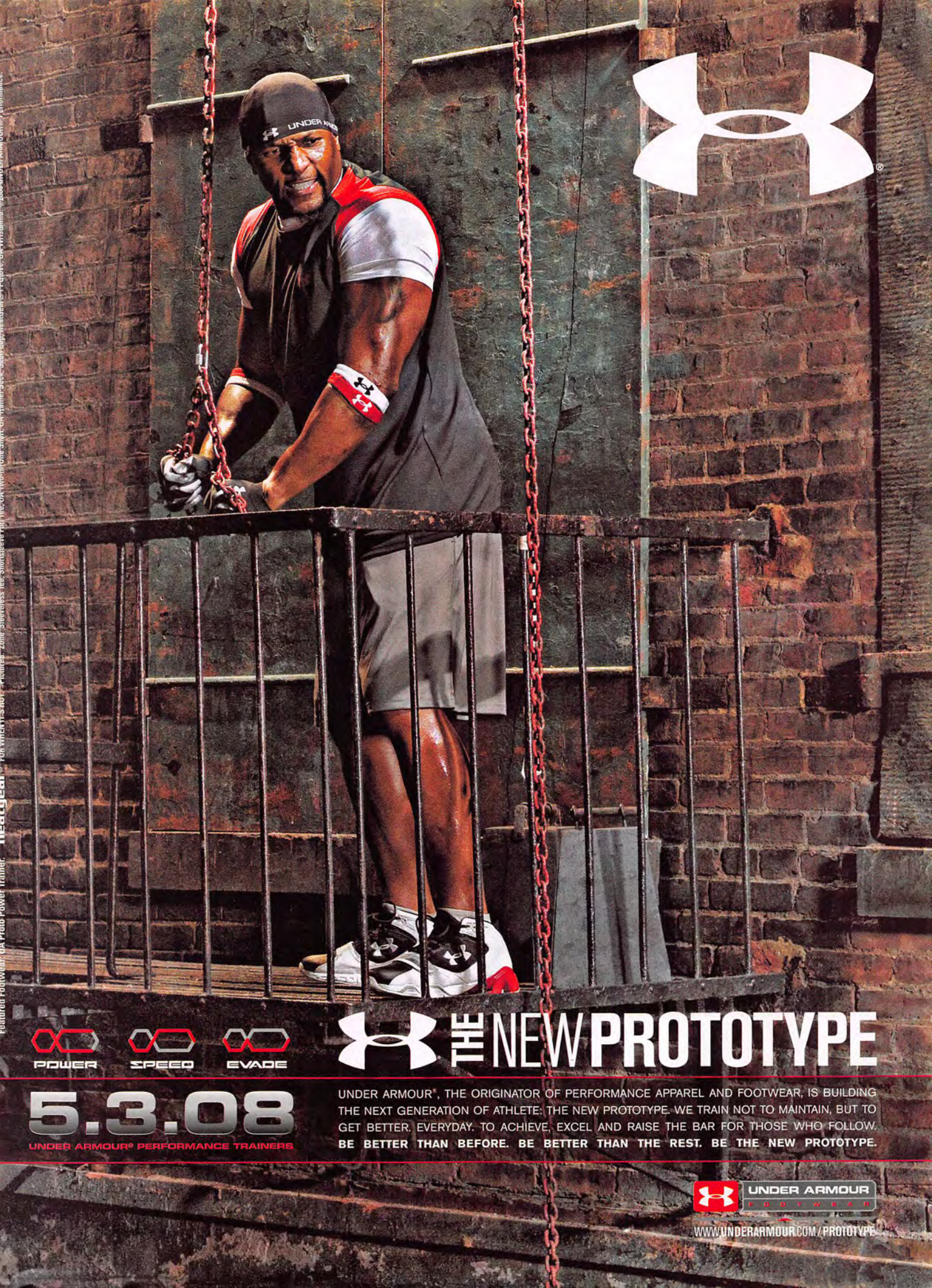
"When a man gets older, he's been more influenced by feminine sensibility," says psychiatrist Paul Dobransky. "Feminine instinct is to conserve, preserve, and promote financial safety." So while a young buck like yourself seeks sex with as many women as possible, your beaten-down dad subverts his testosterone-drenched will in order to take care of his kids, pay his mortgage, and, yes, buy stuff that might not look badass but won't break. "You could say the most pimp guy doesn't read *Consumer Reports*," Dobransky says, "but the richest one with the most babies does...in private."



CAN I REALLY REGISTER MY HANDS AS LETHAL WEAPONS?

Billy Martin, Yonkers, NY

Not a chance, tough guy. In 1997 a Minnesota court decided that the left fist of a former pro boxer was a "deadly weapon." But that ruling was summarily dismissed by a higher, less mentally challenged court. And that case is the closest you'll ever come to the myth of "registering" anything other than a gun, a car, or a sex offender. But that doesn't mean extensive training in martial arts or boxing can't get you in trouble with the law. A Minnesota jury in 1988 convicted a boxer of aggravated assault—a charge usually restricted to gun or knife attacks—as the jury found his knowledge of pugilism probably helped him beat his victim to a faceless pulp. Your in-depth understanding of crocheting? That's probably not going to add any years to your sentence.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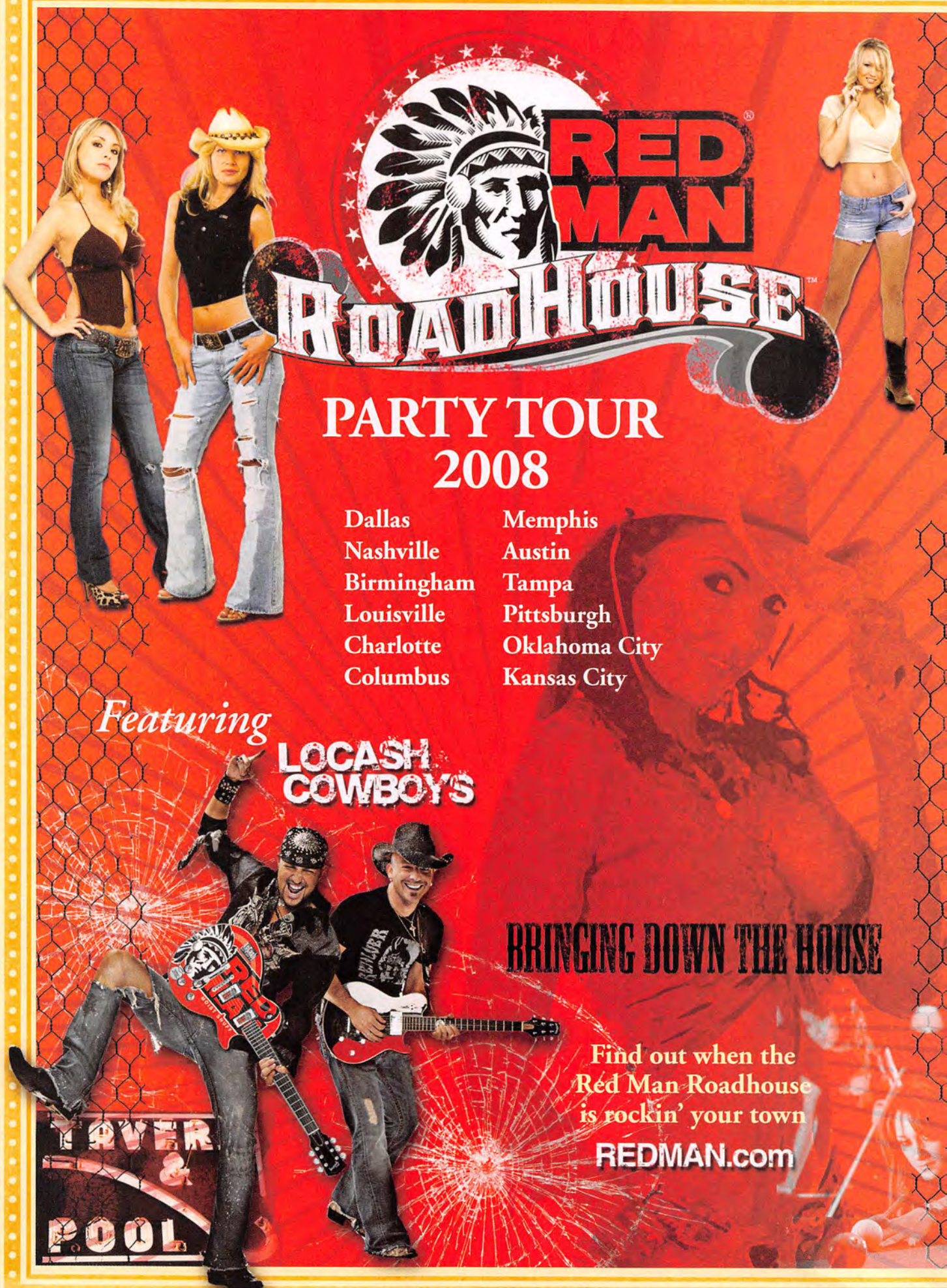
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PAGE 36 FILM KATE BOSWORTH DOUBLES DOWN
PAGE 39 MOST WANTED JOHANNA BOTTA GETS REAL
PAGE 40 TV/DVD GET ON BOARD *BATTLESTAR*
PAGE 42 24 HOURS JUSTIN LONG PULLS THE PLUG
PAGE 44 MUSIC GNARLS BARKLEY: ODDFELLAS
PAGE 46 369 LARA CROFT AND BIGGIE AHEAD

RATED

{YOUR ULTIMATE ENTERTAINMENT AUTHORITY}

JOKER'S WILD

The Dark Knight gets even darker with *Batman: The Killing Joke—20th Anniversary Deluxe Edition.*

MAXIM CERTIFIED!

The makers of this summer's *Batman Begins* sequel needed to educate non-comics buff Heath Ledger on his twisted, clown-faced killer of a character, so they handed him a copy of *Batman: The Killing Joke*. And while Ledger's untimely death casts a grim shadow over his final role, the acclaimed graphic novel proves that the Joker had a dark pedigree from day one.

First released in 1988, the origin story for Batman's greatest foe was written by Alan Moore—the man behind mature masterpieces *V for Vendetta* and *Watchmen*—and illustrated by Brian Bolland, one of the best artists in the biz. The premise? One bad day is all it takes to turn an upstanding citizen into a psychopathic murderer. As flashbacks reveal how the Joker went from a failed stand-up comedian to the grinning nut job we know and love today, Batman races to stop him from snapping the sanity of Commissioner Gordon—not with goofy traps but by shooting his daughter in the spine and showing dear old dad nude photos of her crippled body. Forget Lex Luthor—this is Hannibal Lecter material.

The Killing Joke blazed new trails for comics, showing just how dark they could get. And this hardcover edition is the best the book has ever looked, featuring noirish new coloring by Bolland to bring it in line with his original vision before deadline pressures intervened. Dig into the sinister tale and you'll see why even though Christian Bale's caped crusader is *The Dark Knight*'s main man, the late Ledger and his green-haired doppelgänger may get the last laugh. —*Sean T. Collins*

Annie Leibovitz—the lost years

"Twenty-two! That's good, right?"

HOUSE OF CARDS

Ben Mezrich breaks down what's true and what's fantasy about *21*, the big-screen version of his blackjack bible, *Bringing Down the House*.

MOVIE: The M.I.T. card-counting team uses fake IDs and disguises to avoid detection.
TRUE: "Yes, they did both. As they started getting noticed, they used disguises more. They hired a Hollywood makeup artist. One guy had a fat suit. One tried dressing up as a woman. One would roll up in a wheelchair."

MOVIE: One team member gets a beat-down from Vegas casino security thugs.
FALSE: "In Vegas, security isn't going to break the law and assault you. Instead, a bunch of big guys stand right behind you as you play. They invade your personal space, trying to get you to hit them. Because then *you've* done something illegal."

MOVIE: Their main card counter is white.
FALSE: "The main guy was Chinese. If a white kid walks into a casino with $1 million, it looks fishy because that's not what high rollers look like. They're mostly from Hong Kong."

MOVIE: Team members go through airport security with cash strapped to their bodies.
TRUE: "The team didn't use bank accounts, because they didn't want a paper trail, so they'd shove the money into their clothes. You can carry $300,000–$400,000 on you pretty easily."

MOVIE: Does a 180 in the last few minutes.
FALSE: "The film has a Hollywood ending. Reality is often less exciting."—*Adam Winer*

Naked Ambition

Star Jason Segel discusses going full frontal in *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*.

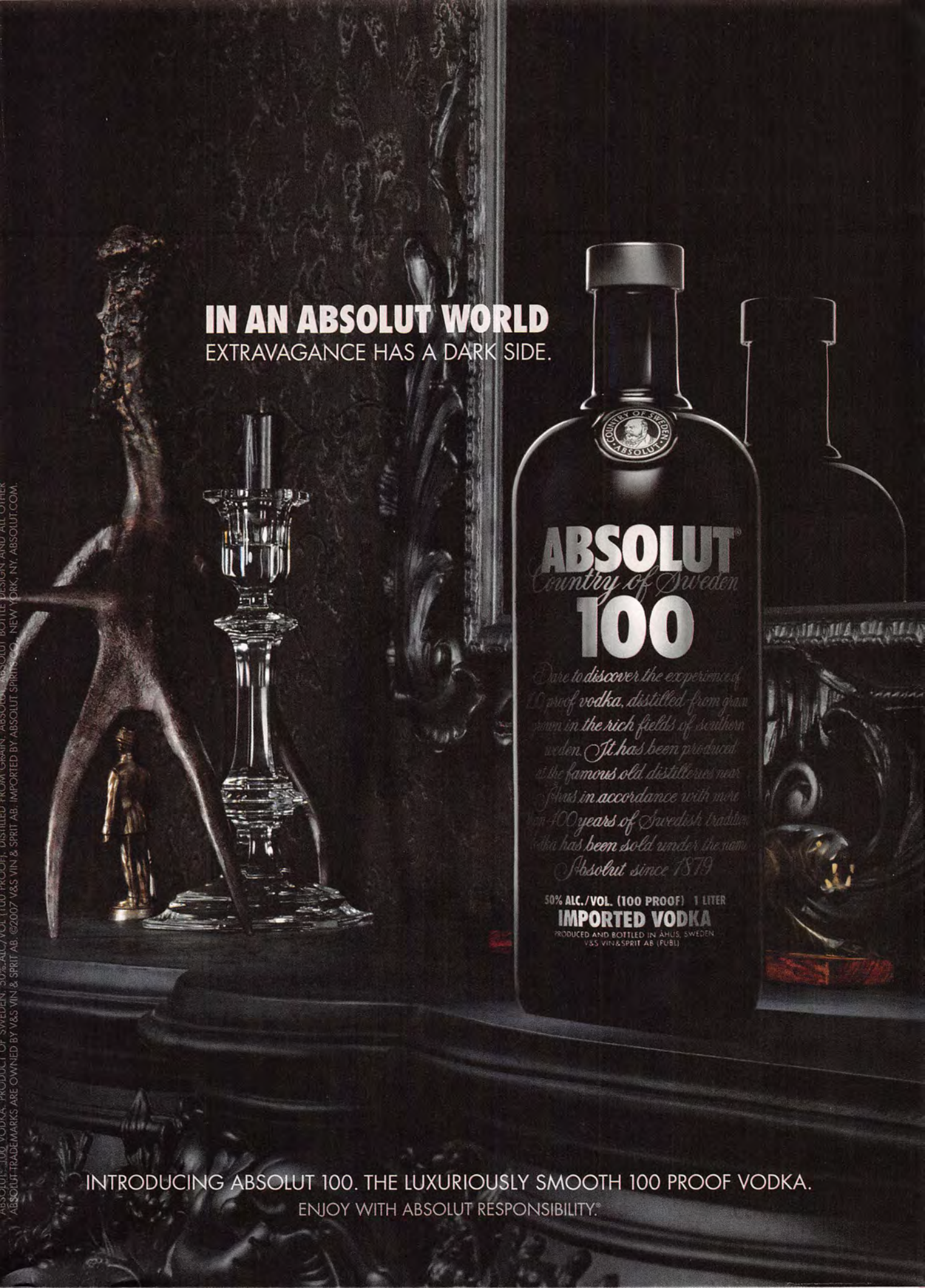
There's a scene at the beginning of the film where I'm buck naked as Kristen Bell dumps me. She plays an actress who's started dating a rock star, and my character is totally taken by surprise. So, contextually, it made total sense—it wasn't gratuitous. Anyway, everyone assumed the camera would cut strategically to my butt, but I started wondering, *What if I just expose myself?* I brought it up—the *idea*—to Judd Apatow, who produced the movie, and it made him laugh. There's a scene later where I'm naked with Mila Kunis, who plays a new girl I meet, so she had to deal with it, too. They were both cool, but there's a difference between male and female nudity. While I'm sure female nudity is scary to actresses, at least they know that guys have preferences—big breasts or small breasts, skinny women or heavier women. But no woman says, "You know, I like a nice, small penis." I hope they appreciated mine.

"Do you feel a slight burning sensation?"

The Checkup

Sifting through the cinematic heap.

	Resurrects creepy ancient artifacts	Does not involve running 26.2 miles for love	Gratuitous use of cowboy hats	Self-improvement through hilarious physical humiliation	Paramedics kept on set "just in case"	The one that's a directorial debut by a former *Friend*	OUR TAKE
Shine a Light Martin Scorsese directs a concert documentary of the Rolling Stones. Our favorite scene? Keith and Mick making sauce while in prison.	✓	✓			✓		Holy mother, get that high-def camera off Keith Richards' face before someone faints! Just joking, buddy! Marty perfectly captures the aging bad boys in action.
Drillbit Taylor Owen Wilson is off suicide watch and working as a bodyguard for teen losers in a Judd Apatow–produced, Seth Rogan–penned laffer.		✓	✓	✓	✓		This one's rated a family-friendly PG-13, so despite the parties involved, don't go in expecting the gut-busting raunchiness of *Superbad* or *Knocked Up*.
The Ruins Based on the book Stephen King called "the best horror novel of the new century," tourists explore a Mayan temple, with nasty results.	✓	✓	✓				"The book was better" types can take a chill pill. Despite some inevitable character swaps, the flick looks about as scream-worthy as the read.
Run, Fatboy, Run David Schwimmer (huh?) directs a snarky rom-com about a couch potato determined to win back his ex-fiancée...via marathon.				✓	✓	✓	Simon Pegg stars without *Shaun of the Dead* partner-in-parody Nick Frost, so you should probably just walk, fanboy, walk to the multiplex.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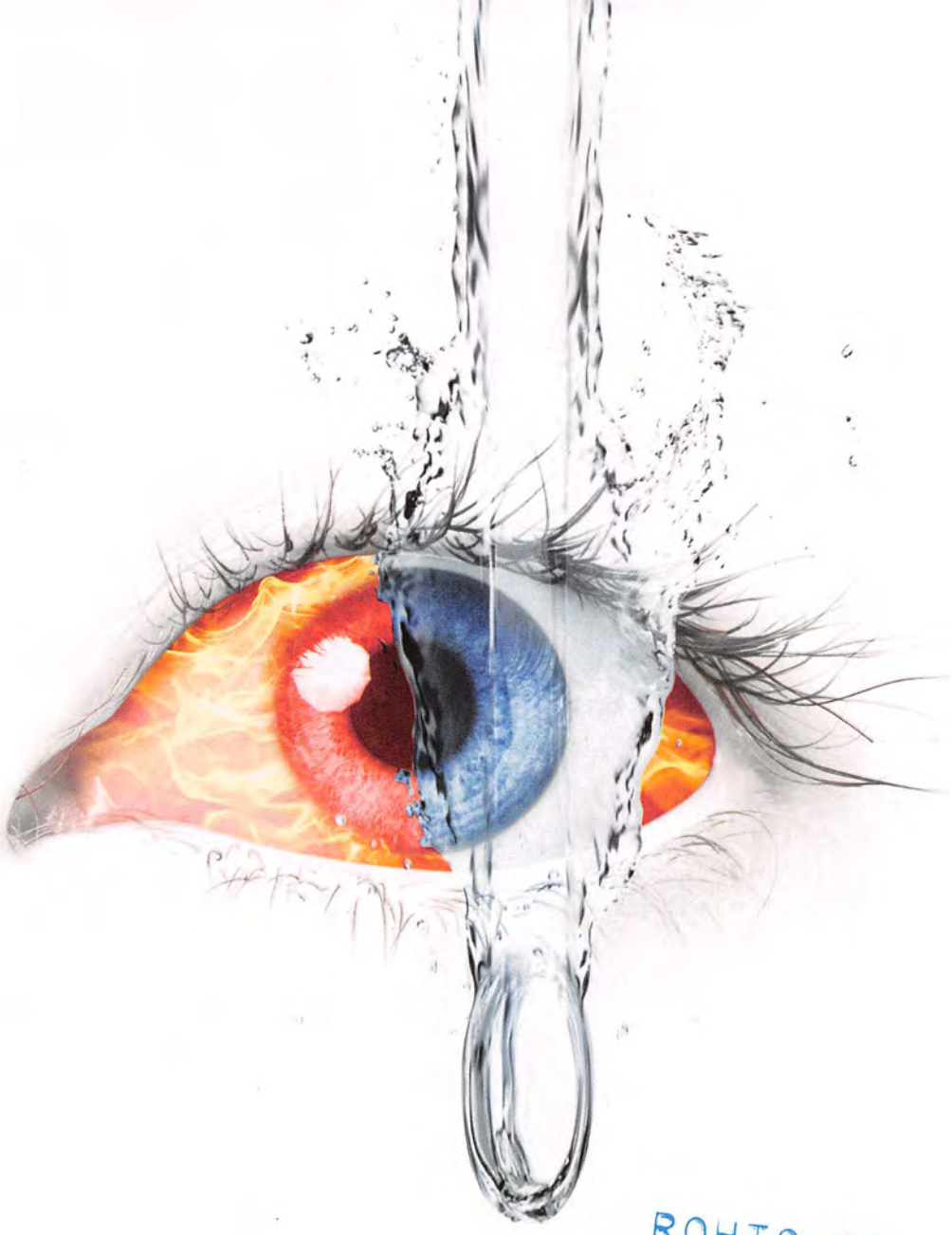

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HOT CUP OF JO

The *Real Worlder* is back for a whole new season of MTV debauchery.

Why she was rejected from *The Real World: Vatican City*

Johanna Botta may be competing for the Miss Peru crown in her native country, but a typical pageant fembot she's not. Despite her perfect teeth and obvious ability to ace the swimsuit competition, she has an undeniably wild past—one caught on video, no less. When we first met Johanna three years ago, she was a cast member on *The Real World: Austin*, drunkenly making out with guys, tipsily fighting with roommates, and boozily getting arrested for public intoxication. "Who doesn't like to drink when they're 21?" Johanna says. "I don't regret anything, because if I did, I wouldn't be where I am today."

Today, in fact, she's back on MTV, participating alongside some other barely dressed reality alums in *The Real World/Road Rules Challenge: The Gauntlet 3*. "This season I'm setting a good example, though," Johanna swears.

Before the final *Gauntlet*—her last hurrah prior to self-imposed reality TV retirement—is thrown down in May, Johanna will compete in the Miss Peru Universe pageant. "It's a stepping stone to what I really want to do: model and act," she says. Now single, she also hopes to settle down eventually. "I always say that I want a tall, dark, and handsome man, but I end up with the complete opposite." Finally, some good news for the short, pale, and ugly. —*Laura Leu*

For more sizzlin' photos and video from Johanna's shoot, click on maxim.com.

STYLING, KAREN SHAPIRO; MAKEUP, ELIZABETH ULLOA FOR CELESTINE AGENCY. COM; HAIR, RYAN RANDALL FOR SOLOARTIST.COM/REDKEN; PROP STYLING, DAVID ROSS FOR ARTMIX BEAUTY; LINGERIE SET, PRINCESS TAM TAM

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE SHAW

"That's cool. You nap. I'm fine."

THE FINAL FRONTIER

What to know before jumping into *Battlestar Galactica's* last season.

Forget the campy '70s *Star Wars* knockoff—this *Battlestar* is real-deal sci-fi. Here's the skinny: The series began with nearly every human on 12 planets being killed by an army of Cylons, their former robotic servants. The *Galactica* is a military ship full of survivors fleeing extinction. Katee Sackhoff (above right), who plays fan favorite Kara "Starbuck" Thrace, breaks down everything else you need to know to get addicted.

The Enemy Within

How did the Cylons infiltrate humanity? Some models look just like us. While a few Cylons have gone good, most are still bad, including Tricia Helfer's viciously sexy Number Six. "There's no black and white on this show," Sackhoff says. "You never know who's evil."

Ripped From the Headlines

It may take place in galaxies far, far away, but *Battlestar* draws from controversies—abortion, terrorism, torture—that are sometimes uncomfortably close to home. "It could just as easily be a political drama set in New York or Washington right now," says Sackhoff.

Cosmic Sex

We don't know if it's the ship's close quarters or some sort of freaky robot mojo, but everyone on the *Galactica* loves to "frak," to borrow their censor-defying euphemism for making whoopee. "When you're scared, you turn to an animalistic comfort," explains Sackhoff.

Destination: Earth

BG's ragtag fleet is searching for the legendary "lost colony" of Planet Earth. Season three ended with the return of Sackhoff's presumed-dead Starbuck, a pilot who says she can lead survivors to Earth—if she can convince them she's not a frakkin' robot. "Everyone thinks she's a Cylon," Sackhoff says. Is she? Human or not, she's programmed not to tell. —*Sean T. Collins*

Season four of *Battlestar Galactica* premieres in April on the Sci Fi Channel.

"Guess where my USB port is."

Digital Love

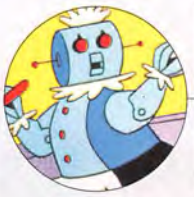
Battlestar's sexy Cylon Number Six isn't the only robo-babe who makes us want to plug in.

MARIA
(Brigitte Helm, *Metropolis*)
You don't *need* a topless robot to control the workers in your silent-film classic—but it helps!

PRIS
(Daryl Hannah, *Blade Runner*)
This punk "replicant" is a "pleasure model," so even her attempts to murder Harrison Ford look hot.

CAMERON
(Summer Glau, *Terminator: The Sarah Connor Chronicles*)
Between her and Kristanna Loken in *T3*, we're kind of hoping the machines win.

LISA
(Kelly LeBrock, *Weird Science*)
We're not sure if a woman created with a home computer is technically a robot. Also? We don't care.



ROSIE
(*The Jetsons*)
This buxom, eager-to-please droid is the one home appliance George never yelled, "Jane, stop this crazy thing!" about.

Sketchy Dudes

Tim and Eric Awesome Show is coming to DVD. Look who's psyched.

Equal parts *Monty Python* and *Ren & Stimpy*, Adult Swim's cult favorite *Tim and Eric Awesome Show* provides night owls with TV's most surreal laughs. In what seems like a series of random YouTube clips, awkward characters, on-set malfunctions, and mock commercials saturate the show's 15-minute episodes. Just as brilliant as the comedy are its famous fans who have made cameos. Now that the show's first season is being released on DVD, a few of them told us why they love *Tim and Eric*.

"Weird Al" Yankovic
"It's is the only show on TV that makes any sense at all to me."

Bob Odenkirk
"It's a place where funny people can be funny without a lame-brained 'exec' slowing them down."

Michael Cera
"Tim and Eric are the new Kenan & Kel. They've given comedy a beauty makeover."

Zach Galifianakis
"It reminds me of being a kid, when you're allowed to laugh at anything."

David Cross
"Much like the work of artist Henry Darger, *Awesome Show* is the product of antisocial shut-ins."

Jonah Hill
"Tim and Eric? They have a show? Cool! So is it, like, on television?"

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> "MY LAST MEAL? CHINESE COOKED BY A NAKED MICHELLE PFEIFFER."

JUSTIN LONG

The Mac guy-turned-movie star's thoughts on death? Not very P.C.

SO HOW DO YOU WANT TO GO?
I would like to be fellated to death by Lea Thompson circa 1985.

WHAT'S YOUR LAST MEAL?
Chinese cooked by a naked Michelle Pfeiffer.

WHAT SONG PLAYS AS YOU DIE?
The *Perfect Strangers* theme, "Standing Tall."

DO YOU HAVE ANY DEATHBED CONFESSIONS?
I once asked Joan Rivers to defecate on my chest. I can't say whether she agreed or not.

DO THEY USE MACS OR PC'S IN HEAVEN?
I pray to God they don't use computers at all. I'm guessing if there is a heaven, they probably have a more advanced way of watching porn.

WHICH MOVIE OF YOURS PLAYS IN HELL?
All of them, but on certain days they play *Herbie: Fully Loaded* and *Crossroads* as a double feature on a loop.

ANY NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCES WHILE YOU WERE SHOOTING *LIVE FREE OR DIE HARD*?
No, but many "near career-death experiences."

LOOKING BACK, ARE THERE ANY MOVIE ROLES YOU WISH YOU COULD HAVE HAD?
I wish I could've played Forest Whitaker's part in *The Last King of Scotland* and Ashley Olsen's role in *New York Minute*.

WHAT'S THE WILDEST THING YOU EVER DID WHILE YOU WERE ALIVE?
A fivesome with the Baldwin brothers.

WHAT IS YOUR PROUDEST ACCOMPLISHMENT?
Never having seen an episode of *The Real World*.

BESIDES YOUR GIRLFRIEND, WHAT WOMAN DID YOU ALWAYS WANT TO SLEEP WITH?
This question is fraught with so many potential pitfalls. When I was dating my ex, she asked me that, casually and seemingly without consequences. Finally I relented and said, "Elisha Cuthbert, I guess," though to be clear, it wasn't something I had thought much about. For weeks I didn't hear the end of it: "Well, why don't you just run off with Elisha Cuthbert!"

WHAT ARE PEOPLE SAYING OVER YOUR CASKET?
He looks much better dead.

Justin's next film is *He's Just Not That Into You*.

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We can't believe he's wearing that watch with that dress.

THE ODD SQUAD

Gnarls Barkley try to outrun the shadow of their "Crazy"-huge hit.

Two years ago there was no escaping "Crazy," the breakout song from Gnarls Barkley's debut album, *St. Elsewhere*. It pumped from bars, supermarkets, sports stadiums, and, seemingly, every radio station on Earth. The Roots, the Raconteurs, the Flaming Lips, and Nelly Furtado even trotted out cover versions. So what's the encore?

"We can't do that again, so we might as well not even try," says Gnarls frontman Cee-Lo Green. Then again, for their sophomore album, *The Odd Couple*, he and his Gnarls collaborator, Danger Mouse, didn't exactly start from scratch. "We sort of employed the old cliché, If it ain't broke, don't fix it," Cee-Lo says.

As such, *The Odd Couple* combines many of the elements heard on *St. Elsewhere*, layered with the bigger, outlandish vibe of their elaborate stage show. With its soaring guitar licks (think "Free Bird"), dour organ bits (think "A Whiter Shade of Pale"), and wild-ass beats (think "Hey Ya!"), "Going On" feels like the soundtrack to the funkiest funeral ever. "Who's Gonna Save My Soul" is a psychedelic gospel freak-out, and "Run" is the sort of frenetic, paranoid soul song that Sly Stone would be howling in 2008 if he weren't bat-shit nuts.

"I'd love to just get inebriated and write something cool that doesn't mean anything, but Danger's music has an uncanny ability to jar introspective lyrics from me," Cee-Lo says.

The inspiration works both ways. "He writes stuff specifically to impress me," says Danger Mouse, "so that's what I do with the music, too. I mean, I did some crazy stuff on this one. We weren't afraid to be ourselves."

Still, even Cee-Lo admits that the pressure of following up "Crazy" is impossible to completely tune out. "Gnarls Barkley is a commodity at this point. You can't help but be conscious of that," he says. "But we're up for the challenge."—*David Peisner*

Playlist

For your aural satisfaction, here's what's dropping this month.

R.E.M. • Accelerate • Warner Bros.

●●●●○

To appreciate how great this album is, you must remember how dull R.E.M.'s last few have been. They haven't sounded this alive since 1992's *Automatic for the People*. Between Michael Stipe's ragged vocals, the stormy guitars, and—finally!—somebody banging hard on the drums, it's clear that being written off for dead was the best thing that could've happened to R.E.M.—*D.P.*

Tapes 'n Tapes • Walk It Off • XL Recordings

●●●◐○

Dorky music bloggers love Tapes 'n Tapes, and it's easy to see why: The Minneapolis indie rockers are a shambling mess in the best way possible. *Walk It Off* imagines the Pixies drunkenly lurching through the Modest Mouse back catalog. With Josh Grier's voice wobbling over wobbly guitar lines and even wobblier drums, every song sounds like it might collapse at any moment. Fortunately, none do.—*D.P.*

Snoop Dogg • Ego Trippin' • Doggystyle

●●●○○

On his eccentric ninth LP, the old pooch proves he has—you guessed it—learned a few new tricks. Sure, he boasts about "still gettin' money outta hos" on the brassy "Press Play," but on "Neva Have 2 Worry" he breaks form by rapping over guitars and hand claps about when Suge Knight wanted to muzzle him for good. This Dogg still hunts, and no one gets put to sleep. —*Ben Detrick*

Music Math

Moby • Last Night • Mute

***Last Night* is** a throwback to the time before *Play* made Moby a well-known, wildly irritating star. With its elastic beats and disco diva vocals—and not one tired blues sample—this is a surprisingly decent soundtrack for dripping sweat on the dance floor alongside hundreds of hipsters.

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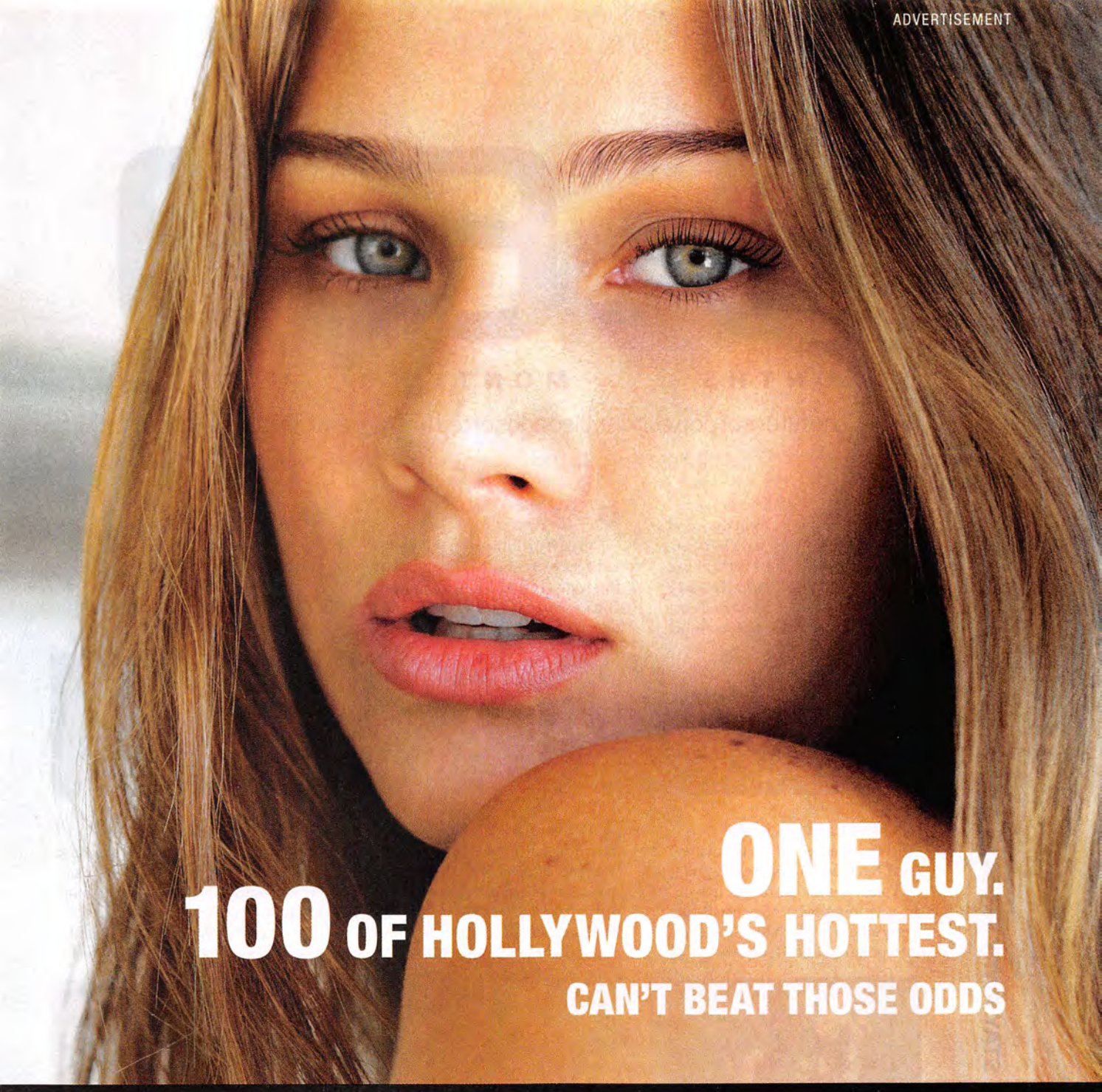

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GET PSYCHED FOR

The ASP World Tour

Eight-foot swells await the world's top wave riders at this year's Billabong Pro in South Africa. Tune in to the live Webcast (billabongpro.com) to watch pros like Kelly Slater get barreled on the legendary Jeffreys Bay supertubes.

CMJ Music Marathon & Film Festival

Get thyself to Gotham for this annual indie-rock summit. A breakout set at this festival often means mainstream success. Just ask Vampire Weekend (below) about last year's shenanigans.

Will Eisner's The Spirit

In his directorial debut, Frank Miller adapts fellow comic book god Will Eisner's tale of a crime fighter who rises from the dead. If that's not enough, Eva Mendes and Scarlett Johansson play femmes fatales.

STAY AWAY FROM

New Candlebox album

No one asked for a soul-patch revival, but these '90s-era Seattle grunge-rock also-rans are gonna give it to us anyway. Improbably, they're recording a new album in which they hope to incorporate political lyrics. We vote no.

Network TV

Sick of reality shows and reruns? Wait until fall. Due to the lasting impact of the writers' strike, CBS cut 20 shows in development, an NBC suit says they'll do "fewer pilots," and Fox and The CW are "scaling back." Hello, Netflix!

Tucked-in Sweaters

We thought sweaters were made to *hide* our guts. Now Missoni, the Italian fashion house, is saying guys will soon be tucking their sweaters into their pants. We don't want to live in a world where men take style cues from Urkel.

TIME WILL TELL

Untitled *X-Files* Sequel

The biggest mystery about Mulder and Scully's next paranormal adventure is whether anyone but hardcore X-Philes will care. Plot details are so under wraps that costar Xzibit can't even leave the set to pimp a ride.

Tomb Raider: Underworld

The next installment of the adventure game juggernaut introduces a fully motion-captured Lara Croft. Let's hope the new game engine and interactive environment aren't there just to distract us from a been-there, done-that story.

Notorious

Casting is under way for a biopic of Biggie Smalls. It's too early to tell if the flick will do him justice, but we do know this: If the unknown tapped for the role isn't from the East Coast, he'd better wear a bulletproof vest to the set.

Ever tried sliding down a bobsled run naked?

Ever tried 5 Gum?

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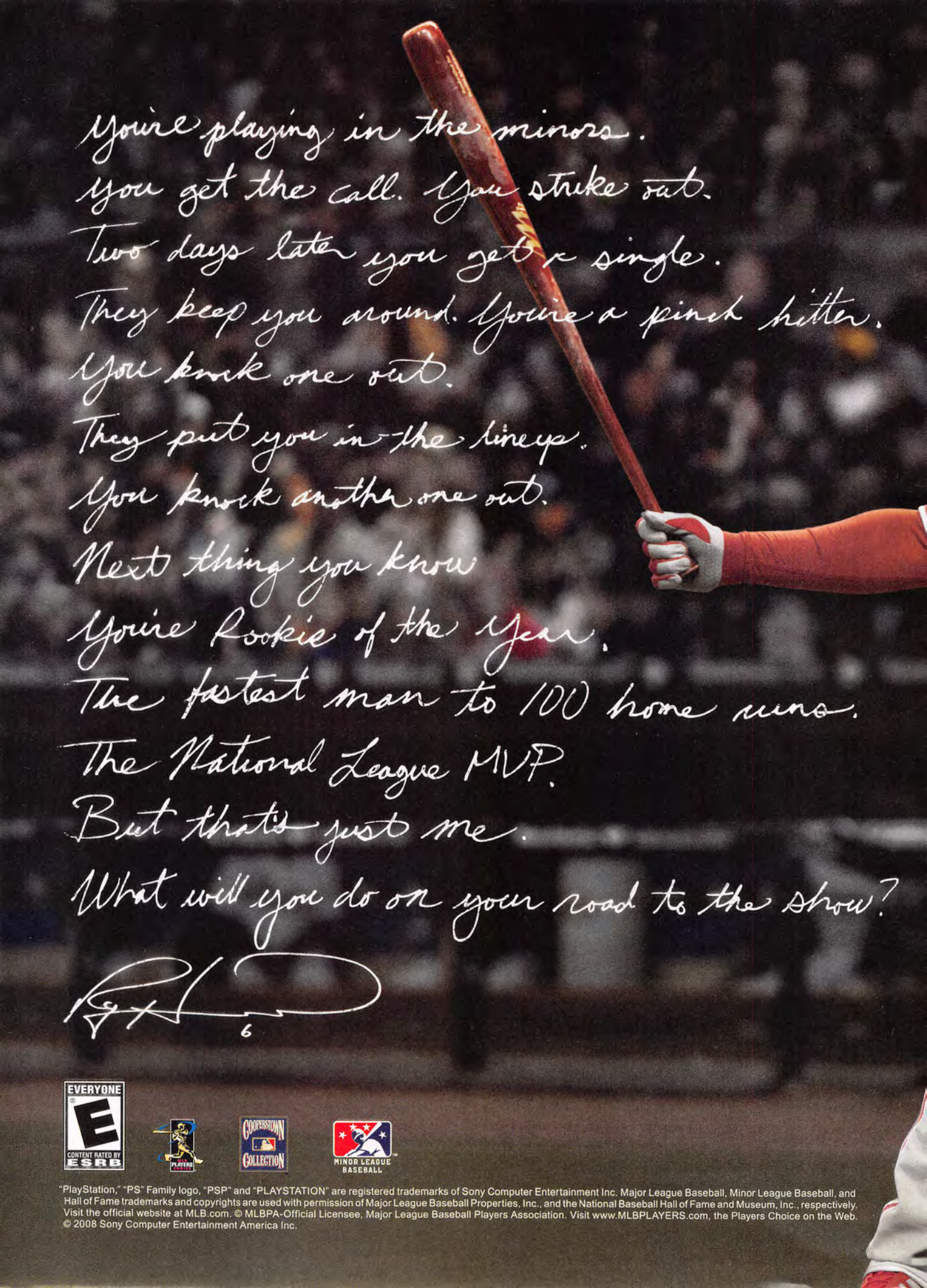
You're playing in the minors.
You get the call. You strike out.
Two days later you get a single.
They keep you around. You're a pinch hitter.
You knock one out.
They put you in the lineup.
You knock another one out.
Next thing you know
You're Rookie of the Year.
The fastest man to 100 home runs.
The National League MVP.
But that's just me.
What will you do on your road to the show?
6
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BLACK MAGIC

Harley-Davidson finally courts young riders with an all-new midnight special. By Mark Jenkinson

Instead of building a baroque, chrome-crazy bike kitted out for Grandpa and his weird new girlfriend, Harley created something leaner and darker with its latest hog, the Softail Cross Bones. More Brando in *The Wild One** than Tim Allen in *Wild Hogs*, the Cross Bones gets its retro style cues from 1940s-era "bob jobs"—army surplus bikes stripped of anything that didn't help them go faster. The Cross Bones, however, hides modern tech under its retro design and offers the chance to ride a badass old-school bike daily—and not just to and from the chiropractor.

1 Low-End Grunt
At 737 pounds with fluids—not including your 128 oz. Big Gulp—the Cross Bones is hardly light by modern standards. But with 85 lb.-ft. of torque available as low as 3,100 rpm, the bike is neck-snappingly quick off the line and could probably double as a tow vehicle for your pontoon boat. You have a pontoon boat, right?

2 Suspension
The Cross Bones is part of the "Softail" family; in Harleyspeak this means the rear shock is hidden, giving the bike the old-school look of a rigid rear end, but the cushy ride of a modern machine. You look like a freedom-loving rebel during the commute, but your vertebrae remain intact so you can sit calmly in your cubicle.

3 Wheels
No authentic bob job would wear a front fender (too much unnecessary weight). But Harley has attached a minimal one to keep you from getting slimed on rainy rides home. Note the laced wheels with black rims, springer fork, and fat tires—all elements copied straight from brawny '40s bikers.

*Yeah, we know he rode a Triumph.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY

Hog Heaven on Earth

Bone up on your Harley history before the official H-D museum opens later this year.

Think a bob job is a freaky kind of haircut? Recognize: Bob job is a nickname for a WWII-era military bike (like the WLA models above) stripped of unnecessary parts by shell-shocked ex-GIs after the war. The point? Increased speed. That bare-bones style imitated by the current Softail Cross Bones is one part of Harley-Davidson history that tank-topped bike lovers will learn about while touring the company's first official museum, due to open in beautiful Milwaukee this summer. (As if you needed *another* reason to visit Milwaukee.) Selections from Harley's massive collection of more than 400 bikes will be on display, including Elvis' first ride. But please, don't get caught sniffing the seats.

SPEC CHECK

Harley-Davidson Softail Cross Bones FLSTSB

Price:	$16,795
Engine:	Air-cooled Twin-Cam 96B
Torque:	84.8 lb.-ft. at 3,100 rpm
Wheelbase:	64.5 inches

(4) Engine

The bike's best sales pitch is the rumble of its all-new rigidly mounted 1,584 cc Twin-Cam 96B power plant. The sound and vibrations from the signature 45-degree V-Twin hit all the traditional Harley notes: Get your leggy ol' lady to straddle the optional passenger seat, rev the engine, and watch while it doubles as foreplay.

(5) Retro Riffs

Bobber-heritage style cues include half-round footboards, a glossy black air cleaner, slash-cut mufflers, and a tiny headlamp up front. The tractor-style seat is a deceptive touch: Even though it looks completely elemental, it adjusts to accommodate riders of different heights. Nor is it, in fact, from an actual tractor.

1

3

2

4

BRING THE NOISE!

Noise-canceling headphones electronically silence the background din of blasting jet engines and yammering coworkers. But can they blot out a live Marilyn Manson concert in favor of smooth jazz?

OUR SCIENTIFIC METHODS

Test 1: Wear 'em till it hurts!
Test 2: Drown out live goth rock with smooth jazz.
Test 3: Evaluate the, um, sound.

1 THE BIG 'UNS | $450
Sennheiser PXC 450

Lowdown: This huge headset surrounds the ears and pumps precise frequencies 8–28,000 Hz.
Sound: Testers were exposed to Survivor's "Burning Heart." Result? "Good separation, but I hear the beer refrigerator running."
Noise canceling: We took the 'phones to a Marilyn Manson concert and attempted to listen to Chuck Mangione's easy-listening hit "Feels So Good" midshow. Result? Aging goth rocker, 1; humorless German engineers, 0.
Comfort: One editor called these "flying saucers," so we forced her to wear them for seven hours. Her conclusion: "My head's in a vise."
Verdict: Sweet-sounding and articulate but weak at blocking noise.

RATING ●●●●○

2 THE STANDARD | $350
Bose QuietComfort 3

Lowdown: Small, ubiquitous, and available at airport kiosks worldwide. Wheely suitcase business dudes love 'em; fussy audiophiles dis 'em. Who can you trust? Us!
Sound: Testers liked the "clear separation" and "punchy bass." One called the bottom-heavy set "the Nell Carter of headphones."
Noise canceling: Marilyn Manson in a landslide. Our smooth sounds surrendered to self-loathing.
Comfort: We challenged a senior editor to wear these on-ear dealies from sunrise to sunset. Strangely, we heard no complaints. "They're like little pillows." Adorable!
Verdict: Others kill more noise, but none travel as well as the comfy, compact Boses.

RATING ●●●◐○

3 THE BUDGETS | $100
Maxell NC-IV

Lowdown: These low-cost cans boast noise-canceling abilities (22 dB) equal to those 3x the price.
Sound: Testers said Survivor sounded "warm and bassy." Two detected a "slight hiss"; one sexually deviant reviewer wouldn't stop fingering the "nice fabric cord."
Noise canceling: No match for Manson's freaky "Sweet Dreams."
Comfort: One tester called them "a slightly uncomfortable hybrid of on-ear and over-ear." So we told him he wasn't allowed to take them off for 48 hours or he'd be fired. Six hours later he tendered his resignation.
Verdict: Not bad. For the price of a Bose, we could buy three and never talk to our roommates again.

RATING ●●●○○

4 THE TECHIES | $300
Creative Aurvana X-Fi

Lowdown: These fatties claim to cancel 90 percent of ambient noise and digitally enhance dull MP3s with their X-Fi Crystalizer feature.
Sound: Testers noted high-range mastery. One called the sound "scratchy" and "grainy," another said it "sounded warm like vinyl."
Noise canceling: Stone-cold silencers. Manson's "Antichrist Superstar"? Couldn't hear it.
Comfort: Intern Blaine claimed the memory-foam ear cups were "too sealed" and walked around like a deaf zombie the entire day. The upshot? Scaring the shit out of him with taps on the shoulder.
Verdict: The best noise killers in the bunch, with a signature sound that most people liked.

RATING ●●●●◐

PHOTOGRAPHS: MARIUS BUGGE (TESTERS). SPECIAL THANKS TO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SATOSHI

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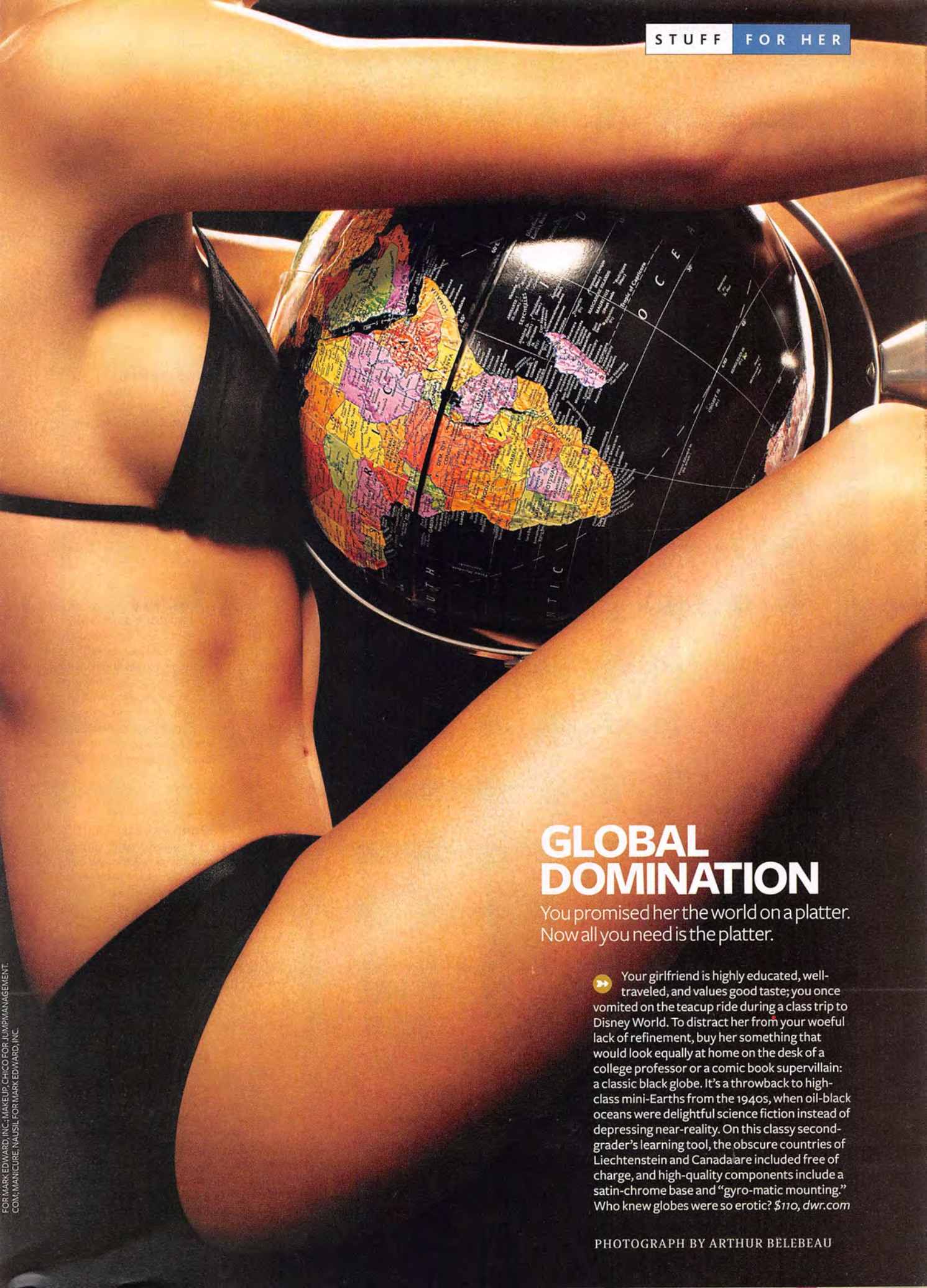

GLOBAL DOMINATION

You promised her the world on a platter. Now all you need is the platter.

Your girlfriend is highly educated, well-traveled, and values good taste; you once vomited on the teacup ride during a class trip to Disney World. To distract her from your woeful lack of refinement, buy her something that would look equally at home on the desk of a college professor or a comic book supervillain: a classic black globe. It's a throwback to high-class mini-Earths from the 1940s, when oil-black oceans were delightful science fiction instead of depressing near-reality. On this classy second-grader's learning tool, the obscure countries of Liechtenstein and Canada are included free of charge, and high-quality components include a satin-chrome base and "gyro-matic mounting." Who knew globes were so erotic? *$110, dwr.com*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR BELEBEAU

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Replace your tattered Lenny Dykstra Fathead decal with cool-looking investments: authentic vintage posters. Here's how to score.

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IRVIN KERSHNER · GARY KURTZ
LAWRENCE KASDAN · GEORGE LUCAS
GEORGE LUCAS · JOHN WILLIAMS
ENFIN à L'ÉCRAN
THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT
THE WHO
« Le plus grand orchestre de Rock and Roll du monde »
SEAN CONNERY E' JAMES BOND IN AGENTE 007 SI VIVE SOLO DUE VOLTE
IAN FLEMING
HARRY SALTZMAN · ALBERT R. BROCCOLI
PANAVISION
TECHNICOLOR
UNITED ARTISTS

Tour de France You'd be dopier than Floyd Landis if you didn't snap up this **$180** limited-edition print.

The Kids Are Alright Look tasteful *and* bilingual with a **$160** French poster for the classic Who film.

The Empire Strikes Back Trash this poster when you moved outta Ma's basement? Too bad—it's worth **$400.**

James Bond Despite the crease damage, this Italian *You Only Live Twice* poster costs **$1,800.** Mama mia!

TIP 1

Play the Hits

For the surest return on your investment, stick with a genre that will always stay hot: rock and movie posters produced between the '60s and the early '80s. Iconic posters from early James Bond movies always sell well (though you're still a douche if you like *Moonraker*), as do those from sexy art-house fare like *Blow Up* (1966). "Anything *Star Wars* always goes up," adds L.A. dealer Janet Zimberg-Coxhill. Wise, she is.

TIP 2

Mine the Past

"Most posters made in the last 20 years probably won't appreciate much," explains New York dealer Sam Sarowitz. The reason? Until the mid '80s, posters were almost always thrown away at the end of a movie's run. Then nerdy collectors got wise and started preserving them in good condition, ballooning the supply. One exception to the rule: limited editions printed in much smaller quantities.

TIP 3

Go Global

Try to find international posters for English-language movies. "Until recently, people generally weren't interested in foreign versions, so the market is still favorable to buyers," Sarowitz says. Zimberg-Coxhill recommends hunting down Polish posters, which, like a girlfriend's memory of your mistakes, are insane in their level of detail. The submarine's screen door on the Polish *Crimson Tide* poster? So real!

TIP 4

Don't Fake It

Tons of surprisingly affordable vintage posters are available on eBay—and many of them are bogus. "Look for tears or folds that are printed instead of real," dealer Robert Chisholm warns. That's a telltale sign your prospective purchase is faker than a Chinese iPod. To avoid being duped, pick a narrow genre and study hard, then find a dealer via the International Vintage Poster Dealer's Association (ivpda.com).

TIP 5

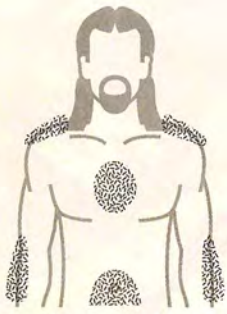
Get Framed

Once you've scored a perfect *Barbarella* broadside, bolster its value by having it linen-backed. The wet-mounting process—what's so funny?—strengthens the poster and slows down aging of the paper by about 65 percent. When it comes to framing, your poster should be hung with the same care as fine art. Make sure to use glass or Plexiglas that's resistant to harmful UV rays and errant Hershey's Syrup.

POSTERS AVAILABLE THROUGH CHISHOLM ARSONGALLERY.NY, CHISHOLMPOSTER.COM

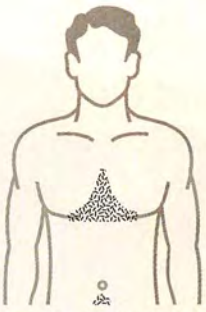
PHOTOGRAPH BY SATOSHI

THE HELLCAT



THE TUCSON TUSSLER

THE SANDY SQUIRE



THE YOUNG AMERICAN

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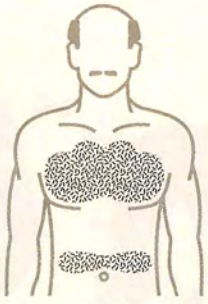
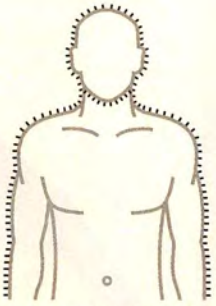
THE AFROCALYPSE

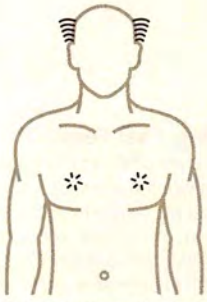


THE BIFURCATOR



THE PERIMETERIAN

THE SENTINEL



THE TWIN SPIDERS

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WET TECH

Beat the foulest April weather with this rainproof gear.

1 Liquid TV

Indulge your storm-chasing fetish with the flash-based 10x optical-zoom Panasonic **SDR-SW20 camcorder**, wrapped in a shock-resistant shell that's waterproof to five feet. Its gnarled plastic grip makes holding on easy, but if you drop this device at the first sight of a twister, its flare-tastic red hue will help you track it down easy-peasy among the trailer park remnants. Happy hunting! **$399**, *panasonic.com*

2 Data Protection

The salty dogs at SealLine are known for crafting waterproof bags for hardcore sea kayakers, but their new **padded laptop sleeve** is aimed straight at city folk. Luckily, the vibrant orange polyester bag has a unique roll-top enclosure and sewn-and-taped construction rated to keep notebook computers safe from splashes of rain or wayward bum waste. Secure those spreadsheets! **$50–$60**, *seallinegear.com*

3 Dive Time

If you're into scuba, or just run into walls a lot, you should check out the shockingly yellow shock-resistant and water-resistant-to-200-meters Timex **Expedition Dive watch**. It boasts a timer that can't be knocked backward, meaning it won't cause you to think you have more time with oxygen in the tank than you actually do. Nor will it *ever* let you burn one of your famous angel food cakes. **$100**, *timex.com*

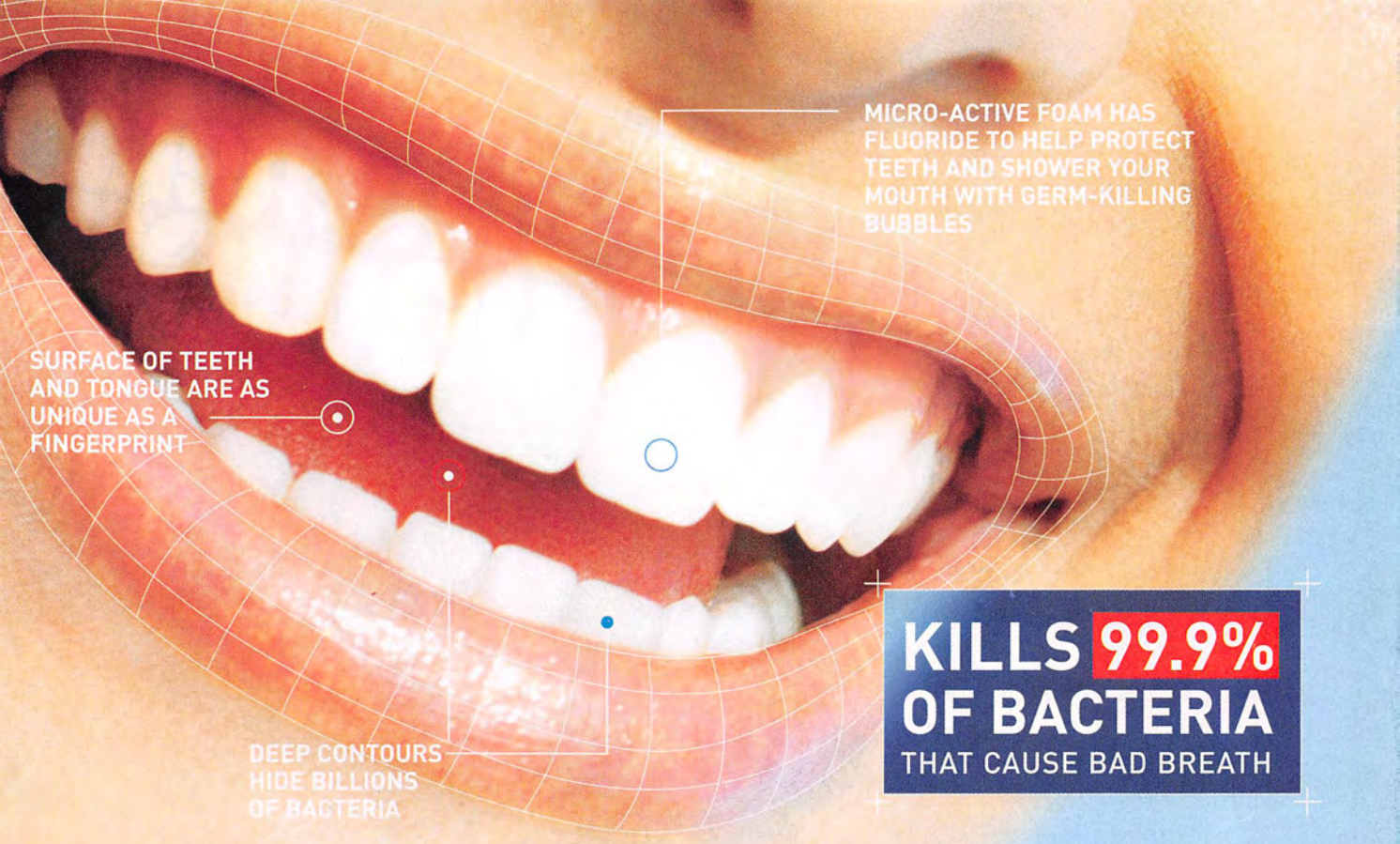
4 Lightning-Fast Feet

Most waterproof shoes can keep your toesies dry, but when water seeps in from above, they hold wetness in like a bucket. Not so for New Balance's quick-draining **SM920 trail runners**, which shed water by jettisoning it down channels in the insert and through 12 holes in the sole. Sadly, they still won't get you any closer to your dream of walking across Pewaukee Lake. **$95**, *newbalance.com*

5 Drenched Dialer

The new GPS and push-to-talk-enabled Casio **G'zOne Type-S mobile phone** is resistant to shock, dust, sun, and bad vibes given off by iPhone-toting snobs. Plus, it's water-resistant, so you can call a loved one during a rainstorm—how romantic!—or retrieve the phone, still in working order, up to 30 minutes after you drop it into a men's room toilet at Drinky O'Grady's. **$149.99**, *verizonwireless.com*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SATOSHI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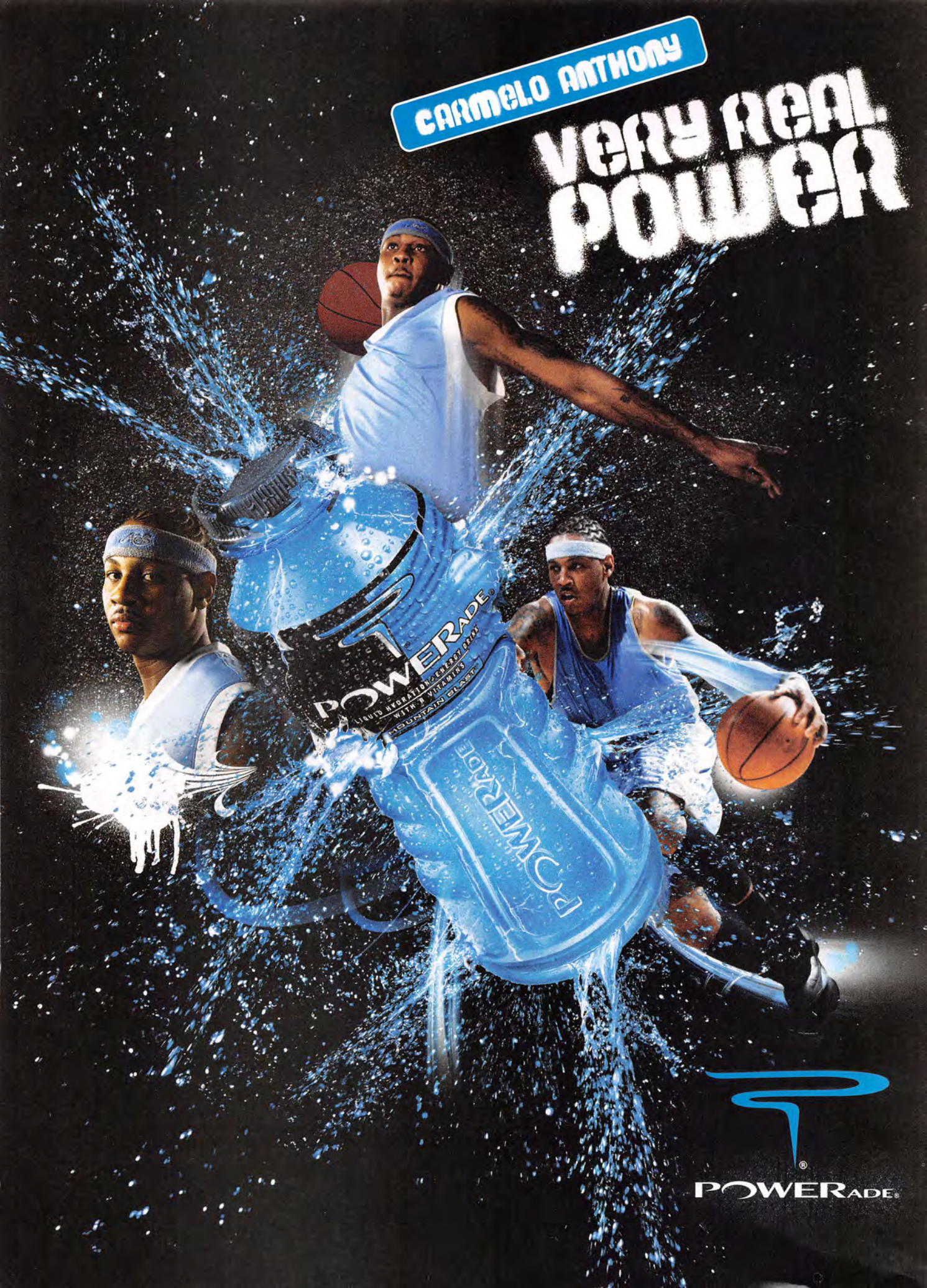
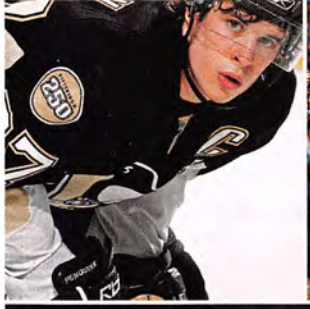
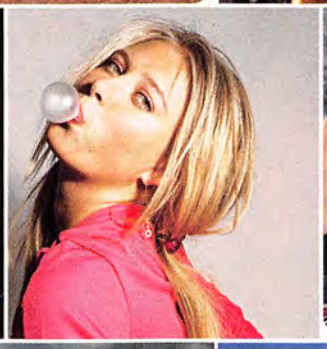
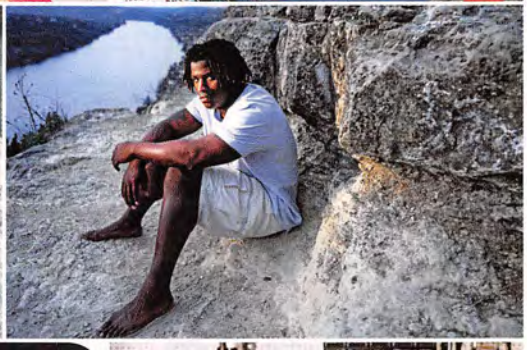

CARMELO ANTHONY
VERY REAL POWER
POWERADE
POWERADE
MOUNTAIN BLAST
POWERADE
POWERADE







REBELS, MAVERICKS, AND GAME CHANGERS

Meet the athletes and power brokers who are changing all the rules—on the field and off—in 2008 and beyond.

Turn page to open gatefold

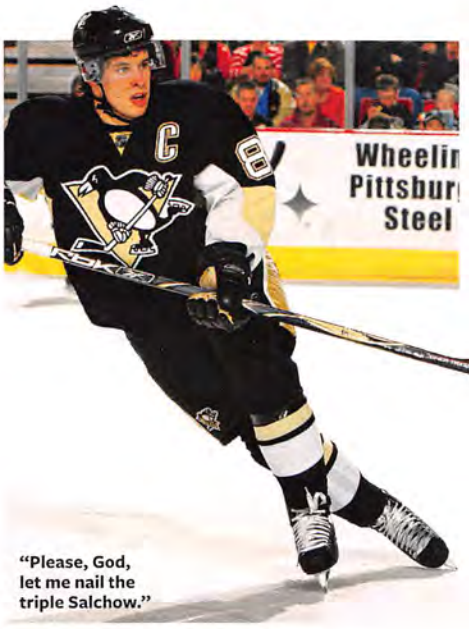
THE GROUNDBREAKER

DANICA PATRICK

Faster pussycat: Sports that are truly coed are few and far between. And with a few exceptions, racing had been a man's world...until Danica Patrick showed up. She came tantalizingly close to taking Indy as a rookie, and after a rough sophomore season, finished seventh last year, snagging her first three podiums. "I never thought of myself as a girl," Patrick says. "I always thought of myself as a driver."

Boys' club: Still, she's not just one of the guys. As she enters her fourth season, Patrick still faces the question that has dogged her since the beginning: Is she a celebrity or a racecar driver? Either way, she's fast changing perceptions in a sport that could use it. And she looks pretty damn fine doing it.

"Well, it doesn't *look* fireproof, but OK."



"Please, God, let me nail the triple Salchow."

THE SAVIOR

SIDNEY CROSBY

Although hockey is technically still one of the "four major sports," that title has been vestigial for years. So NHL bigwigs are hoping—well, more like feverishly *praying*—that Crosby can make the league relevant again. The 20-year-old Canadian (imagine that!) is a relentless skater with a nose for the goal—but he's also the youngest team captain in NHL history, the league scoring leader, an MVP, and a Lester B. Pearson award holder as hockey's most outstanding player. Despite his youth, Crosby not only understands but appears to *relish* the enormous responsibility resting on his substantial shoulders. If anyone can orchestrate the Miracle on Ice II, the kid they call the Next One is it.

THE MARTYR

FLOYD LANDIS

Busted: Chalk one up for the Drug Police. Sure, there was Barry Bonds and Marion Jones, but when the Phonak rider was stripped of his 2006 Tour de France title after testing positive for synthetic testosterone, the drugs-in-sports issue was thrust into stunning relief, and the world of cycling was forced to confront once and for all the dirty secret that's plagued the sport for years.

Strange legacy: Landis' impassioned public defense was ultimately unsuccessful. As three-time Tour champ Greg LeMond allegedly told the cyclist during his trial, if he did indeed cheat and came clean about it, he "could be the one who will salvage the sport." In the end, while his yellow jersey may be gone, Landis' legacy is secure. Someone wins the Tour de France every year, but Floyd Landis provided an unforgettable glimpse into the seamy underbelly of sports.

Coach Hollywood

Pete Carroll

Why does the USC head coach, who since 2001 has led his team to two national titles, a 63-7 record, and five straight BCS bowl appearances, repeatedly spurn the attention of NFL teams? Because he's the only game in town in the nation's second-biggest media market. In other words, King Carroll stays put because he has the best job in all of football.

The Whistleblower

Jose Canseco

We can all agree that the former slugger is a world-class douchebag, but thre years after publishing *Juiced*, Jose Canseco is lo ing to have the last laugh. In lifting the veil on bad behavior in the big league he's done more than anyo to bring reform to the gar Yet all the while he's conti ued to preach the wonder of performance-enhancin drugs. Douchebag indeed

THE SPEED DEMON

STEVE NASH

Thanks to point guard Steve Nash and his high-octane Phoenix Suns, the days of plodding, D-first basketball may finally be behind us. "He's very unselfish, all about the team," says Nets guard Jason Kidd. "He's the best." And with Shaq diesel adding fuel to the Suns' fire, the scrappy Canadian may finally get his ring.

THE NEGOTIATOR

ALEX RODRIGUEZ

Game plan: It was a simple strategy. Insert an escape clause in the richest contract in sports history. Watch the player have the season of his career. Let the offers pour in. Well, all except that last part.

Gamble: The plan's mastermind, agent Scott Boras, misjudged the market, then refused to negotiate with the Yankees. The player who should eventually rip Barry Bonds' home run crown from his outsize cranium was vilified as the *second*-least-liked player in the game.

Payoff: Faced with the prospect of being the richest Chicago Cub, Rodriguez made one of the boldest moves in baseball history: He sucked it up, bypassed Boras, and went to Hank Steinbrenner with hat in hand. In negotiating the biggest baseball deal ever, A-Rod changed the way the game is played off the field and, in the process, may have won back the Bronx faithful...at least until next fall.

THE SHOWBOAT

FLOYD MAYWEATHER

His estranged father contended for the welterweight belt and now trains Oscar De La Hoya. One uncle was an IBO super featherweight champ, while another is his current trainer and a former two-division world champion. So it's no wonder watching Junior—38-0, 24 KOs, holder of four titles in four weight classes—makes boxing aficionados daydream of an era when it truly was a sweet science. Unfortunately, that's not enough to help the sport recover from its current standing eight count—but Mayweather's mojo outside the ring just may be. From an HBO reality show to a stint on *Dancing With the Stars*, his brash grin and in-your-face charm are so infectious he makes some fans forget that he will knock you the *hell* out.

The Wild One

Bode Miller

The hard-partying bad boy of skiing has bounced back from his 2006 Olympic flame-out in a major way. After quitting the U.S. ski team to form the one-man "Team America," he's won the super-combined crown and leads the World Cup championship. Party, crash, win: It's just Bode being Bode.

The Master

Tiger Woods

In June 2007, when Tiger made the U.S. Open final pairing, NBC enjoyed a 36 percent increase in viewership over '05, when Woods uncharacteristically missed the cut. In other words, for all but a few checker-panted white dudes who keep putters in their corner offices, Tiger *is* golf.

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WATER BOY

MICHAEL PHELPS

The 22-year-old, sure to be the American face of this year's Olympics in Beijing, is one of few athletes whose only real rival is himself. In 2001 a 15-year-old Phelps became the youngest American male ever to set a swimming world record (in the 200m butterfly). He exploded for a record eight medals (six gold, two bronze) at the 2004 Olympics, and recently unleashed a savage seven-gold-medal, five-world-record-setting ass-whipping at the 2007 FINA World Championships. In total Phelps has set world records 20 times—and he hasn't just broken them; he's *annihilated* them. Last year he bested his own 200m butterfly record by the greatest margin the sport had seen in 48 years. It was the fifth time he'd lowered the mark.

The Franchise

David Beckham

The MLS paid Mr. Posh Spice a reported $250 million, hoping he could do what no one else—not Pelé, not a shirtless Brandi Chastain—has done: make soccer a viable pro sport in America. One tiny problem? The ex-England captain is no longer much of a soccer player. But he's a heck of an underwear model.

The Outsider

Ricky Williams

He gave up an All-Pro career with the Dolphins to smoke weed, live in an ashram, and do yoga. Whether that made him a sensitive soul, a terrible teammate, or both, his well-aligned chakras couldn't save him from bankruptcy. So he strapped on NFL pads again last year—only to suffer a shoulder injury and see his season go up in smoke.

THE CENTER OF ATTENTION

YAO MING

The reason the Houston Rockets center is the most important player in the NBA (sorry, Scott Pollard) has less to do with his impressive performance—9.2 rebounds and 19 points per game while shooting more than 50 percent from the floor—than it does with his birthplace. China, as you may know, is chock-ablock with people—and a whole lot of those people love to watch their hometown boy play. A recent regular-season game featuring Yao's Rockets vs. the Milwaukee Bucks and their seven-foot Chinese import, Yi Jianlian, was watched by an estimated 200 million Chinese viewers. By contrast, this year's Super Bowl—the most-watched ever—was seen by a paltry 97.5 million Americans. The mind-boggling number of people who will spend money on all things Yao has even become known as the Yao Factor in marketing circles. Translation: He may single-handedly make the NBA the most popular sports league on Earth.

FUTURE OF SPEED

WIS HAMILTON

call Lewis Hamilton auto racing's answer to Tiger oods is to do him a disservice. In his debut season Formula 1—despite racial taunts on the track and bloid obsessions off of it—the 23-year-old Brit col- cted points and won races like no rookie in histo- In 2008, look for Hamilton to win the first of many ampionships and earn more ink in Europe than itney and Lindsay combined.

THE FUTURE OF OFFENSE

BRANDON JACOBS AND AHMAD BRADSHAW

The Giants won zero Super Bowls with possible Hall of Famer Tiki Barber running the ball. With giant Giant Jacobs and human-size Giant Bradshaw in the backfield, they're one for one—meaning the pair may have cemented the two-back system as the new NFL standard. "Every team would like to have what they have," says ESPN analyst and former NFL back Merril Hoge. "When one ballcarrier doesn't have to play every down, it affects both individual games and the long term." Translation: Defenses are *screwed*.

THE PINUP

MARIA SHARAPOVA

Sharapova's leggy beauty may have made her the richest female athlete in the world, but she's also won three Grand Slams. So while she's yet to reach Roger Federer levels of dominance, when it comes to the business of sports, Maria is the one girl who's shown she can play with the boys.

THE VISIONARY

DANA WHITE

When the current UFC president rounded up partners to buy the league back in 1993, it looked like a sure bust. Today, it enjoys $5 million gates and $60 million pay-per-view events. We pinned him down to find out why.

Maxim: How'd you know the UFC wouldn't do an XFL-esque nosedive?

White: The original owners threw mismatched fighters together to duke it out. They wanted a one-time payday, but we saw a broader future.

M: Have you gotten there yet?

W: We're the first new major sport to emerge in a long time, and we've changed the fight game forever. I love boxing, but we're 1,000 times better than boxing. Our guys fight for pride. They're pure. We have that over other sports.

M: Do you have your sights set on overtaking the major team sports?

W: Well, the NFL is a fucking monster. Yet no matter how many millions they pour into Europe, people won't watch and learn the game. But everyone understands a fight. So as our visibility grows, we'll start getting the kids who are going for basketball and football now.

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BY A.J. BAIME

Zero to 60 faster than you can say, "Hello, officer."

Calling 911

Put the fastest, most expensive Porsche 911 ever in the hands of a *Maxim* test driver at Daytona and you're looking for trouble.

There's something eerie and menacing about the Daytona International Speedway when its 165,000 seats are empty. In this historic thunderdome, which has witnessed so much glory and death, so much eardrum-shredding *noise*, silence grates on the nerves. I'm in the pit lane in the cockpit of Porsche's new 911 GT2. Next to me sits Patrick Long, a Porsche factory team racer, who's competed here at Daytona and at Le Mans among other places. Directly behind our seats, a 3.6-liter six-cylinder idles. My spine soaks up the engine's throb. Sitting in this car, the fastest 911 ever (204 mph top speed), I can summon the power of 530 horses instantly with my toe. In roughly the time it will take you to read this sentence, I could break the speed limit on any road in America.

In front of us a monster awaits. Daytona's banked turns are so steep (31 degrees), they're difficult to walk up. See these turns on TV and the camera angles make them look tame. When you see them from ground level, they tower high. It's like looking at a giant wave coming at you when you're lying on a surfboard, infinitely more terrifying than it looks when your toes are in the sand. I turn to Long. A helmet conceals his red hair, and his facial expression asks the question:

"Well, kid, whatcha got?"

Shift into first, up easy on the clutch. The rubber grips the tarmac, and as we accelerate down the pit lane, I find myself thinking how wrong this experiment could go, and how quickly. So rare and expensive is this car ($191,700), only a select few will reach America, beginning this spring. So meaningful is this car, it embodies not just a company but a family legacy and a dream. What a shame it would be to wreck it.

A Look in the Rearview

Like people, every car possesses a unique character, with its own DNA, talents, and idiosyncrasies. Push it too hard and it'll turn on you, as a person would. If it's worth anything, it gets more interesting the more you get to know it.

As for the 911's DNA, its ancestors were born on the racetracks of Europe in the 1930s. At that time the continent was coiled tight with nationalistic tension. The French, Italians, English, and Germans, generally speaking, hated each other, and racetracks served as symbolic battlefields. Racing cars weren't covered in endorsements as they are today (HELLMANN'S REAL MAYONNAISE!), but in colors: blue for France, green for England, red for Italy, and silver for Germany. Deutschland's chancellor, Adolf Hitler, understood the symbolism of the checkered flag. He offered huge cash handouts to companies that could design machines that demonstrated German invincibility.

At Auto Union (now Audi), an engineer named Dr. Ferdinand Porsche had an idea: to mount an engine behind the cockpit of a racing car. This would keep the weight over the driving wheels and lighten the automobile, as the architecture that connected a front engine to the rear wheels could be eliminated. The car's center of gravity could be lowered, improving handling. It was a revolutionary idea. And it worked. Along with Mercedes-Benz, the Auto Union mopped up the competition, to Hitler's delight. "They were more than cars," racing historian Robert Daley later wrote. "They were a warning, and every thinking man who saw them knew it." We know what happened next.

After WWII, Ferdinand's son Ferry launched Porsche, building on his father's ideas. The first Porsches appeared: the 356 and the ➤➤

550 Spyder among them, the latter infamous today as the racing car in which James Dean killed himself. These cars were lightweight, rear-engined, and quick. But in the early '60s, as the sports car market exploded, Porsche needed something more. They launched a new model in 1963, aiming to offer serious performance at a price lower than those of Jaguars and Ferraris. The name was originally 901, but Peugeot had a 901, so it changed to 911. The car had a wooden steering wheel and a rear-mounted 130 hp engine.

Cars come and go, but Porsche engineers have been perfecting this one automobile ever since. Today you can choose from fifteen 911 models. The pinnacle? The new limited-edition GT2, a car built for the track but road-ready, embodying 43 years of design research. As Porsche team racer Walter Röhrl put it: "This is the best 911 ever. Racecar, street car, the best."

Shall we go for a ride?

Thinking Fast

"Brake," says Patrick Long, sitting in the passenger seat. "Brake. *Brake!*"

We're hurtling past Daytona's empty grandstands, approaching a sharp left-hander that leads into the twisty infield road course. Not a lot of room for error here. The switchback is bordered by a waist-high concrete wall. I downshift rapidly: third, second. The aluminum brake calipers grip tight, the engine spits and moans, and as I turn the wheel the car glides around with ease. Do that in a Corolla and it's Geico time.

The first thing that strikes you as you whip around these turns in the speedway's infield is the smooth transmission. My grandmother could work this six-speed stick. Second gear is good for 80 mph, and because the torque curve peaks like a plateau, you can be in the wrong gear and still accelerate ferociously. It's the pedal you need to worry about; 505 lb.-ft. of torque in a car this light is NASA-worthy. Step too hard and you'll bruise more than your ego.

SPEC CHECK

Price:	$191,700
Engine:	Twin-turbo DOHC 24-valve six-cylinder boxer
Torque:	505 lb.-ft. at 2,200 to 4,500 rpm
Horsepower:	530
0–60:	3.6 seconds
Top speed:	204 mph

To boost the GT2's athleticism, designers put the 911 through an aggressive weight-loss program. All the fat's been trimmed: most notably the rear seats. The front seats are padded carbon fiber/glass, the twin exhaust pipes are titanium, and light alloys are used in various parts of the engine and chassis. Every pound lost translates to more speed, and you can sense the agility instantly. (The Germans know a thing or two about lightening cars—in Dr. Ferdinand's day, they shaved the paint off Grand Prix cars to save a few ounces, so the metal gleamed; that is why German cars are traditionally silver.) Still, none of the necessities have been nixed. You could drive this car on your morning commute. But this is no trip down I-95. As we speed out of a left-hander, the monster appears. Third gear, fourth, hard on the pedal. Just like that we're tipped sideways.

Fully Floored

Unless you're a pro racer, you need balls of carbon fiber to scream into Daytona's 31-degree banking without easing your foot off the pedal. The turn is 3,000 feet long. That's plenty of time for mortality to speak to you. When you watch Jimmie Johnson on this banking on TV, it looks like a smooth ride. In reality the pavement is full of cracks, so the car's rear tires jump around—unnerving when you're moving well over 100 mph. The GT2's suspension is tightly tuned; you feel every bump like you're running your hand along the tarmac. (Porsche's computer-controlled traction system will get you out of trouble should you lose your footing, but we wouldn't rely on it.) As the end of the banked turn comes into sight, the back straight opens up.

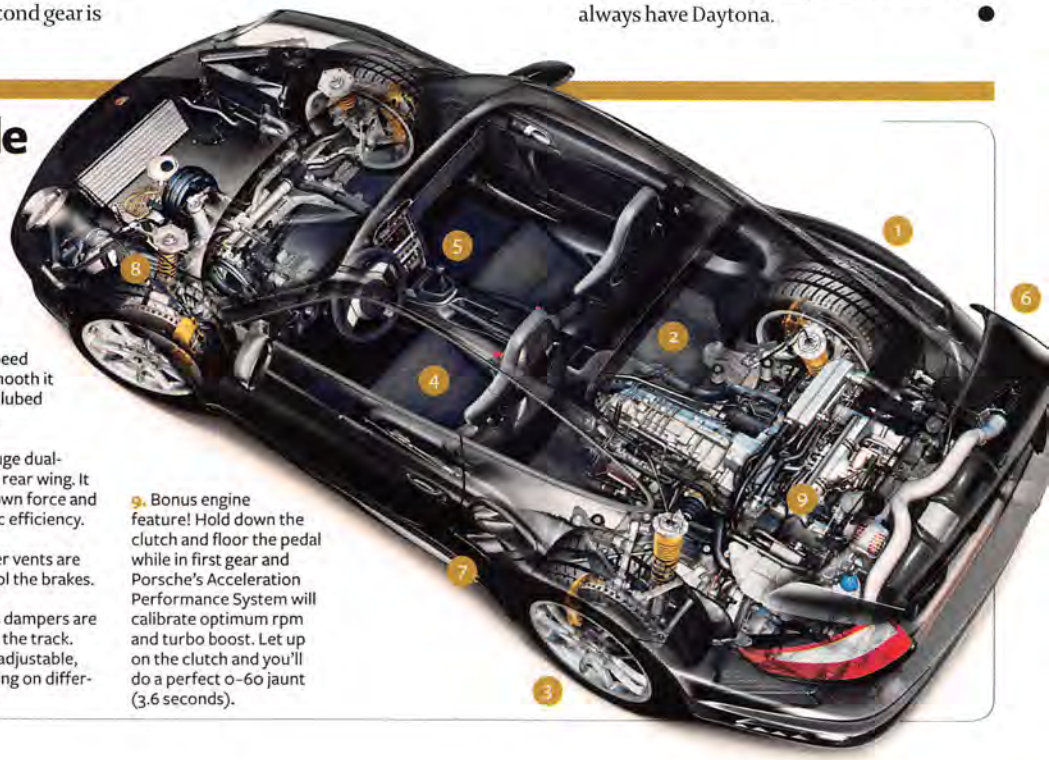
"Hammer it!" Long orders.

When I hit the pedal, the G-force hurls us back into our seats. Two turbochargers and six injectors shove fuel and oxygen into the six cylinders. Those titanium pipes blast the beautiful exhaust note. How fast are we going? No idea—I'm too busy to eye the speedometer.

A few more laps and we're back in the pit lane. When I step out of the cockpit, I'm drenched in sweat. I look at the car—its aggressive stance, the fixed rear wing, those awesome yellow brake calipers peeking through the wheels. I get the bittersweet feeling I've just had the one-night stand of a lifetime. The next time I lay eyes on this rare beauty, if ever, she'll be in some other (richer) man's hands. We'll always have Daytona. ●

The Killer Inside

Feast your X-ray eyes on the ultimate pavement shredder.



1. This ain't no ordinary 911. The GT2 sits one inch lower, and the rear track is 0.6 inches wider.

2. In racecar fashion, the rear seats have been removed. Sorry, no double-dating.

3. Super 12-inch-wide rear tires provide lots of pavement glue and squirrel-squishing potential.

4. The racing-style bucket seats have shells made of a carbon-fiber/glass combo. They're far lighter than standard 911 thrones, and they're coated in a material that grips your back as you corner.

5. The six-speed stick is so smooth it feels like it's lubed with butter.

6. Dig the huge dual-planed fixed rear wing. It improves down force and aerodynamic efficiency.

7. Intercooler vents are added to cool the brakes.

8. The GT2's dampers are ultrastiff for the track. And they're adjustable, ideal for racing on different circuits.

9. Bonus engine feature! Hold down the clutch and floor the pedal while in first gear and Porsche's Acceleration Performance System will calibrate optimum rpm and turbo boost. Let up on the clutch and you'll do a perfect 0–60 jaunt (3.6 seconds).

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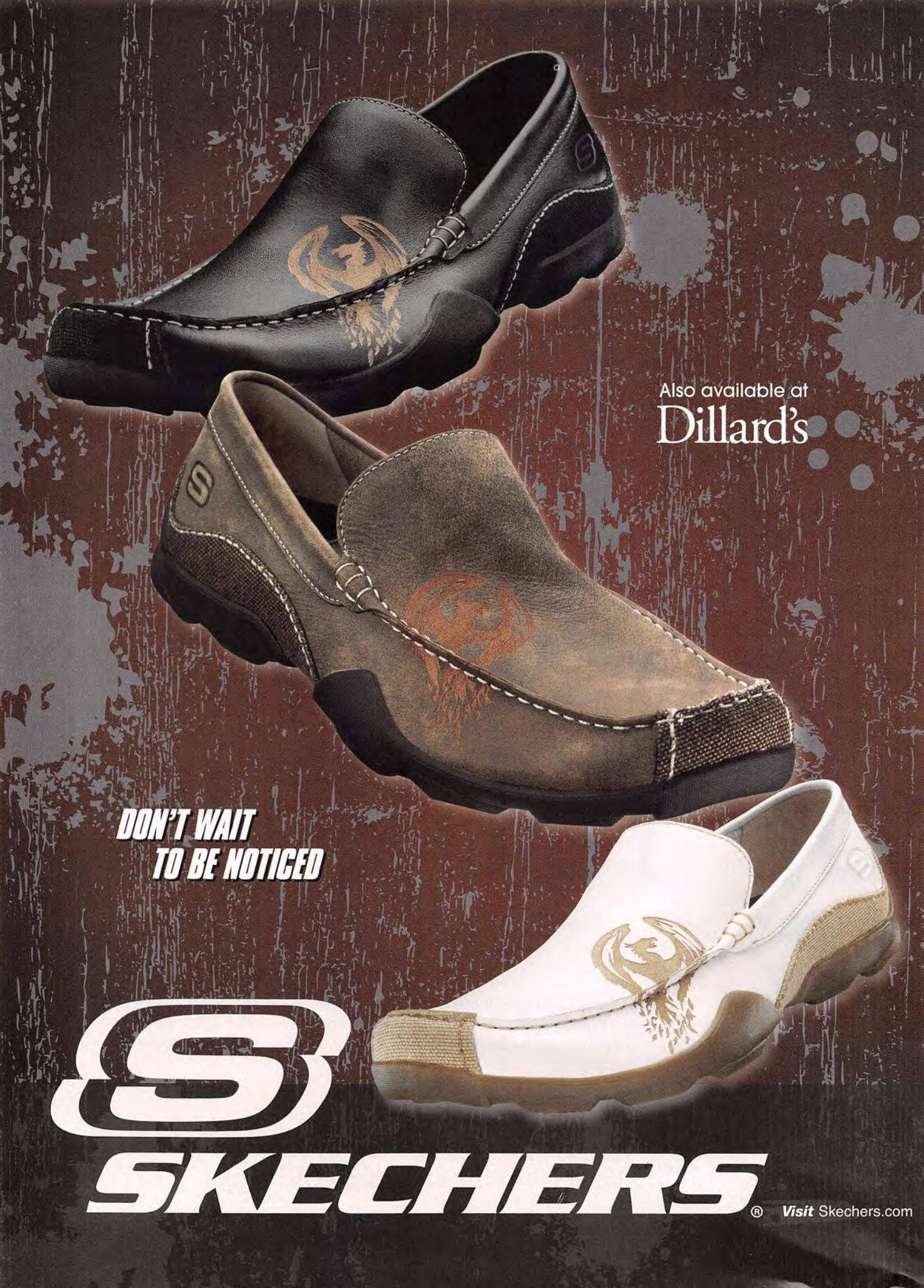
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BY GILLIAN TELLING

The Buddy System

Sex between friends can be incredible—but nothing comes without a price.

"Pull up a chair, *SportsCenter* is on!"

The one time I started hooking up with a friend, it was awesome. At first. Chris and I were old high school buds who slept together every other week or so. We had a blast hanging out, and the sex was amazing. Naturally, I thought we were dating—until he told me he'd met someone. "You guys are going to *love* each other!" he said. Then he dragged me lingerie shopping for her because, well, that's what friends did. I picked out a frilly yellow bra and panty set for his new love, pretending to be thrilled. Really, I was mortified.

Despite the dangers, casual sex between good friends is hardly a new phenomenon. Over the past few years, however, the trend of "friends with benefits"—acquaintances who have sex occasionally, without any romantic feelings attached—has been on the rise. A recent MSN survey of over 19,000 men and women revealed that 64 percent said they had a fuck buddy. And really, why shouldn't they? Having an FWB means you get to have all the sex you want with someone you like and trust without the hassle of crappy relationship duties, like going on family trips to Colonial Williamsburg or helping her bury her dead cat.

But perfect as they may seem at the outset, these friendly arrangements are rife with potential land mines. After all, it's tough for two people who actually like each other to have a sexual relationship without one of them (OK, probably her) eventually becoming confused about where things stand. Simply put, staying friends while reaping the benefits is tough to pull off. If you're going to risk it anyway, there are a few cardinal rules to navigating these treacherous waters, gathered directly from women who've been there.

1. Timing Is Everything

When looking for an FWB, avoid the girl who's been single for a long time or one you suspect hasn't had casual sex in a while—odds are she'll rapidly morph into a stage-four clinger. That's why girls who are fresh out of a relationship are ripe for the choosing. They're used to getting regular sex, and ideally, if they were the dumpers, they're not going to want to deal with relationship duties, either. "The best friend-sex I had was right after I broke up with a long-term boyfriend," says Karina,* 30. "The last thing I wanted at that point was to have to call someone to check in or do anything relationship-y. I had a friend I'd always thought was hot, and one night at a bar we just kept inching closer and closer as we talked. Finally, he touched me, and after a few minutes we were furiously making out. It was pure lust."

And while plenty of people might assume hooking up with a longtime platonic friend could be uncomfortable, Karina says it was just the opposite: "It was way better than the average first-time encounter because I knew for sure he wasn't a weirdo, so we could get straight to business. But the best part was that we had talked about sex during our friendship—our likes and dislikes—so we each knew exactly which buttons to push."

2. Keep It Secret

Be discreet. No friend with benefits wants her other friends—the benefitless ones—knowing about your little arrangement. "Everything was great with my fuck buddy situation until he showed up for our college friends' regular Friday happy hour gathering and passed *a rolled-up pair of pantyhose* to me at the table," says Cara, 25. "It might have even gone unnoticed ▶▶

*SOME NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTOINE VERGLAS

"I think our friendship would benefit from having dirty monkey sex."

had he not said, 'You left these last night,' while he did it. The circle of jaws hitting the table—including mine—is an image that's burned in my brain forever. My best girlfriend said it was 'like finding out your brother and sister were screwing.' Needless to say, he and I were in a bit of a fight for the next, oh, year or so. Idiot."

You might think it's OK to talk openly about a relationship that's not serious—after all, no one's feelings are at stake—but an overactive gossip mill actually kills a big part of the allure: having a dirty little secret. Karina says she liked being out with her FWB in a group setting because it turned her on to know they were going to hook up later that night—and that everyone else was clueless. "We'd barely even talk to each other all night so no one would suspect, which only built up the sexual tension," she says. "We'd leave separately, then go around the block and meet up before going to my apartment." Still, the web of lies can become difficult to maintain, especially for gossipy girls. But if you want to keep a good thing going, it's better to let *her* do the slipping up.

3. Keep the Sex Dirty

A girl who's willing to have sex with you but *isn't* willing to take long strolls through the park while holding hands is a gift unparalleled. So don't mess it up with romance. "The first couple of times my FWB and I had sex, we were animals—he threw me up against walls, pulled my hair, and once literally ripped my shirt off," says Gianna, 28. "Then, the third time, he lit candles and busted out some lavender-scented massage oil. He said he wanted to pamper me with a back rub first. I was mystified. I had gone there to get laid, not take part in a Calgon commercial. It was all too touchy-feely, and it freaked me out."

Of course, women sometimes prefer making love to straight screwing, but that's not the case when it comes to friends-with-benefits arrangements. Most girls will get dirtier with someone they know and trust—especially if they don't have to discuss the bills with him over Raisin Bran the next day. "I have the best dirty sex with a friend who lives in another state," says Zoe, 27. "Half of our relationship is filthy texting and phone sex. I tell him how horny I am, he tells me how hard he wants to fuck me, and we never worry about taking it too far, because we rarely have to look each other in the eye when it's over. Then we screw when he comes to town." She says they enjoy the comfort of having known each other for over eight years, but they've never wanted to become a couple. Instead, they prefer to keep things strictly raunchy. "Dating would ruin what we have," she says. "I might think twice about telling him I want it in the ass if I had to go to brunch with his parents in the morning or if we'd just had a fight about whose turn it was to take out the garbage."

4. Be a Dick

When you're dealing with a fuck buddy, throw out everything you've learned about how to treat a woman once you've had sex with her. "The only way to pull this off successfully is to be a bit cold about it," says Kelly, 28. "It should be fun, but not too intimate; otherwise you start blurring the lines." Nina, 26, agrees: "There should be no cuddling. Even lying in bed talking afterward leaves room for feelings. The best thing for both parties to do is get up and bolt right after sex." The reality is, if a guy sticks around and spoons us after we come, we're probably going to enjoy that just as much as the sex—even if we know you're not the one for us. Part of the reason may even be biological. "An orgasm for women causes bonding and attachment, and that can make our reactions to people change over time," says Logan Levkoff, sexologist and author of *Third Base Ain't What It Used to Be*. "We learn to find things attractive in people that we couldn't see right off the bat."

That means the warmer you are after sex, the more likely it is your friend with benefits will start to view you as potential boyfriend material—even if she looks like Princess Grace and you look like Prince Andrew. Also on the "don't" list: playing with her hair, gazing deep into her eyes, and lavishing her with compliments. "When my FWB began telling me how hot I looked or asking what perfume I was wearing, I started wondering what the hell we were actually doing," says Karina. "It had been clear-cut until then."

State of the Union

Do you have a friend with benefits or a girlfriend? Compare the total number of checks in each column to find out.

	FWB	GF
1. Nights you spend together to nights you have sex:	☐ 1:1	☐ 3:1
2. She calls you:	☐ Only after 3 A.M.	☐ 11 times a day
3. For your birthday she gave you:	☐ Crabs	☐ Framed photo of herself
4. Her instructions:	☐ Fuck me harder!	☐ Hold me tighter!
5. At your place, she left a:	☐ Balled-up thong	☐ Box of tampons, case of daddy issues
6. You know her friends:	☐ Exist	☐ Can't stand you
7. When she says "pussy," she's referring to:	☐ Her anatomy	☐ Mr. Whiskers
8. When you talk to other women, she:	☐ Doesn't notice	☐ Starts shaking uncontrollably
TOTALS:	☐ Congratulations! You're having stress-free sex!	☐ Sorry, but it's time to have "the Talk."

STYLING BY KAREN SHAPIRO; HAIR, RICHARD KEOGH FOR CLOUTIERAGENCY.COM; MAKEUP, SACHA HARFORD FOR ARTISTLOFT.COM USING NARS COSMETICS

5. Limit Interaction

Even if the girl you're screwing is a friend, it's important not to hang out with her too much if you want the sex to continue without confusion. Especially beware of activities that take place during the day, because they could be construed as standard dating territory. "I was in an FWB situation with this guy I really enjoyed sleeping with," says Erica, 25. "Then one day I helped him shop for curtains and paint and assumed we were turning a corner because we were doing errands together. But he still only called for sex. I ended up getting hurt."

In fact, even when it comes to sex, it shouldn't be too frequent, or regularly scheduled. "When my FWB started calling every day to see if I wanted to hook up later, I realized it was turning into something weird," says Lily, 30. "I knew if I kept sleeping with him, I'd have no chance of finding someone I wanted to date *and* sleep with, so I called it off." Sarah, 27, says she had one fuck buddy whose etiquette was textbook: "He only communicated with me by text, and only after midnight. It was pretty irregular and infrequent. I could see him twice in one week, then not again for three weeks. It was obvious he only wanted one thing from me, and I was fine with that."

> "THIS GUY HAS SEEN ME NAKED, YET HE'S NOT MY BOYFRIEND."

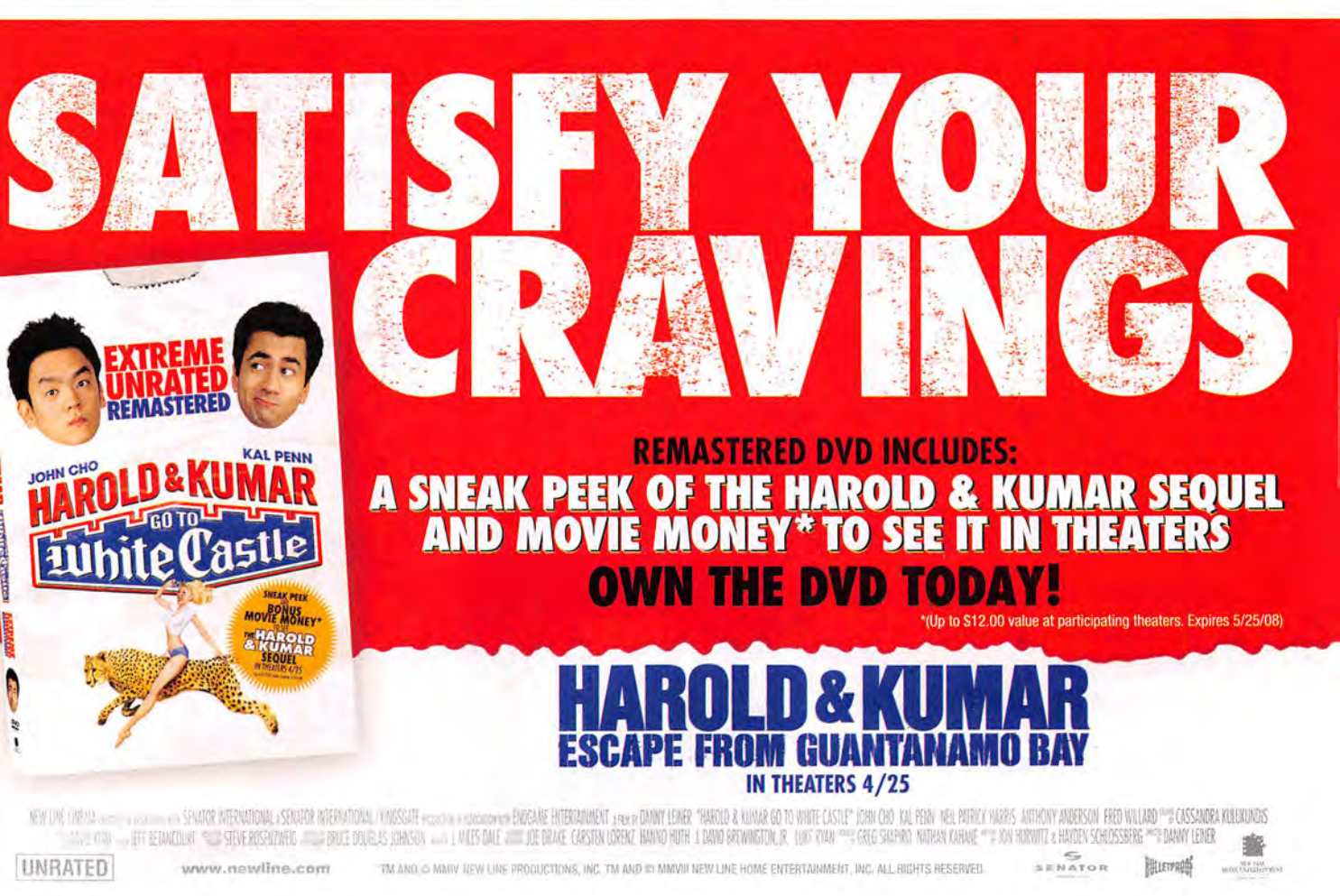
If you need a strict guideline, nearly all the women I spoke with said not to meet a buddy for sex more than twice a month. But the bottom line is this: Be aware of the differences between real relationships and FWB setups. As Cara puts it, "If you're friends and you hang out constantly and you're also having sex, what's the difference between that and being in a relationship besides an asterisk and fine print that says, 'No jealousy. Seriously.'?"

6. Prepare to Lose a Buddy

No matter how fun they can be, friends-with-benefits situations tend to get sticky—and if things end badly, you're losing more than a casual fling. "Sex changes *every* relationship," notes Levkoff. "And one person almost always ends up more involved. So there's no way to salvage a friendship immediately once it ends." Levkoff says it's helpful to be honest about your intentions early on. But both parties still must be willing to accept the fallout. Zoe says the worst part about her sex-buddy-gone-wrong is that they were truly best friends—even remaining friends after they stopped having sex. "But his new girlfriend knows we used to sleep together, so she hates me, which means we can't still be friends. I miss him."

In other situations, the sex itself can eventually result in awkwardness. Karina says she sometimes wishes she and her FWB had just remained pals. Why? "Every time we see each other, I think about the fact that we've seen each other naked. It's like, here's this guy who's seen me with my legs over my head, yet he's not my boyfriend and we're just casually downing a beer together. There's something a little bit weird about that."

The general consensus from my research seems to be that, while they can be short-term fun, friendly hookups rarely work out in the long run. Still, don't let that discourage you from trying. Just don't forget to follow the rules. Oh, and wear a condom. God only knows how many other friends your secret sex buddy has been banging.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1 Have you ever dated a girl solely because of her personality, even though at first you didn't find her "hot?"

- **A.** Yes, sometimes a girl's looks can grow on you
- **B.** No, what's the freakin' point?

2 How important do you think your skin is to the ladies?

- **A.** Important—I want her to find me irresistible everywhere
- **B.** Not important

3 Do you like it when a girl makes the first move/initiates some skin-on-skin contact?

- **A.** Yeah, I like a girl in control
- **B.** Only if she hasn't given me the green light to go first
- **C.** No, it seems desperate

4 What's the best way for a girl to tell you what turns her on?

- **A.** A hands-on demonstration—I want her to be my "personal trainer"
- **B.** Drop subtle hints
- **C.** Let me figure it out on my own

5 What body part does your girl want you to take better care of, so that she finds it more irresistible to touch?

- **A.** My feet
- **B.** My hands
- **C.** My elbows
- **D.** My shoulders

6 When showering at your girl's place, do you use her shower products?

- **A.** Yes, I don't mind using them... they work well
- **B.** No, I don't want to smell like my girl

7 Which of the following best describes how you feel about the attractiveness of your skin?

- **A.** Smooth and irresistible
- **B.** OK, but could be better
- **C.** Rough and dry

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BY JEFF PEARLMAN

Boston Massacre

The Red Sox are world champs, the Patriots came within 35 seconds of the greatest season in football history, the Celtics are dominating the NBA, and their insufferable fans won't let any of us forget it.

Sadly, they all survived a freak T-shirt gun accident.

The accent, that's where it all begins. *Pahk da cah. Look at the stahs. Nomah was great, but Rogah's not.* Man, I loathe that accent. And what about the so-called superstars? Tom Brady, who struts around as if he manufactures gold nuggets within the confines of his anus. David Ortiz, who as a Minnesota Twin couldn't hit an off-speed pitch were it tossed to him underhanded. Kevin Garnett, just another overpriced carpetbagger brought in for a ring (see: Moss, Randy; Allen, Ray; Beckett, Josh).

And don't get me started on the coaches. Terry Francona—who was Frank Lucchesi II with the Phillies—is reborn a genius? Doc Rivers, a mediocre NBA point guard who was run out of Orlando, receives two All-Stars for Christmas and morphs into the next Red Auerbach? And Bill Belichick...Well, what's left to say? Cheater, fraud, liar—the list goes on and on.

Most of all, though, what many of us hate—truly, truly hate—about Boston are the fans. What was once a city composed of pathetic yet lovable losers conditioned to accept failure has, within a relatively short span of time, turned into a collection of the loudest, most obnoxious, most ornery fans in America. By the time the overconfident Patriots rolled into the Super Bowl, the rest of us had had enough. It's bad enough that the Red Sox are going into opening day as defending World Series champions (again!) and that the Pats have appeared in four of the past seven Super Bowls (and won three of them). But now, not only do the Garnett, Ray Allen, Paul Pierce Celtics appear primed for a deep playoff push after years of ineptitude, but Boston College's football team spent much of the past season undefeated and ranked No. 2 in the nation. Hell, even the Bruins don't completely suck.

"There's an undeniable metamorphosis—the fans here have become front-running bastards," says Leigh Montville, a former *Boston Globe* columnist and the author of the best-selling *Ted Williams: The Biography of an American Hero*. "Boston fans traditionally sat around and lamented and hoped for brighter days. Now that those days have come, I'm not so sure we're better off as a people."

As a native New Yorker (albeit as a Mets fan), I've long disliked Boston sports—it's a birthright. Yes, throughout my boyhood Bean Town's teams were scrappy and hard-nosed, but at the end of the day they held the significance of yesterday's meat loaf. The Red Sox would fold. The Patriots would fold. The Bruins would fold. The Celtics (we're talking the Rick Fox, Pervis Ellison, Todd Mundt era here) would fold. Then the fans would silently slink off into the darkness, heads down, mouths shut, anxious to chug a beer (or seven) to numb the ritualistic pain...

Ah, the good ol' days.

Now everyone in this great nation of ours has joined together in a visceral dislike of Boston—with good reason. When it was just ➤➤

the Yankees and Red Sox, non–East Coast denizens could praise Bean Eaters as good ol' fashioned giant killers. (Was there a greater sport unifier than the image of George Steinbrenner on a dartboard?) The last few months, however, have marked a tipping point. First there was Spygate; then the Sox waltzing into the Fall Classic like another title was a foregone conclusion; then it was the Pats going out of their way not merely to beat but to humiliate opposing teams from across the map. Even after their epic Super Bowl upset loss to the Giants, Pats fans insisted they were robbed. Whatever the moment, the city has become Public Enemy No. 1. Why, in an ESPN poll taken shortly before Super Bowl XLII, fans of the 30 other teams were asked whether they were rooting for the Giants or the Patriots. Without fail, every single fan base admitted to pulling for New York.

Now flash back to Sunday, February 3. Approximately 20 rows up, in Section 137 of the University of Phoenix Stadium—an area dominated by New York fans—four large men with thick Boston accents spotted the scoreboard displaying a highlight reel from the Giants' regular season. For the ensuing five minutes, one of the lugs stood and repeatedly screamed, "What-ev-ah! What-ev-ah! What-ev-ah!" When the Giants trotted onto the field, another of the men turned toward a gaggle of New York die-hards and, without solicitation, barked, "Giants fans, your weekend is ovah! O-V-E-AH! O-V-E-AH! O-V-E-AH! O-V-E-AH!"

It wasn't so much the absurdity of the scene (two of the men literally appeared to be rejects from the *Mr. Clean: The Movie* casting call) or even the dramatic misfire of the prediction. No, the most irksome thing about the whole situation was how it perfectly represented what Boston's sports fans have become.

In a word: assholes.

Yes, you read that last line correctly. Boston's sports fans have turned into assholes. Just listen to WEEI, the local sports talk radio station, where one caller after another *still* praises Belichick—the Dick Cheney of football coaches—for his genius and integrity. Just check out the alarming number of local fenders adorned with bumper stickers that read I'D RATHER MY DAUGHTER WORK IN A WHOREHOUSE THAN MY SON PLAY FOR THE NEW YORK YANKEES. Just listen to the talk of a Sox dynasty, of a Celtics dynasty, of a Pats dynasty, of a 2009 season that will surely feature Brady throwing for 800 touchdowns and 700,000 yards, joining the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater, and ▶▶

Boston: Home of humility

Not So Fast!

Yes, Boston sports fans have become smug and self-satisfied. But according to one fan, they've earned the right to gloat.

Look on the bright side. Sure, we Boston sports fans are pretty damn insufferable right now. But don't forget how equally nauseating we were when we were losing. Remember all the obnoxious self-pity we used to spew every year because the Red Sox couldn't win the World Series? Remember how we used to collar you in bars and give whiskey-breath speeches about how Doug Flutie was criminally underrated? Remember how we claimed we remember exactly where we were the moment Larry Bird broke the rookie record for three-pointers, even though we weren't born yet? Remember how Uncle Frankie made your sister cry at her wedding when he got up on the bar to scream, "Why the hell did Johnson hit for Willoughby in Game Seven?"

What can I say? It's all true. We suck. Boston sports fans have always been hard to take, no matter how the team is doing. There's something about the Boston fan—our long, bitter memories, pickled in cold weather and too much alcohol, passed down from one miserable generation to the next. We remember too long, nurse grudges, and think all that bad stuff in the past happened to us personally. So we still hate Andrew Toney, Isiah Thomas, Thurman Munson, Pete Rose. We still hate Nolan Ryan for beaning Doug Griffin in 1974, which forced the Sox to play Denny Doyle at second base the next year, which probably cost us the whole damn series. At least that's how I remember it. We can't even say B***y D**t.

The Mass-hole Hall of Fame: Lee, Bird, Flutie

We suffered through all those years when the Pats sucked. We suffered through the years when Don Zimmer managed the Red Sox, which is like Billy Joel driving your ambulance. We cheered when he tried to beat up Pedro Martinez and Pedro knocked him on his ass. We feel bad about it, kind of. But Don Zimmer, man. Wouldn't even pitch Bill Lee, our best Yankee-killer, just 'cuz Lee called him "the gerbil." Stuff like that takes its toll on a man's moral fiber.

We've earned the right to gloat. We're going to enjoy this as long as it lasts. We're not even broken up about the Super Bowl, because we assume we'll be just as good next year. You're totally right about how hateful we are these days. But admit it—you're going to miss having us to hate when we start losing again.

So one more thing—why *did* Johnson hit for Willoughby in Game Seven?—*Alan Wilder*

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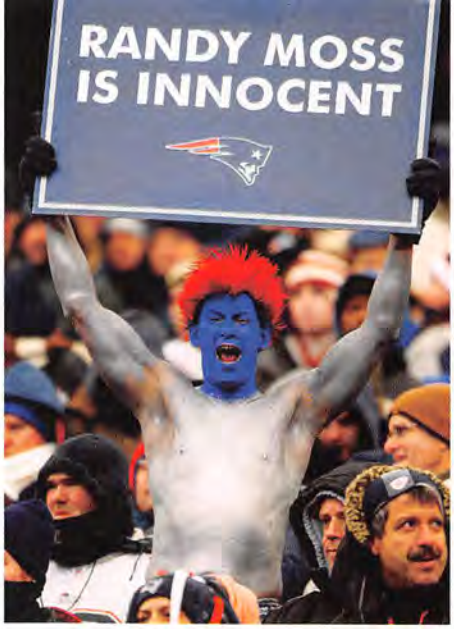


(clockwise from left) Super Cool Guy, Super Weird Guy, Super Bald Guy, Supermodel Sperm Donor Guy

leading a NASA mission to the molten inner core of Mercury. On the heels of the Super Bowl, and with both the Sox and Yankees reloaded with young guns (the Joba Chamberlain, Clay Buchholz debates are already raging), the age-old New York, Boston rivalry may well be approaching uncharted new heights—only now the Massholes have the upper hand.

Believe it or not, Bean Town was once a mecca of righteous sports fans. In the late 1800s, a group of Red Sox loyalists dubbed the Royal Rooters comprised what baseball historians consider the sport's first fan club. The Rooters would follow the team to spring training, attend games at Fenway Park en masse, and sing the show tune "Tessie" when their boys needed to rally. From 1903 through 1918, the Sox won five of the first 15 World Series—an ode as much to quality players as to die-hard followers.

"They were passionate supporters, but also *respectable* supporters," says Peter Nash, a noted baseball historian. "The Royal Rooters lived and died with the Red Sox—and laid the groundwork for other American sports fans."

Following the 1918 season, however, the Rooters disbanded, and a year later their team traded Babe Ruth to the Yankees for six pebbles and a pack of Lucky Strikes. Another 85 seasons passed before Boston won a World Series. "It's become cliché to write about how bad everything was for so long, but that's not really the case," says Steve Buckley, a *Boston Herald* columnist and city native. "Sure, the Sox blew a lot of clutch moments. They lost Game 7 of the 1967 World Series; they had the ball go through Bill Buckner's legs in '86. But would you rather have your hopes dashed at the last moment every single time, or would you rather be out of contention by May? Sure, we experienced a lot of heartache. But I see it as building character."

If heartache equals character, Boston should be a city of Abraham Lincolns. While the Celtics thrived throughout much of the century behind the likes of Bill Russell, Bob Cousy, and Larry Bird, fans were ritualistically let down by their other teams. The Pats failed to reach a Super Bowl until 1986, when Steve Grogan and Co. were crushed by the Bears, 46-10. The Bruins, meanwhile, are about to experience their 36th straight season without a Stanley Cup.

Can you talk?
Can you talk?
Cool. But can you go from the beach to the woods to the mountains?
Cool. But can you go from the beach to the woods to the mountains?

EX model shown. ©2007 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

So where is the famous Boston humility? Where are the lessons learned from Buckner's historic gaffe? From Bucky Dent's home run? From Bobby Orr's retirement? Where is the supposed dignity and maturation that comes from surviving tough circumstances?

Answer: It's gone.

"The old way of thinking is dead," says Ken Casey, bass player for the Dropkick Murphys, a beloved Boston-based Celtic punk band whose "Tessie" cover became a huge regional hit. "We used to assume our spirits would be broken at the end of the day. Now we're cocky, we're arrogant, and we're standing proud."

To illustrate his point, Casey recalls Super Bowl Sunday, when he, his band mates, and about 30 associates watched the Giants-Patriots clash from a hotel room in Aberdeen, Scotland. Everyone present was a die-hard New England fan, save one lowly sound technician who rooted for New York. So, in the game's aftermath, did the Murphys let their friend enjoy his moment? Did they allow him to revel in the joy of Super Bowl triumph? Did they pat him on the back and say, "Nice job, bud"?

"No friggin' way," says Casey. "We chucked beer cans at his head and told him he could go straight to hell." ●

Boston's B-List

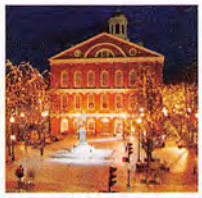
More reasons we're not down with Bean Town.

Dane Cook
Remember when this smug, preening golden boy of Boston's overrated stand-up comedy scene used to be hysterical? Neither do we.

Preppy College Kids
How smart can students at Harvard, Boston College, Boston University, and UMass be to go to school in a town where the bars close at one?

Dunkin' Donuts
Far be it from us to belittle that most noble of breakfast pastries, but Boston's devotion to Dunkin's makes us want to Bear Claw our eyes out.

The T
When you have to brag about your city's mass transit system—which stops running at friggin' midnight—it only proves your life is empty and sad.



Faneuil Hall
Thanks to this faux-historical market, every second-tier city in America now has a retro-Colonial red brick mall. Nice ahh-chitecture, a-holes.

Boston Pop
What is there to say about a city whose biggest contributions to popular music are Aerosmith, Boston, and the New Kids on the Block?

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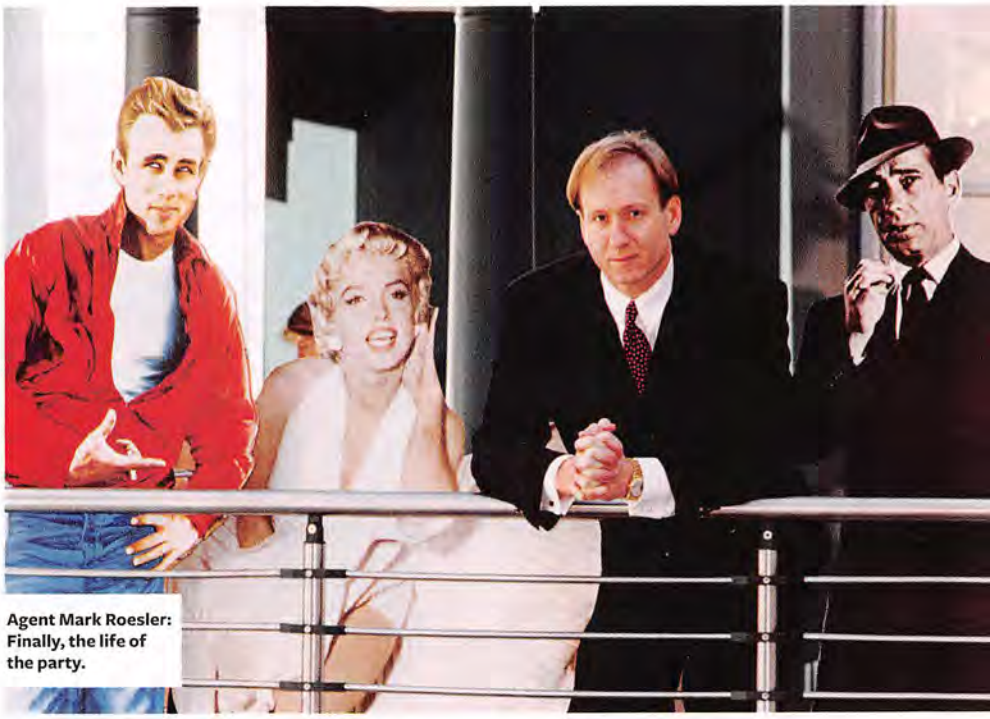
BY KEVIN COOK

Agent of the Dead

One celebrity rep, 200 deceased clients, and the biggest publicity rights case in U.S. history.



Agent Mark Roesler: Finally, the life of the party.

Mark Roesler didn't know what to expect from the Lizard King's mother-in-law. It was 1983. Roesler was a hotshot young lawyer with an idea for a new kind of business: managing the careers of dead celebrities. He saw Jim Morrison as a member of a holy trinity—alongside James Dean and Marilyn Monroe—whose coolness (and earning power) topped all others'. But who owned the publicity rights to Morrison's corpse—the right to put his picture on posters, calendars, and T-shirts? Morrison and supergroupie Pamela Courson exchanged vows shortly before the singer died snorting heroin in 1971. Courson OD'd soon after, leaving her parents as Morrison's lawful heirs. Which is why Roesler tracked them down in a house on a hilltop near Santa Barbara, California.

He rang the doorbell and smiled at the woman who answered—Penny Courson, Morrison's mother-in-law. "I'm an agent," Roesler said. He explained that he could help her make millions off of Jim's image. Fans would line up to buy posters, calendars, and who knew what else. Bobbleheads, lizard-skin jackets...

She reached out and slapped his face. Some people have no business sense.

Turns out stars can make serious bank after they're deceased. Careers flourish, and, being dead, they need more help than ever managing their assets. John Lennon earned $44 million in 2007. Tupac Shakur pulled in a cool $9 mil. Anytime a company uses a dead celeb's image—say, in an ad—whoever owns the publicity rights gets paid. Dead celebrities' images are used to sell board games, fragrances, T-shirts. The top 10 dead earners in 2007 cleared $262 million.

In the years since Morrison's mother-in-law smacked Roesler, he's become the king of dead celeb agents. He reps James Dean, Princess Diana, Babe Ruth, Marlon Brando, Bette Davis, Billie Holiday, General George S. Patton, Wilt Chamberlain, George "the Gipper" Gipp, Andre the Giant, and the horse Secretariat, among dozens of others. Roesler's company, CMG Worldwide, has become the biggest publicity rights firm in the world. He's based in Indianapolis, but has an office in Los Angeles as well as Rio de Janeiro. You might have seen him in L.A., zipping down Sunset in a silver Ferrari with JDEAN plates.

Movie and music royalties aren't Roesler's business (that's another branch of law), but most everything else is. Want to put Jackie Robinson on a Wheaties box? Call Roesler. Want to use aviatrix Amelia Earhart in ads, as Apple did in its "Think Different" campaign? Call Roesler. Want to sell Malcolm X merchandise, as Spike Lee did to promote his film *Malcolm X*? Lee *didn't* call Roesler, and according to Roesler, it cost him hundreds of thousands in a legal settlement. One rival calls Roesler "the *enfant terrible* of intellectual-property rights." And *The Washington Post* called him "the attack dog of the dead-celeb biz."

> "TURNS OUT STARS CAN MAKE SERIOUS BANK AFTER THEY'RE DECEASED."

This month Roesler is gearing up for a dogfight. In courtrooms in New York and L.A., federal juries will weigh the biggest case in publicity rights history. They will decide if Roesler's number one client's image is worth $100 million, her estimated worth, or...

"Or nothing much," he says.

At the heart of the case is the star whose penchant for trouble is as timeless as her beauty: Marilyn Monroe.

Fame and Fortune

Roesler stands behind the desk in his palatial office in Indianapolis. Tall, bulky, and expensively dressed, he could pass for an NBA coach. Behind him an enormous bas-relief of Monroe's face adorns the wall.

"My clients were beloved," he says. "They still are."

Walking the halls of headquarters, he shows off a few favorite pieces: framed movie stills of Monroe and James Dean with bits of celluloid—actual frames from their films. Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig baseball bats. Monroe's centerfold from the first *Playboy*, signed by Hugh Hefner. An elevator leads to a basement warehouse crowded with dead-celebrity Halloween masks, T-shirts, puzzles, and lava lamps. One corner holds cases of Marilyn Merlot, a wine with sales of $2 million a year, plus a few bottles of Vince Lombardi wine, presumably with the bouquet of Lambeau lockers.

Growing up in Alexandria, Indiana, 12.5 miles from James Dean's boyhood home, Roesler ▸▸

never expected to meet a celebrity. How would he solidify business representing big city stars? "Being based in Indiana, I didn't have a chance with famous living people," he says. "My opportunity was with the deceased ones, if I could figure out how to do it." His genius was to recognize that a star's right to market his image is a personal right, but one that expires when he dies. After that it's a property right, which can be sold or handed down. Those rights can be marketed and monetized. Besides, he explains, dead people make great clients. They never call him up in the middle of the night.

Early on in the business, Roesler was hired by Priscilla Presley to represent Elvis' estate. In six years he grew that business from an estimated $3 million to well over $100 million. Roesler found Babe Ruth's two surviving daughters living humbly in Florida—neither had seen a cent from the collectibles that made millions for others. Roesler went to bat for the Babe. In a few years Ruth's daughters were getting six-figure checks. Half a century after his death, Ruth was earning more with Roesler than the Yankees ever paid him. Roesler forced novelty firms to quit selling vials of "Elvis sweat" and aerosol cans of "James Dean Macho Spray." He bought celeb Web sites—marilynmonroe.com, knuterockne.com, notoriousbig.com, and more than 100 others.

Though his list of clients continues to grow, Roesler keeps coming back to his favorite. He still gets misty talking about Marilyn Monroe. He wants to make sure she is remembered the right way. His way.

What's in a Name?

Dead celebrities can earn millions lending their names and images to all kinds of merchandise. Here, some of the most famous—and the products they endorse.

Jack Kerouac
Bobblehead doll with backpack, pen, and notepad

Marilyn Monroe
Ceramic bust doubling as a cookie jar

Notorious B.I.G.
Action figure with removable hat, cane, and cigar

Marlon Brando
10"x8" mouse pads created from selected portraits

James Dean
Rubber ducky sporting pompadour and leather jacket

Oscar Wilde
Limited-edition Montblanc pen with 18k gold nib

John Belushi
Gemmy Industries' 12" animated Bluto Blutarsky doll

Andre the Giant
Boxer shorts that read WANNA WRESTLE?

Humphrey Bogart
Thomasville furniture Bogart Luxe collection

Babe Ruth
Cuff links plated with Babe Ruth stamp

Gen. George S. Patton
"Tribute pistol" made of faux ivory and 24k gold

Rocky Marciano
Photo-emblazoned cigar box

Over His Dead Body

"Roesler is taking a big risk," says Tom Kelley Jr., who is going up against him in the war for Marilyn. The fight pits Monroe's estate against Kelley and the heirs of three other photographers who took famous photos of Monroe. The issue: Who owns Marilyn? Roesler points to Monroe's will, which left most of her unspecified assets to her acting coach, Lee Strasberg. Roesler has used the will to claim that Strasberg's widow, Anna, owns Marilyn's publicity rights—when her husband died, she inherited his interest in the Monroe estate. With Roesler as agent, that piece of Marilyn generates a reported $8 million a year—at least $5 million for Anna Strasberg and $2 million-plus for Roesler.

The photographers want more of that pie for themselves.

"My dad helped Marilyn out when she was an unknown model doing ads for a department store," says Kelley, a mustachioed photographer whose father, Tom Kelley Sr., took the famous red velvet nude that became *Playboy*'s first centerfold. (Monroe was paid $50. Later, when a reporter asked what she had on during the shoot, she replied, "The radio.") Unfortunately for Kelley Sr., he licensed reprint rights of the image to a cheesecake calendar maker for $900. Hugh Hefner then obtained licensing for them for $500. But Kelley retained other shots that he can market today. Or can he?

Milton Greene is another guy with a gripe. He took more than 4,000 photos of Monroe and even put her up in his home. She baby-sat his kids. Sam Shaw was another—he took the iconic shot of Marilyn on a subway grate during the filming of *The Seven Year Itch*, the updraft blowing her dress up around her ears. The photographers' heirs complain that Roesler has blocked their right to sell their Monroe photos to anyone they want. After years of butting heads, they've joined Kelley and another photog's heirs in suing Roesler and Monroe's estate. Three years later, after rounds of claims and counterclaims, we're about to see who wins.

"The stakes are so high there's no turning back. What is Marilyn worth if the photographers can license images like this?" Roesler asks, holding up a condom with the subway-grate shot on the wrapper. He wasn't surprised when an auction house working on Kelley's behalf tried to sell Monroe photos to *Hustler*. Monroe doesn't belong in *Hustler* or on condoms, Roesler argues. Her image would be tarnished—along with her earning ability. Roesler even has some living celebrities backing him, such as Yoko Ono and Al Pacino.

Kelley wasn't expecting such a high-stakes showdown. "To be honest," he says, "I admire Mark Roesler. Look at the business he built! But in this case, you have to wonder about his strategy. He's spent $12–$14 million to fight four little photographers. Why?"

Kelley and the other photographers' heirs might be willing to settle out of court. But for Roesler the stakes may be higher than $14 million or even $100 million. If he loses, his foes could claim what Kelley calls "20 or 30 years of retroactive liability"—repayment of the millions Roesler has kept them from making. And he may lose the ability to protect his other dead clients in similar cases.

"This case didn't have to go to trial," Kelley says. "We could have coexisted."

Wrong, says Roesler. "This is a war."

Sometime in the next month, Roesler will climb the steps of a federal courthouse and go to war for his beloved Marilyn. The future of dead people may never be the same. ●

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AFTER SURVIVING THE MODELING WORLD, DRUGS, AND *PEARL HARBOR*, JAIME KING IS READY FOR ACT TWO: SIX NEW FLICKS, INCLUDING THE *STAR WARS*–OBSESSED COMEDY *FANBOYS*.

Dolce & Gabbana jewelry
Coco de Mer bra
Dolce & Gabbana pencil skirt
Christian Louboutin shoes

IT'S GOOD TO BE

JAIME KING

BY NOELLE HANCOCK PHOTOGRAPHS BY SANTE D'ORAZIO

WHEN SHE SWEPT ONTO THE MODELING SCENE IN 1993, JAIME "JAMES" KING WAS THE ULTIMATE good girl gone bad. Living in New York by way of Omaha, she landed her first major ad campaign, for Abercrombie & Fitch, and was then featured in *Allure*, *Mademoiselle*, and *Vogue*. Along with international superstardom came all the trappings: rock-star beaus (like Kid Rock), tattoos (including KING on the back of her neck), rehab for booze and heroin (she now says her vices are chocolate and coffee), and roles in not-so-amazing flicks (*Pearl Harbor*, *White Chicks*, *Bulletproof Monk*).

Now that the 28-year-old has transitioned from modeling to acting full-time, a curious thing has happened: Her star is rising even higher. Her half-dozen upcoming movie roles are eclectic enough to challenge any actress; they include the 1940s period piece *The Pardon* and two films directed by Frank Miller, *Will Eisner's The Spirit* and the highly anticipated *Sin City 2*. This month she appears in *Fanboys*, about a group of *Star Wars* nuts. Last November she married *Fanboys* director Kyle Newman, leading to wild newlywed nights of Scrabble at home. It may be true that Jaime is no longer a wild child. But that doesn't mean she no longer has a penchant for speaking her mind.

DID YOU MISS OUT ON BEING A TEENAGER, CONSIDERING YOU STARTED MODELING AT 14?
I never fit in like a typical kid. My sister was captain of the drill squad, but the cheerleader jock thing was never for me. Instead, I took photos and developed my own film. I loved modeling because I loved the photography aspect.

DID YOU ENCOUNTER LOTS OF SLIMY DUDES?
I run into slimy dudes pretty much anywhere, not just in the modeling world.

WELL, WHAT WAS THE UPSIDE?
When I shot an ad for Rocawear, they helicoptered Jay-Z to the location, and he started rapping, which was amazing. He has a big heart. That's the cool thing about meeting celebrities. People think they know us by reading about us, but when you meet us you get a glimpse of who we are as human beings.

WHY HAVE YOU TRADED MODELING FOR THE RAT RACE OF HOLLYWOOD?
Because I love acting, and I love making a lot of money doing it. Having money gives you freedom to do whatever you want in life. But when you get attached to being the cool kid in all the magazines, you're just a rat on a wheel.

WHILE FILMING *FANBOYS*, YOU FELL FOR THE DIRECTOR. HOW DID HE WIN YOU OVER?
He's creative and passionate like me. We're both obsessed with films and comics.

ARE YOU TELLING US YOU'RE A CLOSET NERD?
I love *Star Wars* and *Lord of the Rings*, and I'm obsessed with *Harry Potter*. When Sotheby's was auctioning off an autographed book by J. K. Rowling, I was online zooming in to see what she'd written. I was so pissed when someone else snapped it up—not that I could've paid $4 million. I get bored watching romantic comedies—couldn't care less about them.

GOOD THING, SINCE YOU'RE IN THE ULTRA-VIOLENT *SIN CITY* MOVIES. DID YOU READ THE GRAPHIC NOVEL FIRST?
Yeah. I'm actually writing a graphic novel that Frank Miller is helping me take to some big publishing companies. I love that medium.

SO YOU'RE COOL WITH GORE AND VIOLENCE?
Actually, I'm a scaredy cat. Whenever there's blood in my films—even if it's fake—I have to keep reminding myself that it's not real.

WHAT WAS YOUR MOST GRUESOME ON-SCREEN MOMENT?
There were a few gnarly scenes in *The Tripper*. In one scene I walk in on my friends having sex in a van, and they're hacked up into tiny bits.

DID YOU HAVE A HARD TIME DOING *THE PARDON*, IN WHICH YOU PLAY THE FIRST WOMAN EVER EXECUTED IN THE STATE OF LOUISIANA?
That was intense. She was a real person, and I felt connected to her. The whole time I was filming, I was extremely depressed. I had to do a scene where they sat me in a real electric chair, and I was like, "Get me the fuck off of it!"

SO DO YOU PREFER INDIE FLICKS OR BIG-BUDGET MOVIES LIKE *PEARL HARBOR*?
Indie films can be so ghetto. You don't have all the physical comforts that you have on the big ones. I did one movie where the trailer only had saloon doors between my room and the other rooms. I'd rather not pee for 15 hours than go in front of someone I don't know.

YOU'VE GOT SEVERAL TATTOOS. ANY NEW ONES?
Ha! No, I don't have the angst I did when I was a teenager. Sometimes I wonder why I didn't just dye my hair pink or blue like a normal teenager. Now I have to spend two extra hours in the makeup chair covering them up!

DO YOU REGRET ANY OF YOUR TATS?
Not really. Some people make stupid comments. I have KING tattooed on my back, and people will be like, "Did you do that because you might forget your name?"

IS IT TRUE YOU WERE LAMPOONING PARIS HILTON OR NICKY HILTON IN *WHITE CHICKS*?
Oh, my God, Paris and Nicky are my friends. I wasn't lampooning them. I was just playing the character that was in the script.

DO YOU THINK SOME CELEBS NEED TO COOL OUT ON THE PARTYING?
God bless them, I don't want to judge, because we all have to battle our demons—but when you're 21 and you have millions of dollars and other people's jobs riding on your back, you have a responsibility to get to work on time.

IT SEEMS THAT WOMEN IN HOLLYWOOD ARE WILDER THAN EVER THESE DAYS, DOESN'T IT?
I stay out of it because I have other things to do. When I'm working, I can't stay out till four o'clock in the morning, because that's when I have to get to the set. My husband took me to the L.A. club Hyde the other night, but only because he wanted their special hot cookies and milk. That's how we roll. ●

1996
In the *N.Y. Times Magazine* cover story "James Is a Girl," she said, "The hardest thing is realizing you've grown up 10 years in two days."

1999
After her August 1999 *Cosmo* cover, Jaime appeared on the covers of *EW* ('01) and *Teen Vogue* ('02) and in the famed Pirelli calendar.

2000
She dated Kid Rock in a much-publicized rock'n'roll romance. "I'm like, manic, with music, man," she once said.

2001
Played Nurse Betty in *Pearl Harbor*, the bombastic Michael Bay movie that went on to gross $450 million worldwide.

2005
In the graphic novel turned blockbuster *Sin City*, she played twins Goldie and Wendy; one dies after sleeping with Mickey Rourke.

2006
Met her husband, director Kyle Newman, on the set of the geek-fest *Fanboys*, also starring Kristen Bell and Seth Rogen.

STYLING, LIA DAVIS; FASHION ASSISTANT, ASHLEY ZOHAR; HAIR, JONATHAN HANOUSEK FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS/BIOLAGE; MAKEUP, KATHY JUENG USING CLASSIFIED COSMETICS FOR MAC

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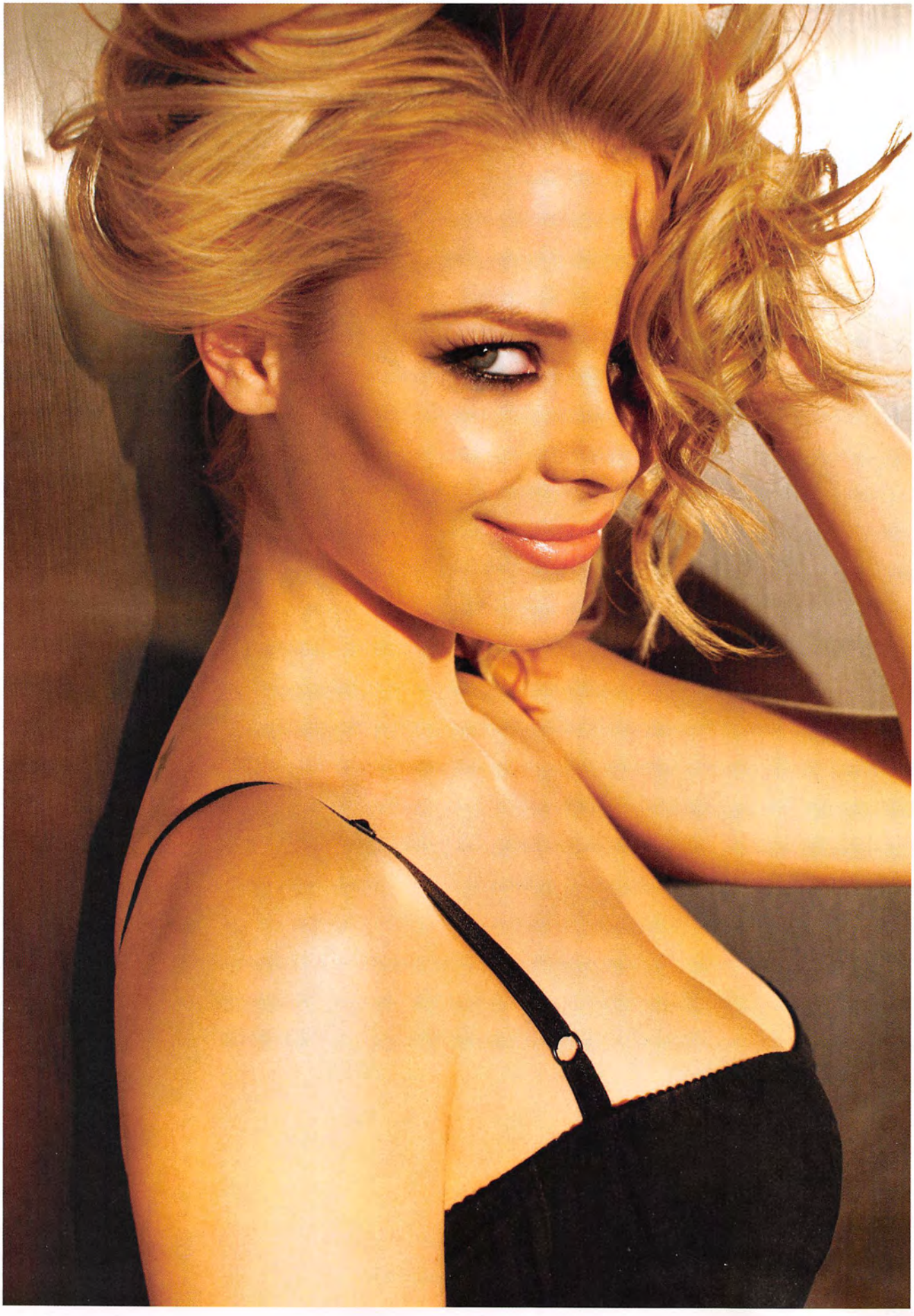
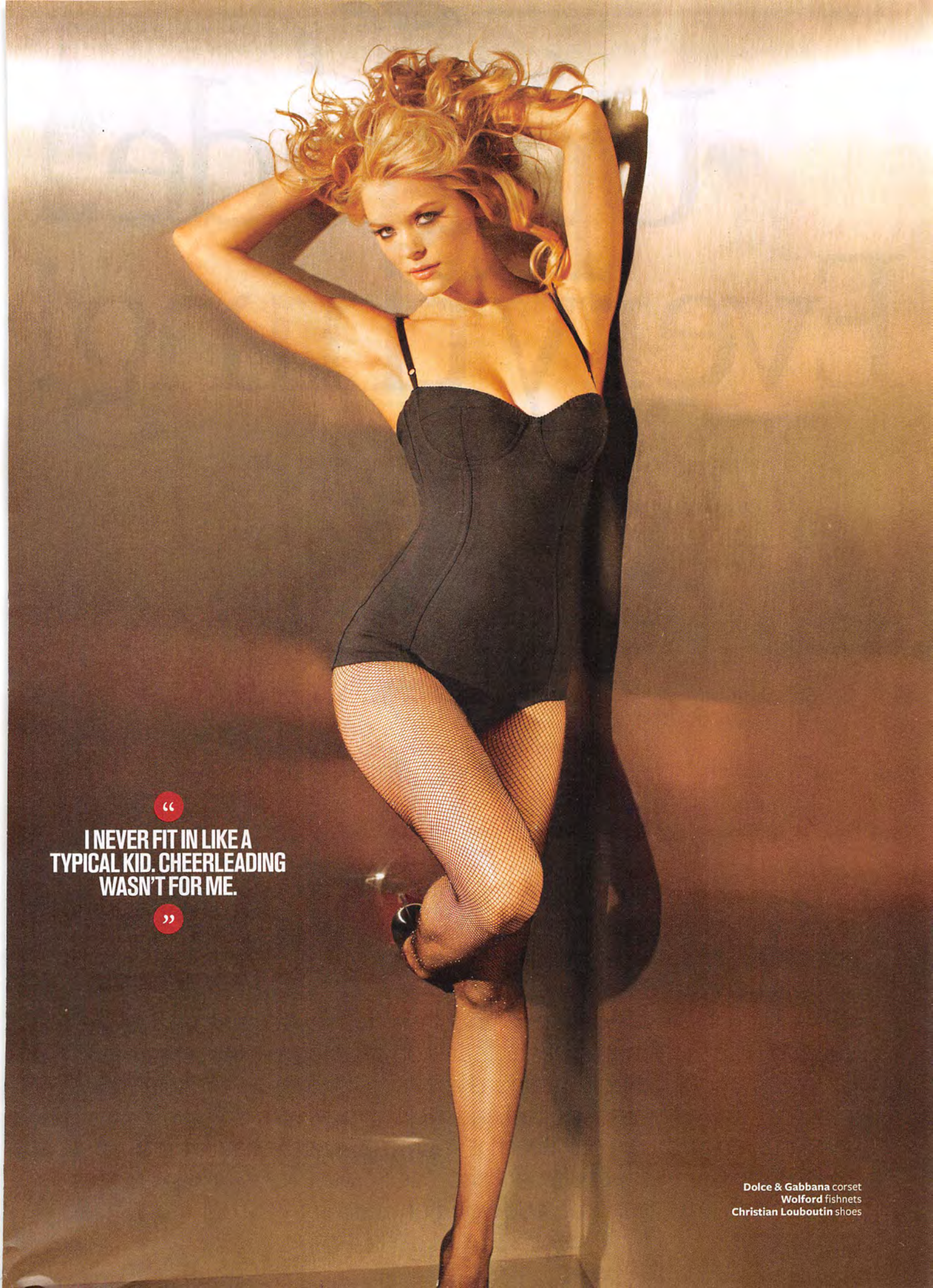



“I NEVER FIT IN LIKE A TYPICAL KID. CHEERLEADING WASN’T FOR ME.”
Dolce & Gabbana corset
Wolford fishnets
Christian Louboutin shoes

Upgrade Everything!

The Total Guide to a Better You

Things are going pretty well, you say? You've got a good job, a nice place to live, and a sweet girl to hold hands with at the movies? Well, take that self-satisfied smirk and shove it, chief, because it can all be so much better! It's time to stop treading mediocre waters. You should be pulling serious bank at your dream job, hanging your hat in an amazing pad, and sucking face with a smokin'-hot woman every night of your life. That's right, today is the day to trade up and step up every aspect of your existence. So put on your big-boy pants, wave goodbye to your lame little world, and get ready to rock.

Money

Add a few zeroes to your bank account.

1 BUST OUT OF YOUR CUBICLE

MySpace cofounder and friend-to-us-all Tom Anderson explains how to go from corporate drone to millionaire maverick.

Ignore your paycheck for now: "I'm not the sort of person who can last very long doing something I don't want to do," says Tom. "So instead of thinking, *I need a job, I need to make money,* I thought, *What do I really enjoy doing?*" "Do what you love" might sound like stale advice from your hippy-dippy uncle, but consider that Tom and co. made a killing when News Corp. bought MySpace for $580 million back in 2005. With scratch like that, no wonder the guy has 223,604,106 friends and counting.

Ignore your job description: "When I had an office job, I stood out because I was so green," says Tom. "I didn't know what was appropriate, so I would do things that probably weren't acceptable behavior. It definitely got me noticed." Just don't go nuts. Ask your HR director if it's acceptable to defecate on someone else's proposal *before* you do it in a meeting.

Don't ignore your enemies: "It's good to look at your competitors and see what they do well and what they don't do well," advises Tom. But just because you vanquish one foe doesn't mean you can put your feet up and order a daiquiri. "For a long time people were saying, 'You're so dominant; nothing is going to touch you,' but these days we have different competitors all over the world. Never underestimate your competition." Now, if you'll excuse us, we have to go update our Facebook profile.

"God, I hate wearing this monkey suit."

2 BE A TERM-INATOR

Biz-speak to make you seem savvy.

Meatball sundae The mixing together of two excellent business ideas with predictably disastrous results.

Blamestorming Business meetings that devolve into finding fault for why projects have gone wrong, rather than looking for successful results. This is also known as a postmortem.

Petting the eagle Using American-based imagery to get consumers to purchase your product.

Skintern Female intern who quickly decides to don provocative clothing to alter the competitive balance of the intern pool. Also known as the next Mrs. fill-in-your-boss' name.

UPGRADE YOUR: MEAT

Old: Kobe beef **New:** Pork belly

This porcine pleasure is clogging hearts at adventurous eateries everywhere. *Bur-r-r-p!*

Quick fix!

Do you live in a roach-infested city apartment? Turn your bugs into bucks by renting your place to rich Europeans, who'd prefer an apartment with wi-fi and a kitchen to getting fleeced for $20 hamburgers at the Marriott. Stay at your girlfriend's for the week and everyone wins! (Except the Marriott.) Check sites that offer short-term rental listings.

3 NAB AN ODD JOB

Four ways to kick fluorescent-lit office life to the curb.

The Job	The Specs	Payday
Millionaire concierge	Rich dudes pay through their coke-lined noses to have golf outings, all-star weekends, or, weirdly, trips with their families set up for them. Begin life as a cyber peon at concierge-in-a-box.com.	Up to $100 an hour
Sleep consultant	Corporations hire experts to teach freaked out/suicidal execs how to take a snooze without the aid of Ambien or a happy ending. Take a course in polysomnography to become an accredited snore.	$1,200 a day
Domain namer	These days good Web domain names are rarer than a Celine Dion track that doesn't reduce us to tears. Thus, companies like PickyDomains charge poorly named sites for better, less-shitty URLs.	$50 per name
Professional guinea pig	Like taking drugs? Pharmaceutical companies are always looking for people to try their next pill. Check gpgp.net ("guinea pigs get paid") to find lucrative ways in which to grow a third eyeball.	Up to $300 a day, depending on the drug trial

4 BUY A FANCY TOY

A gold Slinky screams, "I'm wealthy!"

The vendors of this 14K-gold-plated Slinky ($90, officeplayground.com) invite captains of industry to "move the Slinky back and forth between your hands while you contemplate a big business decision, talk to a coworker, or sit in a meeting." Doing any of these things will either have people believing you are deranged or stupid, and no one will want you on their team. Way to go! Take a long lunch, pal!

Travel

Go forth and go nuts.

Finny led the pair back to her cave. She didn't like doing this, but she needed the money.

Fly the frisky skies!

2 SUPERSIZE YOUR TRIP

Upgrade tricks for sneaky travelers.

Car Rental

Reserve a smoking-permitted car. When you arrive, say they screwed up. If they don't have any nonsmoking rides in your class, you win. "If they've made a mistake, they're obliged to give you one from a better class or get you a car from another company," says Erik Torkells, editor-in-chief of *Budget Travel*. "If they try to make you pay any extra fee, talk to a manager."

Hotel

Most hotel guests check in before 2 P.M., while business travelers tend to arrive from 5 P.M. onward. If you check in between 3 P.M. and 5 P.M., reception will have a good idea about how many exec rooms will be open to negotiation. "It's all about being there at the right time," says Tiffany Hawk, contributing editor for the travel Web site globorati.com. Arrive late!

Airline Seats

American Airlines 767-300: Row 21 A, B, H, or J is your promised land of exit row leg room.

Delta Airlines MD-88: Rows 26–31 on the D-E side of the plane have about two extra inches. Twenty-six is an exit row and most desirable.

Jet Blue A320: Warning! Seats 9A, 9F, 10A, and 10F do not recline because of the emergency exit behind them. Enjoy your blue chips!

1 HAVE RECESSION-PROOF FUN

Tim Leffel, author of *The World's Cheapest Destinations*, tells you how to go posh when your salary is piss.

Czech Republic

You don't get the same bang for your buck in Prague as you used to, but you can still get pretty buzzed for it. Beer is a buck, and a snazzy lunch runs about $5. You can also kick it in wine country and stay at one of the hotels of Moravia. Just don't follow any hot Czech chicks to a remote hostel. Trust us.

Argentina

Journey to Buenos Aires, where the wine flows like, well, wine and a great steak dinner will set you back a whopping $15. Rest cheap and easy, as hotels cost only about $25 to $35 a day. You can ski in the Andes for half of what you'd spend in the Rockies—an all-day lift is $25 to $30. And if you get trapped in the Andes, you can eat your fellow soccer team players for free!

Honduras

The island of Utila is a budget scuba diver's paradise, and one of the cheapest places in the world to get an open water PADI certification: $225, compared to $500 in the U.S. Throw in high-end hotel rooms for under $40, full meals that seldom top $20, and $1 beers in bars, and you're living like a deep-sea gangster for well under $200 a day. Plus, wet suits are very slimming.

Vietnam/Laos/Cambodia

Welcome to Southeast Asia's Golden Triangle of cheap thrills! In Vietnam the beach at Nha Trang is where you want to be. Have a $2 lobster cooked beside you and a coconut-oil massage for $10. Got higher aspirations? In Cambodia and Laos, $20 will buy you enough ganja to forget all the breathtaking sites you've seen thus far.

Quick fix!

According to a recent survey of 35,000, *Consumer Reports* notes that 70 percent of people who negotiated with hotel staff scored a rate reduction or a room upgrade. When a hotel isn't fully booked, reservationists will usually beat any other rate—even their own advertised online price. So put a friendly smile on your face and get your haggle on, ya cheap bastard.

3 FIND THE PERFECT WATERING HOLE

No trip is complete without alcohol-induced public nudity. Here are the top spots to fuel your excess quest.

Genre	Bar	Location	Why drink here
Island	Jimbo's Place	Virginia Key, Biscayne Bay, Miami	This shack stands (barely) beside a lagoon surrounded by palm trees. Hop into a game of bocce with the assorted hippies, hipsters, and bikers who call this their local. Then wash vigorously.
Ski trip	Skibar Vail	Vail, Colorado	Soak your liver silly on such elegant beverages as the Blackout and the Rocky Mountain Bear Fucker in Skibar's four rooms of documented debauchery. (Snow pants optional.)
Beach	The Beach Ball	Newport Beach, California	Yeah, it's got a spectacular view of the Pacific, but the real selling point of this joint is that it opens at 6 A.M. It also features live music and pool tables to pass out on after your tequila breakfast.

4 FLY HARD

Hop a ride on a private jet without needing a ski mask or revolver.

Newsflash: Chartering a jet is insanely expensive! But it can cost less than you think. See, when a person charters a jet, they're paying for the trip there *and* back, when the plane's usually empty. And so a company called OneSky Jets is helping Howard Hughes wannabes hitch a ride on those deadheaded jets, often offering 65 to 85 percent off normal fares. A small jet from Los Angeles to Aspen in May, for example, will cost about $8,000, but OneSky says it can offer prices dropping as low as $5,000 if your schedule stays flexible. Compare that to $1,600 for first class airfare from L.A. to Aspen, and, well, you're still spending a truckload of cash, but the crushing debt is worth it.

UPGRADE YOUR: **DOG**

Old: Pit bull

New: Puggle (half pug, half beagle)

So maddeningly cute, they're guaranteed to either get you laid or turn you gay.

5 LISTEN TO OZZY

He's been on the road for almost 40 years and remembers some of it.

What is the key to surviving airport delays?
I'm still looking for that key. I can't stand traveling by plane, because there are always fucking delays. Sometimes it's quicker to take the bus.

How do you shut up the chatty person sitting next to you on an airplane?
Actually, I don't mind sitting next to chatty people, but if I get stuck next to someone who pisses me off, then I just pretend to be asleep.

How can you guarantee an unforgettable vacation?
Warm weather, good food, good company, and lots of sex.

Style

Four ways to upgrade your look in an instant.

1. Montbrillant Légende
The wrist is the one place a man can get away with some serious bling, and Breitling's steel and rose gold masterpiece will elevate the crappiest of wardrobes into the stratosphere. *$8,600, breitling.com*

2. Burberry Nylon Trench
This coat will have you shining on the rainiest of days. We'll spare you the details about the stitching and fabrics that go into this waterproof wonder, just know this: The fanciest suit in the world will do nothing for you if it's buried beneath a parka. *$795, burberry.com*

3. Salvatore Ferragamo Weekender
This Italian beauty of a man purse will fit all your essentials for carrying on a plane or carousing around town. The shrunken calf leather finish feels supersoft, and you'll seriously one-up all the backpacked frat boys surrounding that gorgeous blonde sitting in coach. *$2,200, 800-628-8916*

4. Tom Ford Aviators
Some people are cool enough to wear sunglasses indoors, like Jack Nicholson and Bono. OK, like Jack Nicholson. But with these simultaneously rugged and sophisticated aviators from superdesigner Tom Ford, you'll be well on your way. Still, don't wear them indoors, OK? *$2,200, available exclusively at the Tom Ford Collection*

Women

Have more sex with better looking people!

1 SPEAK EASY

Model Adrianne Curry on the fine art of the pickup.

"One of my favorite cheesy pickup lines is, 'Your eyes are so intense—I can see your soul.' To which my response is usually, 'Can you see it telling you to screw yourself?'"

2 TRADE UP YOUR LADY

How to date out of your league, by *Californication*'s Evan Handler.

First, choose a non-American. I've had relationships with foreign beauties who were sensible in ways I found lacking in domestic models (meaning they take into account the entire driving experience, not just the look of the car). Women want confidence in a man, so long as it stops short of being creepy. That said, don't mistake "creepy" for "kinky." If she sees you as her sexual liberator, you've successfully overridden the eyes for the power that lies behind them: You'll have worked your way into her brain. Which is the last stop the train makes before the station you want to be pulling into.

3 LEARN GIRL TALK

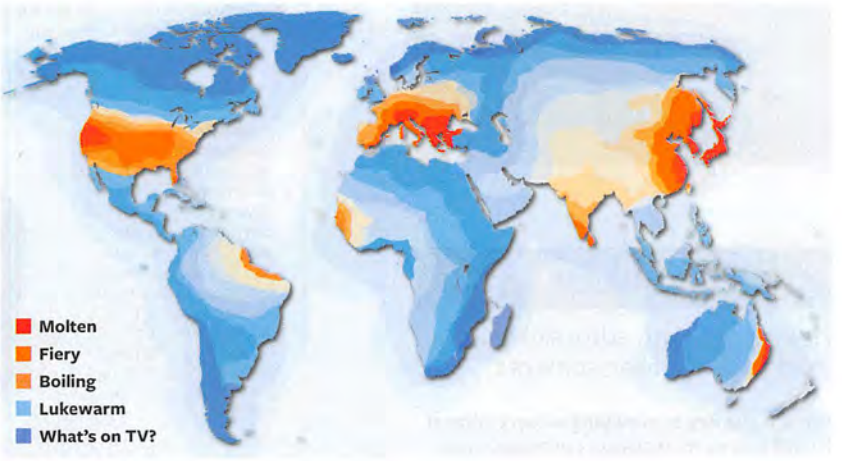
Decode some of the most common phrases in Womanese.

She says: Where did you learn that move?
She means: How many whores have you slept with?

She says: Can I help with the bill?
She means: There is no way I am going to have sex with you.

She says: I have a stomachache.
She means: I have to take a massive dump.

She says: I've never done this before...
She means: ...with you.



UPGRADE YOUR: **SEX ALBUM**

Old: *Led Zeppelin IV*

New: *Kala*, M.I.A.

Crank up this genre-blending masterpiece and you'll be soiling your sheets in no time.

4 TAKE A SEXCURSION

Grab your passport and find your freak zone.

If you prefer quality over quantity...
Go to Austria. According to a 2007 Durex global sex survey, Austrian fraus have had more sex partners (an average of 17) than any other country's and 80 percent engage in oral sex.

If you prefer quantity over quality...
Head to Greece, whose olive-skinned people screw more often than carpenters. Almost 25 percent of Greeks freak at least five times a week, compared to 10 percent globally.

If you're a masochist...
Swing down to the Trobriand Islands in the South Pacific, where the natives are known to scratch, pull hair, and bite off each other's eyebrows during sex. Um, that sounds really awesome?

Quick fix!

Go MacGyver in the sack! Buy a TingleTip vibrator ($20, tingletip.com), stick it on your Oral-B, and brush it against your girl. Good things will happen. (Pretty sure your dental plan will cover this.)

UPGRADE YOUR: **COCKTAIL**

Old: Gin and tonic

New: English Harbour rum and soda

Soft, sweet rum over crushed ice with a splash of soda? Straight classy, son.

Home

Time to make your crib your castle.

1 BE A BAD NEIGHBOR

Penn Jillette on tormenting the jerk across the street.

Decide exactly how you hate them and how much you're willing to spend to fuck with them and then spend that money on yourself via conspicuous consumption. Pay hookers to come to your house at a time when your neighbor can see them. If you're low on cash, you could make a deal. Tell them, "I just want you to walk in looking sluttier than Chelsea Clinton, and I'll make you cookies." (If you have the money, then you'll want to fuck them for certain.) Next, go to a warehouse and get flat-screen TV boxes and send yourself, like, 10 of them. You might even get yourself a subscription to a major yachting magazine and put your name with his address on it. Make your neighbor absolutely green with envy; make it clear you can bring in women and buy tons of expensive things. Make him believe his life is going so much shittier than yours; make him think he's an indigent needle-dick piece of shit. Which, you know, if you hate him, then he probably is.

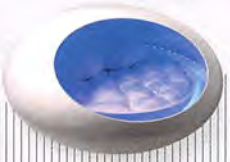
Somehow Fred never got invited to the local homeowners' meetings.

2 DE-DOUCHE YOUR DÉCOR

OK, fella, time to upgrade your broke-ass, woman-repellent pad.

Modern Bamboo Spring Chairs
Toss Grandpa's hand-me-down recliner like you did his corpse and get these flexy Bamboo Spring Chairs, each one crafted in a single ribbon of bamboo. *$690*

Alberto Frias Transport Perceptual Pod
Lose the futon already. $16K gets you this amped-up waterbed with iPod dock, Anthony Gallo speakers, and LED lights. It's like a personal Laser Floyd. *$16,000*



Brunswick V-Force
Air hockey rules! We're partial to Brunswick's supersleek new model. Short on space? Use as a dining room table in a pinch. *$925*

André Couch
Your three-legged Naugahyde bachelor couch is giving guests scoliosis and crabs. Smarten things up with Room & Board's modern André sofa. *$1,500*

Less painful than a penis enlargement

3 FLOOR IT

New car, schmew car. Go classic.

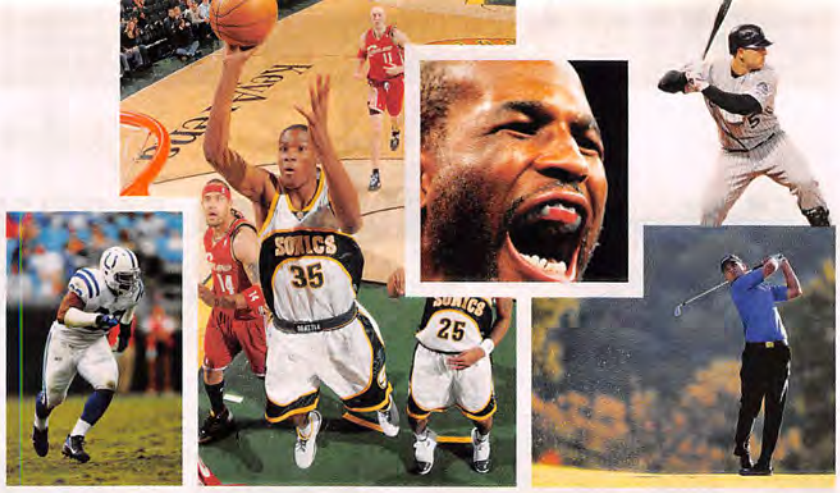
Thinking about dropping 18 grand on a new 2008 Hyundai Tiburon? Drop that *Car and Driver*, pull your head out of your ass for just a second, and hear us out, friend. For between $12,000–$20,000 you could be the new owner of a vintage Porsche 911. Mechanic-to-the-stars Marc Bixen points out that while other 911 models are selling high, 1980-1983 SCs are relative bargains on the market now and have the bonus of relatively low repair and running costs. And unlike that humble Hyundai, a used 911 will most certainly gain in value over the next few years. "Find a low-mileage model (60K miles or less), maintain it well (expect to spend $1,500 a year for an oil change, tuneup, and 1/3 of a brake job), and suddenly driving a Porsche becomes an economical proposition," Bixen says. Well, economical besides those speeding tickets.

Quick fix!

Nothing will fix your dump up faster than a quality piece of art. Skip your mall's Olde Tyme Craft Faire and log on to lumas.com to check new works from upcoming artists for a couple of hundred bucks a pop.

Fitness

Live longer and get more trophies.



1 TAKE BAD MEDICINE

Destructive behavior = good health!

The treatment: Cigarettes
Benefit: No one knows what exactly causes Alzheimer's disease, but the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences published research that says smoking cigarettes could delay its onset. "I concur!" said Dr. Marlboro, when reached for comment.

The treatment: Beer
Benefit: New research shows that the folate found in beer improves cardiovascular function. Drinking one brewski a day could very well reduce blood clotting and the buildup of bad triglycerides and LDL cholesterol in your veins. Sadly, the key word there is *one*.

The treatment: Fat-assy-ness
Benefit: Just stay around 25 pounds overweight, says the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, and you'll have a decreased risk of Parkinson's disease. See? Our "nutritional reserves" may help us in a pinch, so quit poking at our love handles.

The treatment: Fast food
Benefit: Take two Big Macs and call us in the morning. Researchers in Australia have found that eating foods packed with fat and sugar helps reduce anxiety levels. Next we're going to find out that ice cream can cure our UTI!

2 WIN AT EVERYTHING

Attention, weekend warriors: All-stars reveal the fastest ways to get better at every sport (without failing a urine test).

Kevin Durant
Seattle's rookie phenom on shaking a schoolyard defender

Create space: "I use my pivot foot and take a step back before exploding ahead. The only time I consider using a ball fake is if my opponent is bigger than me, because that buys me some time."
Keep him guessing: "Keep going to the basket, but every now and then shoot a jumper to mix it up. It makes your defender have to guard you."
Be freakishly talented like Kevin Durant: "I do a left-to-right crossover and head straight for the basket. My long wingspan helps me get around my opponent when I'm close to the hoop."

Matt Holliday
The Rockies RBI generator wants you to take home that softball trophy

Be a middle man: "Keep your eye on the ball through your swing and try to hit line drives at the pitcher. Use the middle of the field as much as possible."
Let it go: "When things aren't going well, that's when I'm thinking about my mechanics or where my hands are. If you think about your mechanics, you're thinking about the wrong things."
Go easy on the suds: "If you're seeing more than one ball, you're probably not going to do too well. You can get hit in the face with a fly ball, and nobody wants to be that guy."

Dwight Freeney
The Indianapolis Colts DE on squishing flag football QBs

Know your technique: "When the ball is snapped I envision myself getting shot out of a cannon. Bigger guys you want to take down low because it's easier to trip them up. Smaller guys you want to pretty much take up high because your momentum will bring them down."
Get ready for some pain: "Sometimes you make a big hit and almost knock yourself out. It's kind of what we're programmed to do."
Don't get touchy-feely: "Definitely play flag football before touch. Touch football is for eight-year-olds."

Bernard Hopkins
The light-heavyweight champion on delivering beat-downs

Mess with his game: "Try to get the other guy to make mistakes by using basic punches to open up his body. Attack and retreat. Create a blueprint of how to diffuse your opponent. I can convince you to fight my fight and you won't even know you're doing it. It's the art of war."
Be light on your feet: "Footwork is underappreciated. Your feet get you closer to your target than your hands do."
Learn to take a punch: "Get used to working through pain in training. It takes time. This isn't karate where guys are banging on your six-pack with a bat."

Zach Johnson
Last year's Masters winner helps you take down the Judge Smails in your life

Don't wail on the ball: "Most amateurs swing out of their shoes trying to hit the ball too far. Don't worry about that and work on better rhythm and a smooth transition at the top of your swing."
Take less club: "You'd probably benefit from hitting a three-wood more often than the driver. It has more loft, and it is much easier to hit."
Take your time: "If you have an annoying group behind you and there's no room for them to play through just buy them a beer, give them a copy of *Maxim*, and tell them to chill!"

UPGRADE YOUR: **CARD GAME**

Old: Texas Hold 'Em

New: Bourré

A variation of Spades, this ghetto-fab game is a favorite of LeBron James and Dwyane Wade.

3 GRAB A SWEET RIDE

Pedal your butt off—literally.

The Look 986 X9's 21 lb. carbon-fiber frame boasts Rock Shox and oversize frame tubes that make this dirt-track bike look even faster than those built for the road. *$4,500*

Quick fix!

According to the authors of *Keep Your Brain Alive*, brushing your teeth with your nondominant hand flushes your brain with neurotrophin, which causes your dendrites to grow. Juice your brain!

CONTRIBUTORS, MIKE COLAIANNI (MONEY); MIKE HAMMER (TRAVEL); LAURA LEU (WOMEN)

The backup plan

The better plan

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WILL SUCCESS SPOIL FLIGHT OF THE CONCHORDS?

Their hit HBO series and a new album threaten to make New Zealand's fourth most popular folk parody duo a hilariously unexpected triumph. Unless they can find a way to screw it up.

BY AARON GELL PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. SCOTT SCHAFER

Just because I'm in a two-man novelty band / Doesn't mean it's all about poontang.
—From Flight of the Conchords' "A Kiss Is Not a Contract"

* * *

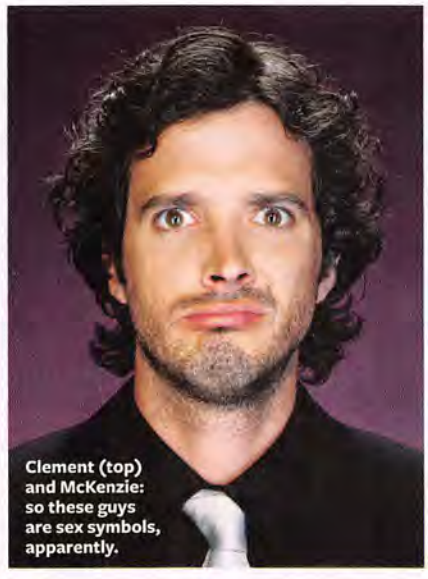
IT'S A THURSDAY NIGHT IN JANUARY, AND Le Petit Bistro, a pleasant, low-wattage French restaurant in West Hollywood is quietly emptying out when a hearty cheer erupts from the large party in the dining room. The group is there to celebrate the 34th birthday of Jemaine Clement, the bespectacled and heavily sideburned half of the HBO musical-comedy duo Flight of the Conchords, who are in town to promote their self-titled new CD. When Clement's order of profiteroles comes out (with 15 spoons), the assembled—including director Jared Hess (*Napoleon Dynamite*) and screenwriter-actor Mike White (*School of Rock*)—launch into a rendition of "Happy Birthday." But the cheer isn't for him. That comes a few seconds later, when Clement rises to offer his toast:

"To Sir Edmund Hillary!"

So what does the first man to stand on the summit of Mount Everest have to do with a pair of hipster troubadours? Plenty. The Conchords, Clement and his partner, Bret McKenzie, 31, are, like Hillary, Kiwis—meaning they hail from New Zealand, an island nation halfway between Australia and God-knows-where. As fate would have it, Sir Edmund has embarked on his last great expedition to the afterworld this very morning. Later, as Clement recounts Hillary's exploits, it becomes clear that the explorer was beloved not so much for what he did as what he didn't do: ever once brag about it. "Even after he climbed Everest, he always considered himself a simple beekeeper," Clement explains. His delivery is so flat it's hard to tell if he's joking or not, but in this case he's sincere.

That sort of humility is nearly a competitive sport in New Zealand, and the charm of *Flight of the Conchords*—Clement and McKenzie's deadpan musical sitcom about a pair of Kiwi rockers trying and utterly failing to find fame and fortune on New York's Lower East Side—is the tension between that low-key New Zealand approach to life and the flash American alternative. (Viewers catch glimpses of the characters' more inflated inner selves in droll music video send-ups.) It's become one of the funniest, most unlikely hits on TV—one of the few bright spots in a bleak HBO landscape—but the show's success threatens to test the actors' Kiwi sense of modesty.

"People from New Zealand have a reputation for being boring, which we definitely play up on the show," says Clement. "But really, everyone just watches rugby and drinks beer and beats their wives." On-screen the Conchords are aided in their quest for success by band manager Murray Hewitt (fellow Kiwi Rhys Darby), who rarely lets a day job as a deputy cultural attaché for the New Zealand consulate interfere with his attempts to book gigs (though generally not after dark, because, as Murray puts it, "You could be murdered. Or even just ridiculed.") Despite his best efforts, the band has just one fan, the mousy if sexually turbo-charged Mel, played by New York comedian Kristen Schaal.



Clement (top) and McKenzie: so these guys are sex symbols, apparently.

"WRITING SONGS LIKE ROCK STARS IS EASY. PLAYING THE PART IS SOMETHING ELSE."

Though Clement and McKenzie were until recently best known, respectively, as the sardonic pitchman for Outback Steakhouse and a mopey elf extra in the *Lord of the Rings* series, they've been performing comedy together since 1996: two slightly nerdy guitar-strumming buddies who seamlessly morph into Daft Punk–style techno-bots, Barry White–like lover men, or Dylanesque folkies. "They've raised the bar for musical parodies," raves Daryl Hall, who made a cameo on one episode. "The songs are really intelligent, really advanced. It's not like 'Weird Al' Yankovic. What he does is bullshit. What they do is *music*."

The series, set to return this fall for a second season, aired Sunday nights after *Entourage*, providing a hilariously sobering comedown after that show's weekly bump of bad-boy euphoria. Basically, it's the anti-*Entourage*: Whereas Vinnie Chase & Co. take on Hollywood with inflated self-regard and roguish swagger, Clement and McKenzie favor the defensive crouch. Wide-eyed, hapless, and utterly lost in a downtown New York full of strivers, they disarm our assumptions with a sort of comedic jujitsu. The pair share a bedroom in a shabby apartment, ineptly compete for female affection, and spontaneously break into song. It's not for nothing that they bill themselves as "formerly New Zealand's fourth most popular folk-parody duo."

That relentless self-deprecation belies the pair's critical role in the HBO lineup. An unexpected cult hit among hip young viewers, the show has quickly become ground zero for the New York underground comedy circuit (Aziz Ansari, Eugene Mirman, Demetri Martin, Will Forte, Judah Friedlander, John Hodgman, and Arj Barker have all guest-starred). This kind of appeal has gone a long way toward helping the network maintain its cache now that *The Sopranos*, *Six Feet Under*, and *The Wire* are fading into watercooler memory. While the program averages just a million viewers—a third of the *Entourage* audience—it is the first HBO series since *The Sopranos* to build its viewership with each episode. *The New York Times* gushingly compared it to Charlie Chaplin and *This Is Spiñal Tap*, while *Time* called it the best new comedy of the year. That's high praise for a show that at times looks like a DIY student movie.

Of course, amateurism is a major part of the duo's appeal and the danger is that success may dry up their inspiration. "I don't know what's going to happen now, because our lives are becoming quite weird," says McKenzie. "We probably have enough material for another season, but maybe we'll have to make it about still being a loser, but in a world of minor celebrity."

The Conchords has brought the pair both unexpected and unwanted recognition. With the new album released this month on indie powerhouse Sub Pop (their EP, *The Distant Future*, just won a Grammy) and a series of gigs in support, Clement and McKenzie get to exorcise some of their rock demons in songs that meld Prince, Ween, and Beck. The album features favorite tracks including "Hiphopopotamus vs. Rhymenocerous," and the synth-pop pastiche "Inner City Pressure," but with refined lyrics and enhanced arrangements. Of course, writing songs like rock stars is easy. Playing the part is something else entirely.

STYLING, RAHEL AFILEY; GROOMING, SACHA HARFORD; PROP STYLING, DAVID ROSS FOR ARTMIX BEAUTY. TOP LEFT: JACKET, A.P.C.; SHIRT, PRADA; TIE, DUNCAN QUINN. ABOVE LEFT: JACKET, A.P.C.; SHIRT, MARC JACOBS; TIE, DUNCAN QUINN. OPENING SPREAD: RED BRIEFS, DKNY; GREEN BRIEFS, [illegible]

When you're unemployed, there's no vacation/No one cares, no one sympathizes/You just stay home and play synthesizers.
—"Inner City Pressure"

* * *

AT THE MOMENT, THE QUESTION FOR THE Conchords is how to maintain their underdog appeal now that they're bona fide stars. "Walking around with Bret and Jemaine is like walking around with Brad Pitt and Johnny Depp," marvels comic Todd Barry, who plays the band's aggressive new bongo player on one episode.

In person both band members—who split their time between New York, Wellington, and Los Angeles—are much like their characters (though without the strangely homoerotic subtext that often shows up on-screen): extremely personable and understated, dressed in the same thift-store duds they wear on TV. "They're exactly the same off-camera as they are on-camera," says Hall. "Except they're more talented and a whole lot smarter."

The hysterical bit in which the Conchords embark on a tour of New Jersey and Murray scolds them for falling prey to the rock'n'roll lifestyle (splurging on a can of nuts from the mini-bar is treated as a gesture of punk defiance) sums up the duo's off-screen demeanor. "Everyone thinks we do drugs 'cause we play music and do comedy!" says Clement, with a laugh. "We're not really interested."

Clement grew up in a small town outside Wellington. "My family were working-class," he says. "My mom worked in a cheese factory, my dad worked in a slaughterhouse, my grandma worked in a clothes factory, and my granddad worked in a biscuit factory. So we always had biscuits and cheese and underpants."

As for McKenzie, his experience as a heartthrob goes way back. Growing up in Wellington as one of three brothers, McKenzie's dad was a horse trainer, his mom a ballet teacher. "We all had to do ballet so my mom wouldn't need a babysitter," he says. "It would be me and one other guy in a room full of girls. When I went to secondary school, ballet became very uncool."

* * *

Then on our next date/Well, you can bring your roommate/I don't know if Stu is keen to/But if you want we could double team you.
—"If You're Into It"

* * *

THOUGH BOTH CLEMENT AND MCKENZIE are, by all accounts, highly devoted to their respective fiancées (Clement is engaged to playwright and theater director Miranda Manasiadis; McKenzie to publicist Hannah Clarke), the pair have encountered their share of would-be

The coolest guys at your parents' prom

groupies. Girls toss condoms onstage bearing phone numbers; breasts are bared for signings. And then there was the young lady who caught a performance at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival and invited the guys over for a spit roast. Figuring on a bit of barbecue, Clement accepted. "And then she goes, 'I wouldn't usually ask because I'm a lesbian,'" he recalls, "and I thought, *Hmm, that's weird.* And suddenly I got this image of Bret and me standing facing one another with this girl impaled between us, you know?" The comics begged off.

One of FOTC's running gags is the way women throw themselves at the duo, who are usually too timid, clueless, or uncomfortable to respond. When one eager blonde puts the moves on Bret, he dissuades her with an ethereal ballad, singing, "Just because we've been playing tonsil hockey/Doesn't mean you get to score the goal that's in my Jockeys."

"It's unusual to find something so funny, and so meek," notes White, an expert on the funny/meek thing. "It proves that comedy can be flaccid and hilarious at the same time."

Another episode finds Bret facing "body issues" after a band photo. Jemaine tries to boost his ego with a song: "Why can't a heterosexual guy tell a heterosexual guy that his booty's fly?" Evidently, there's more than a germ of truth to this particular conceit: McKenzie appeared equally tormented during *Maxim*'s photo shoot. "I don't really like getting naked," he later admits, "but the mustache helped."

* * *

Sometimes it gets lonely/And I need a woman/And then I imagine you with some bosoms/In fact, one time when we were touring/And I was really lonely/And we were sharing that twin room in the hotel/I put a wig on you when you were sleeping/I put a wig on you/And I just laid there and spooned you.
—"Bret, You've Got It Goin' On" »

Q&A

THE THIRD MAN

As Murray Hewitt, the Conchords' dimwitted manager, Rhys Darby celebrates the rock'n'roll lifestyle in the tamest fashion imaginable.

Fine. *You* be the thimble.

Is Murray based on some poor schmuck you once worked with?
No, I pretty much plucked him out of thin air. Bret and Jemaine told me their manager often didn't connect with them, so that was the only hint I had. The rest of it I put in.

Besides managing the Conchords, Murray is also the cultural attaché for New Zealand. Have you met any members of the actual consulate?
Yeah, the guy with the equivalent of my fictitious job came up to me in New York, and he's a big fan of the show. When I went back to New Zealand, the tourism board invited me to their office for morning tea. The whole staff, all 40 of them, sang me a traditional Maori song. It felt really great, but when they finished, the sound of one man clapping was awkward.

Your countrymen don't hate you for portraying Kiwis as a bit backward?
Nope, New Zealand's really proud of the show. I was worried about showing the country as stuck in the '70s, with the Vic 20 computer and everything, but people are completely fine with it. We're so confident about how great New Zealand is, it's OK to say our biggest feature is the world's largest toothbrush fence.

So it's not like the way Kazakhstan feels about Borat.
It's pretty much the opposite of that.

Has the show affected tourism at all?
I think we have done a favor for tourism, although people come to New Zealand, and they think they're going to run into me, Bret, or Jemaine straightaway.

Are you guys like the Beatles there?
[*laughs*] No, not at all. In New Zealand people don't really dig fame that much. The only famous people are the rugby team. Everyone else, no one really gives a toss. But the Conchords are getting quite a bit of attention. It goes Peter Jackson, then Bret and Jemaine, then me. I'm New Zealand's fourth most popular citizen.

The delicate, magical, finely tuned chemistry of the Conchords only works if they remain in the short-guy-left, tall-guy-right formation.

AT THE CROWDED BAR MARMONT ON SUNset, after the birthday dinner, Clement and McKenzie settle into a corner table to explain how success just might spoil the Conchords. Initially, as their fame grew in the States, they took heart in the fact they could always go home for a reality check. That plan fell apart when they wrapped the first season and returned home only to find that they'd won something called the Wellingtonian of the Year. "It's run by the local paper (*The Dominion Post*), and people vote," Clement explains, wincing at the memory. Ultimately, the Conchords beat out climatologist David Wratt (who did manage to snag a Nobel). "Somehow I don't really feel that deserving," admits Clement.

The big fear now is that celebrity could short-circuit their comedy. "A lot of the incidents on the show are based on a seed of real-life experience," says McKenzie, citing those aggressive groupies, awkward sexual encounters, and amateurish gigs. "Being a band that was useless was great for generating material. Now that our lives are warping into this other thing, playing these fools is tricky."

Still, they're doing their best to maintain perspective. "We still haven't really lived it up," Clement says. "I don't think sitcoms pay what they used to, and HBO doesn't pay what NBC does, or even a fraction of it. But I don't know how to live the high life anyway. I live in Wellington in a modest apartment, and Bret here is living with his mom."

"I feel like I'm 18," McKenzie says. "You think you've finally made it, and suddenly you're like, 'Mom, can I borrow the car?'"

Nonetheless, the show is the first truly steady gig for either one, and a considerable step up in security. The duo met at Victoria University, where McKenzie was studying music and engineering and Clement was majoring in theater and film. Eventually moving into an old Victorian house with a bunch of friends, they dropped out of school; the Conchords first took flight during casual living room jam sessions. "We've both got really broad musical tastes," McKenzie says, "and we tended to write songs based on whatever we were listening to. The styles just cracked us up."

After some local gigs, they took the act to the Edinburgh Fringe Festival just as McKenzie's turn as an extra in the first *Lord of the Rings* film turned him into a Web phenom. His appearance, during the pivotal "Council of Elrond" scene, is extremely brief, just three glorious seconds. "The whole family was told what scene and whereabouts," his fiancée Hannah Clarke recalls, "and no one saw him. That's how minuscule it was!" But fans who appreciated his enigmatic brooding latched on, dubbing him Figwit ("Frodo is grea...Who is *that*?!?") and starting a Web site, figwitlives.net in his honor. After uncovering the elf's real-life identity, a handful of hardcore Middle-earthers heard about the Edinburgh performance and traveled to the show, many sporting pointed ear extensions. The Figwit fans succeeded in turning McKenzie into a veritable cult hero (the trilogy's very own Boba Fett), landing a story in *USA Today* and persuading Peter Jackson to give him an actual line in the third installment—"Lady Arwen, we cannot delay! My Lady!"

"I'D BE HAPPY JUST TO MAKE THE SHOW," SAYS CLEMENT. "AND HAVE NOBODY SEE IT."

* * *

All the money that we're making is going to the man/What man, which man, who's the man, when's a man a man, what makes a man a man?/Am I a man? Yes, technically I am.
—"Think About It"

* * *

THE SHOW ITSELF EVOLVED SLOWLY. AFTER creating a six-part radio series for the BBC (about a pair of Kiwi musicians trying to make it in London) and nabbing the award for Best Alternative Comedy Act at the 2005 U.S. Comedy Arts Festival, they signed a deal to develop a pilot with NBC (about a pair of Kiwi musicians trying to make it in L.A.). When that didn't stick, they moved to HBO, where they were teamed with James Bobin (*Da Ali G Show*), whom they now regard as the third Conchord. After studying the ill-fated musical series *Cop Rock*—"It gave us some ideas about what not to do," says McKenzie—they decided to set the new series in New York.

Both Conchords now admit that had they known how grueling the gig would be, they might never have signed up for it. "I hope our union doesn't read this, but we worked seven days a week for months in a row," says Clement. "Not only did we act in it and work on the scripts, but we also had to record the music. Plus, we did the incidental music! It seems crazy, when I look back on it now. HBO was making out like bandits."

"Nobody shoots a half-hour show in five days," says Schaal, who was awestruck at the bare-bones production values. "There weren't any dressing rooms, so we'd just sit on the curb. At one point, I think, this crew person found some cardboard and put it on the ground for us to sit on."

While the first season was written around the Conchords' existing set list, they're now fresh out of material—though neither one seems particularly anxious about it. McKenzie is eager to do a Queen parody, tackle acid jazz, and attempt an R. Kelly homage. "*Trapped in the Closet* was a big inspiration for the show," he says. "He's definitely one of our favorites."

"Bret urinates on all the girls," Clement explains.

For now, though, they're eager for a break—and grateful to the Writers Guild for providing an ideal excuse. "It's quite good timing for us," says Clement. "Otherwise there'd be pressure from HBO to start working," McKenzie says, "but they can't even call us."

"They're not allowed to pick up the phone," Clement adds, explaining that both Conchords are still highly ambivalent about being on television at all.

"We should get other actors to play us," McKenzie suggests.

"Personally, I'd be happy just to make the show and have no one ever see it," Clement says. "That would be the perfect scenario." Sir Edmund Hillary, at least, would be proud. ●

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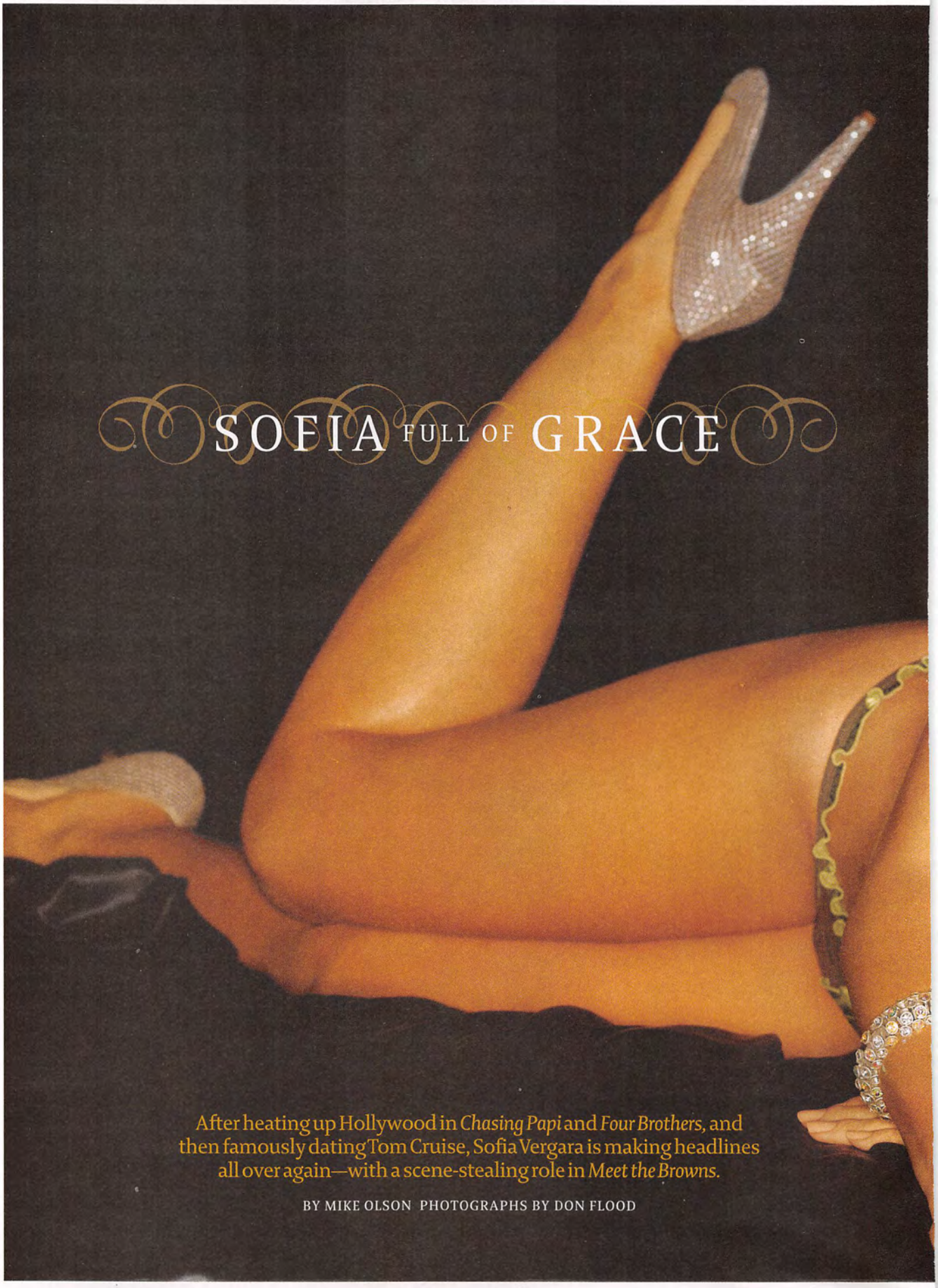
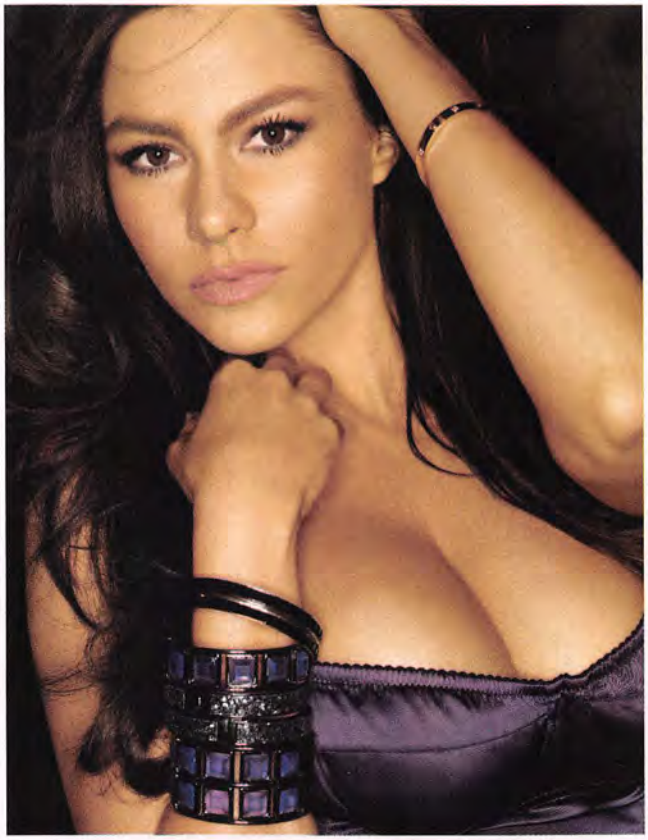


SOFIA FULL OF GRACE

After heating up Hollywood in *Chasing Papi* and *Four Brothers*, and then famously dating Tom Cruise, Sofia Vergara is making headlines all over again—with a scene-stealing role in *Meet the Browns*.

BY MIKE OLSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON FLOOD



IMAGINE THIS: YOU'RE SQUIRMING IN THE DENTIST'S CHAIR, WAITing to be prodded by picks and drills, when Sofia Vergara, D.D.S., walks in, barely able to hide her curves under that crisp white coat. You make the snap decision to forgo any anesthetic, lest you miss a millisecond of this magical moment. What sounds like some pervy David Lee Roth video actually could've happened, had fate not intervened and a photographer not discovered Sofia one day on a Colombian beach.

The dental industry's loss is our gain. Sofia's journey to stardom began when, after appearing in a *Wild On*–esque show, an entire continent fell for her—and Hollywood soon followed. Since then it's been a whirlwind of calendars, sitcoms (*Hot Properties*, *The Knights of Prosperity*), and movies (*Four Brothers*, *Lords of Dogtown*). Sofia has also succeeded behind the camera, producing *Amas de Casa Desesperadas* (South America's *Desperate Housewives*). And then there was her widely reported romance with Tom Cruise in 2005, during which she may or may not have gotten freaked out by his Scientologist ways and dumped his toothy ass.

These days Sofia has returned to the screen in a big way: with a recent stint on TV's *Dirty Sexy Money* and in Tyler Perry's latest movie, *Meet the Browns*. But she still remembers the dental dams and root canals that could have been...

"I DON'T EVEN KNOW PAMELA ANDERSON. BUT EVERYTHING I HAVE IS REAL."

WOULD YOU HAVE BEEN HAPPY AS THE WORLD'S SEXIEST DENTIST?
I actually regret not being able to finish dental school. I had two years left, but life brought me an opportunity, so I changed my plans.

HAVE YOU HEARD ANY AWFUL DENTAL-THEMED PICKUP LINES, SUCH AS "YOU'RE SO SWEET YOU'RE GIVING ME A CAVITY"?
Um, no. But I still know what to do if you have a toothache or if you need a cleaning. My friends tell me I'm a frustrated doctor.

PEOPLE CALL YOU THE LATIN PAM ANDERSON. WHAT'S YOUR TAKE ON THAT?
It's horrible! I don't even know her. But everything I have is real.

AH. SO THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE COMPARING?
Yeah, I'm thinking it's more about the tits. But I don't care—it's funny.

UNLIKE PAM, YOU'RE A REAL BLONDE, RIGHT?
I am actually very blonde. In Hollywood they don't understand that a dark-skinned woman with an accent like mine could be a blonde. My son says I'm the only woman in Hollywood with blonde roots.

DO YOUR SON'S FRIENDS COME OVER TO GAWK AT YOU?
No, they're used to me. I don't walk around in a G-string. My son tells me I'm scary. When I call him, his caller ID says, "Der Führer."

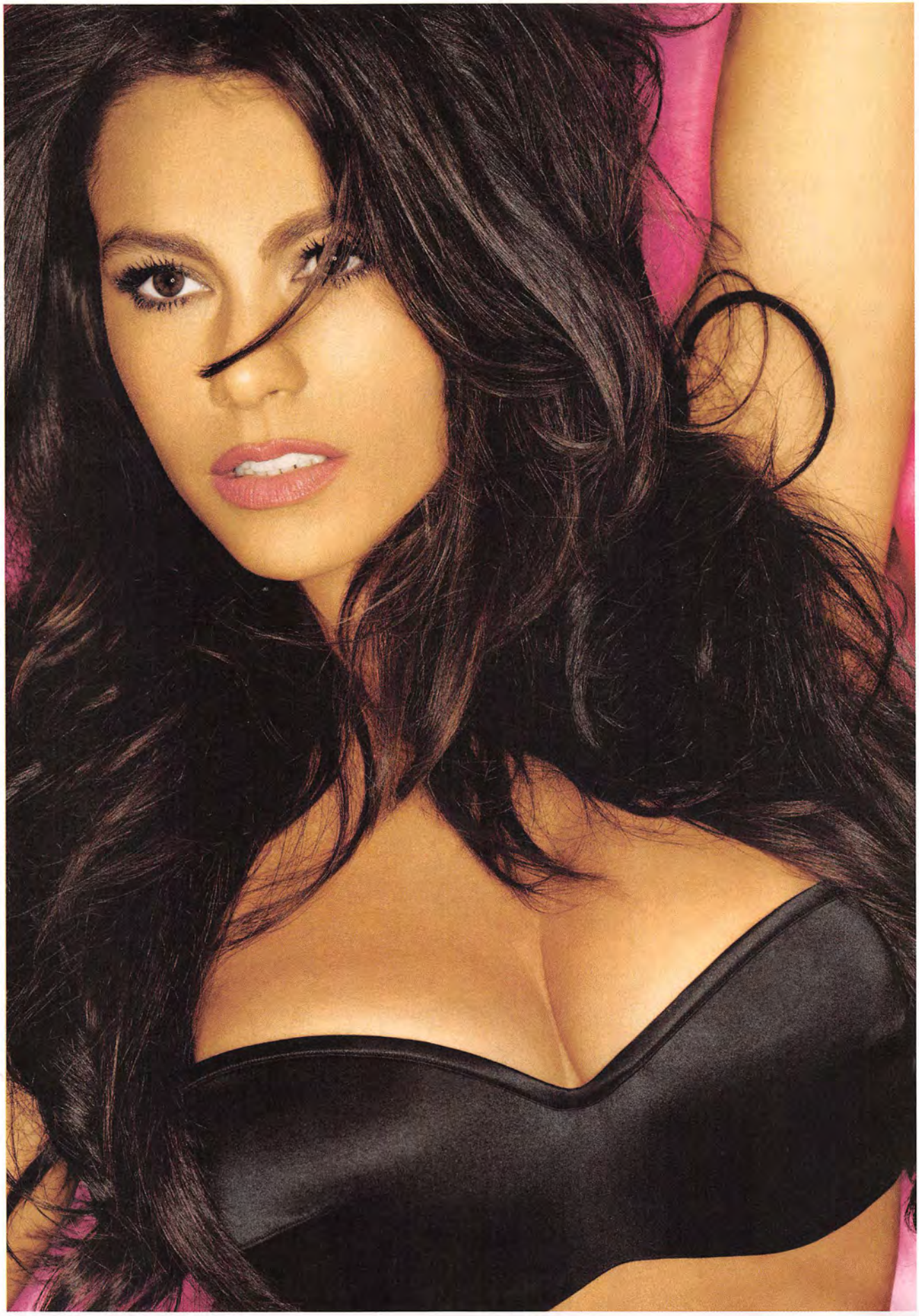
SO WHAT REALLY HAPPENED WITH YOU AND TOM CRUISE? HAVE YOU READ THE "TELL-ALL" BOOK?
It's such stupid gossip. It's part of this business. Tom's a great guy, and I have nothing against him. I would never talk about...I don't even know the guy who wrote that book.

WE HEAR DANCING IS YOUR WEAKNESS. GIVE US AN HONEST ANALYSIS OF YOUR MOVES.
Are you kidding? I'm fabulous. Haven't you seen Shakira? She's also from my hometown—Barranquilla, Colombia. We're all born dancing like that. It's genetic.

YOU ALSO HAVE A FASHION LINE IN SOUTH AMERICA. IS IT HARD TO DESIGN LINGERIE FOR WOMEN WHO DON'T LOOK AS GOOD AS YOU DO IN IT?
It's for Latin girls, and we all look good! We're very comfortable with our sexuality. We grew up on the beach, so we don't think twice about getting into a bathing suit or lingerie.

WE NOTICED AFTER VIEWING THIS PHOTO SHOOT. WERE YOU NERVOUS?
I felt a little weird because I haven't really done any sexy stuff in a few years. But at the shoot I realized, *Shit! I'm 35, and I'm still in a G-string!* I guess I still have it. ●

OPENING SPREAD: BRA AND PANTIES, ELLE MACPHERSON; SHOES, CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN. ABOVE LEFT: DRESS, D&G; JEWELRY



STYLING, KAREN SHAPIRO; MAKEUP, CHRISTY COLEMAN AT THE WALL GROUP; HAIR, ROQUE FOR BEN VEN FOR MEN // ELESTYLE

“
WE LATIN GIRLS ARE VERY
COMFORTABLE WITH
OUR SEXUALITY.
”

ICON

Mick Jagger

The still-swaggering 64-year-old Stone spouts off on rude journalists, his brood of children, and his band's new Martin Scorsese–directed documentary, *Shine a Light*.

BY JANCEE DUNN

SHINE A LIGHT IS UNEXPECTEDLY FUNNY. AFTER _GIMME SHELTER_ AND _COCKSUCKER BLUES_, DID YOU CONSCIOUSLY TRY TO BRING SOME LEVITY TO A ROLLING STONES DOCUMENTARY?

We didn't want to go straight into the concert, and all the normal backstage stuff we do is a bit of a cliché, really. You know, my "character" has already been kind of written. We had endless writers trying to write openings, and all these ideas kicking around, but in the end we created one about how I refuse to give Marty the set list before the show. Which is completely true, but it's a film, so we made it funny.

THE CAMERAS WERE SO CLOSE WE COULD SEE YOUR FILLINGS. KEITH RICHARDS SAID HE WASN'T AWARE OF THE CAMERAS. WERE YOU?

I was totally aware of the cameras. We shot two shows at the Beacon Theatre in New York, and on the first night there were so many tracks, cameras, cranes, and people scampering about. It wasn't like we booked a show at Giant Stadium a year in advance and were going to suddenly film it. The show was created for this film. I was trying to find the audience that first night. I had to watch out or I'd get smacked in the head with a crane.

SCORSESE HAS USED THE STONES' MUSIC IN MANY FILMS: _MEAN STREETS, GOODFELLAS, CASINO, THE DEPARTED_. DO YOU HAVE A FAVORITE SCENE FEATURING ONE OF YOUR SONGS?

I love the scene in *Casino* with "Heart of Stone"; then "Jumpin' Jack Flash" comes up, and it's a great use of the song. And I like the way he uses "Gimme Shelter" twice in *The Departed*.

HOW ABOUT A FAVORITE SCORSESE MOVIE?

Goodfellas, but I like many others, too. I saw *Kundun* on TV when I was in London the other night, and I found it fascinating. It's so completely different from Marty's other movies. There's no Rolling Stones music in that one.

WHAT'S THE LAST MOVIE THAT CRACKED YOU UP?

Blades of Glory. That made my children laugh, and once they start giggling, I can't stop.

ONE OF THE BEST SURPRISES IS WHEN YOU DUET WITH CHRISTINA AGUILERA ON "LIVE WITH ME." ARE THERE ANY OTHER MUSICIANS YOU WOULD LOVE TO COLLABORATE WITH?

Christina Aguilera is such a great singer, so I loved that. She was really on it. She delivers. I also love Mary J. Blige. I know she's done duets with U2 and everyone else, and I love her vocal style. She's on my music wish list.

YOU WERE IN YOUR EARLY 20s WHEN THE STONES REACHED MAJOR STARDOM, YET YOU WERE BIZARRELY POISED AND SELF-ASSURED. HOW DID YOU KEEP YOUR HEAD SCREWED ON?

Yeah, I was self-assured, I suppose, when you think about it. It wasn't as if I'd been to acting school or had any media training—that kind of thing didn't exist in those days. I think I knew pretty much what I wanted to do, what I was going to say, and how I was going to go about it. I'm sure there were some shambolic interviews where you could say, "I don't know what he's talking about." Journalists were so different then than they are now. They didn't know how to talk to you. Remember in *Don't Look Back* when Bob Dylan berated the guy from *Time* magazine? It was terrible! But oftentimes journalists were so condescending; they thought I was so thick and hopeless that when I started to be pleasant or charming, it worked for me.

> "I GO TO ASIA SOMETIMES, WHERE I'M NOT VERY WELL KNOWN—AT LEAST IN SOME COUNTRY PARTS."

WHEN YOU'RE REALLY FAMOUS, THERE ARE ALWAYS PEOPLE AROUND. WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU WERE COMPLETELY ALONE?

I don't have big entourages. It's not the English style. I tend to be pretty low-key, and when I'm songwriting, I'm quite happy to be alone. It's rather solitary. I'm pretty social, though, so I don't like being alone for too long.

CAN YOU EVER RUN AROUND INCOGNITO?

London is such a media center, so it's a hard place to go unnoticed. There are other places in Europe where I can lie low. I go to Asia sometimes, where I'm not very well known—at least in some of the country parts.

WE HEAR YOU LIKE TO GARDEN, OF ALL THINGS.

Well, not really. I mean, I like *looking* at gardens. I like to watch other people working in gardens and say, "That looks very nice."

I GUESS NO SELF-RESPECTING ROCK STAR WANTS THAT SORT OF RUMOR FLOATING AROUND—YOU WANT SOMETHING MORE DEPRAVED. ALTHOUGH YOU ONCE MENTIONED THAT YOU WANTED TO WRITE A TRAVEL BOOK.

I quite like travel writing. It's an interesting genre. Could I do it? I don't know.

HAVE YOU READ RON WOOD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY?

I have not read Ronnie's book yet, though he very kindly gave it to me, inscribed, for Christmas. In fact, someone else did, too, so I've got two copies now.

FUNNY. WE ASSUMED HE WOULD HAVE SHOWN YOU THE MANUSCRIPT AHEAD OF TIME.

To be perfectly truthful, I did not receive any advance manuscripts from Ronnie. I think it's always polite to do that, though, don't you?

OK, SO WHAT ABOUT KEITH'S UPCOMING AUTOBIOGRAPHY? DO YOU HAVE ANY INVOLVEMENT WITH THAT BOOK?

I have no idea what's going on with that. I know it's not imminent, but I do think it's coming out in 2010. I'm sure Keith would appreciate the plug. ●

Shine a Light, starring Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, Charlie Watts, and Ronnie Wood, hits theaters April 4.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID BAILEY/CAMERA PRESS/RETNA

LET'S GO N·A·S·A!

Hey, kids, grab your space suits—we're about to take a rocket-fueled, money-torching, diaper-strapped journey into the weird world of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration!

BY DAN BOVA AND SCOTT JACOBSON

LESSON 1

What's a Boondoggle?

Going into space and doing sciency things costs a lot of money. Sometimes these investments are worth their weight in taxpayers' money. Other times? Not so much.

Tinfoil pants, industrial-size containers of Tang, and grabby robotic arms don't come cheap. NASA sure spends lot of money, but don't fret—all those billions pay off threefold with startling science-advancing results. Except when they don't.

The Space Shuttle Program: Intended to make space flight as cheap and routine as running to the deli to buy a soda and a bag of weed, the program hasn't done either. It has averaged just five flights a year (instead of the projected 64), has tragically exploded twice, and to date has cost $174 billion. It's mainly used to fix satellites so your *Saved by the Bell* marathons come in clear, and to ferry astro-folk to the space station. Which bring us to...

The International Space Station: $53 billion has been pumped into this orbiting, constantly falling-apart condo. Reagan signed off on an $8 billion price tag in 1984, with the plan to have it completed by 1992. At the current pace, it will be finished in 2010, with an estimated price tag

of $100 billion. With no actual long-term use, once it is finished, the space station will be decommissioned and crashed into the bottom of the ocean. Man, if that litter-hating Indian guy cried when he saw trash on the side of the road, he's absolutely gonna shit himself when that rusty space heap goes kerplunk.

Space Plane Project: In 1996, NASA and Lockheed Martin Aeronautics Company joined nerdy forces to design a less-deadly means of flying crews to the space station, the X-33 and X-34 space plane projects. Five years and $1 billion later, the project was scrapped due to its insistence on not working.

Return to the Moon: By 2020, NASA plans on zipping astronauts to the lunar surface—something we already did almost 40 years ago—at a cost of $104 billion. So why go back? Among the six reasons given by NASA at a press conference, one is to "use a vibrant exploration program to engage the public..." In other words, do something splashy enough to keep the government cheese rolling in.

LESSON 2

Loon Shot

Astronauts go to strange places: the moon, the space station, maybe even jail! Former space woman Lisa Nowak currently faces three criminal charges. Here's her fantastic voyage into insanity.

MAY 10, 1963
Born in Washington, D.C. As an eerie forecast of things to come, Lisa is often seen waddling around in diapers.

JULY 21, 1969
Man lands on the moon. "I can do that!" a six-year-old Lisa says, watching her sister rip the head off a Barbie.

1988
Marries Richard T. Nowak, a classmate from the U.S. Naval Academy and Navy flight school. If you are thinking about getting married, keep reading.

LESSON 3

Waste of Space

Some call the Shuttle program a colossal mess. Folks like... oh, current NASA administrator Michael Griffin. Look at the Shuttle's contributions to science and judge for yourself.

1984
First ever untethered space walk

1990
Hubble space telescope deployed

1991
Effects of space travel on jellyfish

1993
First IV line in space

1997
Wheat plants grown

2003
Ant farms observed

2007
Two tons of trash hauled back to Earth

2008
Atlantis carries a trio of starter flags from the Daytona 500 into outer space!

2010
First zero-gravity "pressed ham"

COOLNESS

YEAR

LESSON 4

Astro Glide

According to the British newspaper The Guardian, *NASA conducted a confidential study in 1996 on sex in zero gravity.* Maxim *has obtained this top-secret report.*

Position 1: The Flying Carpet
Report: Space Babe sat cross-legged atop Astro Stud, bumped her head on air lock.
Analysis: Need more funding for crotchless space panties.

Position 2: Spaceballin'
Report: Astro Stud lay atop Space Babe in what Earth-bound humans would define as the missionary position.
Analysis: Super boring, and Astro Stud reported not being able to see the space TV over Space Babe's helmet.

Position 3: Robo Shocker
Report: Shuttle's robotic arm was engaged to aid Astro Stud in delivering sexy payload to Space Babe.
Analysis: Totally awesome! But $100 million satellite the robotic arm was supposed to be positioning crashed into the sun.

Position 4: Two Space Girls, One Space Cup
Report: OK, so Space Babe 1 and Space Babe 2 are making out. No big deal. Space Babe 1 grabs a space cup and—oh, for the love of God!
Analysis: No no no no no no no no no

APRIL 1996
Joins the astronaut corps. Oh, the places she'll go...

NOVEMBER 2004
Meets a fellow astronaut, the very married Bill Oefelein, as they work and train together at the Johnson Space Center. They share desk space, and a dream to ruin their families' lives.

2005
Bill gets divorced, moves into an apartment, and gives the still-married Lisa a key. Houston, we have a...oh, you know.

JULY 2006
Lisa flies on her first and only Shuttle mission, *Discovery*'s 13-day trip to the International Space Station. *Discovery*'s heat shield isn't the only thing that heats up upon reentry.

CONTINUED

LESSON 5

Vocabulary: Astro Speak!

Rocket scientists don't talk like you and me. They speak a dialect known as NASA-ese, which utilizes awkward phrasing and made-up, futuristic-sounding words. **Learn how to talk like an astronaut!**

1 Scientists examining images sent from the *Mars Odyssey* noted a possible **"cave skylight"** in the surface of the planet.

Translation: They saw a **"hole"** in the ground.

2 A report on *Endeavour's* 13th launch explains that the flight crew **"ingressed"** into the orbiter.

Translation: They **"went"** in it.

3 In the 1980s, aerospace engineers were tasked with designing a **"cell electronic unit cooling subassembly."**

Translation: They made a **"fan."**

4 In 2007 report, NASA administrator Michael D. Griffin warned against too many **"desirements"** in the Constellation program.

Translation: "Shit" they like but don't need.

5 After ingesting powdered chili, astronauts often utilize the **"Shuttle waste contamination system."**

Translation: They destroy a **"toilet."**

LESSON 6

Astronaut and Ass-tronaut

Astronauts are smart and nice. Ass-tronauts are selfish and mean. When you go into space, which will you be?

1

Astronaut enjoys views of Earth from orbit.

Ass-tronaut enjoys views of fake Mary-Kate nude pics on the mainframe.

2

Astronaut is trained in mathematics, geology, meteorology, physics, oceanography, orbital dynamics, and astronomy.

Ass-tronaut is trained in administering top-secret, DARPA-devised atomic wedgies.

3

Astronaut goes on a space walk to repair a damaged solar wing.

Ass-tronaut goes on a space walk to tag a solar wing.

NOVEMBER 2006

Stud-muffin Bill meets younger, hotter Air Force engineer Colleen Shipman during a training mission at Kennedy Space Center in Florida. Stand by, thrusters!

DECEMBER 2006

As Bill flies his Shuttle mission, Colleen e-mails him: "Will have to control myself when I see you. First urge will be to rip your clothes off...and love the hell out of you." Someone's space suit just got a bit tight in the crotch!

JANUARY 2007

Lisa writes to Bill's mother, saying, "Bill is absolutely the best person...I love him more than I knew possible."

JANUARY 2007

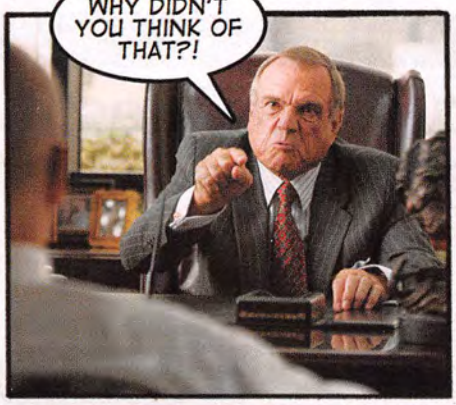
Lisa separates from her husband. Bill promptly dumps her for Colleen, to whom he has been sending e-mails like, "They want your size for the arctic gear...I think I can figure that out—size sexy and athletic." Ah, astro romance, it's as hot as it is nerd-tastic.

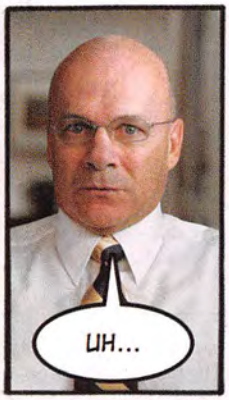
FEBRUARY 3, 2007

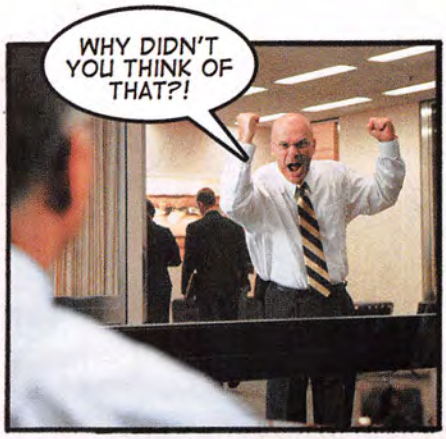
Lisa drives 900 miles from Houston to an Orlando airport where Colleen is due to land. It is reported that she wears a diaper to eliminate bathroom breaks. Crazy... like an incontinent fox!

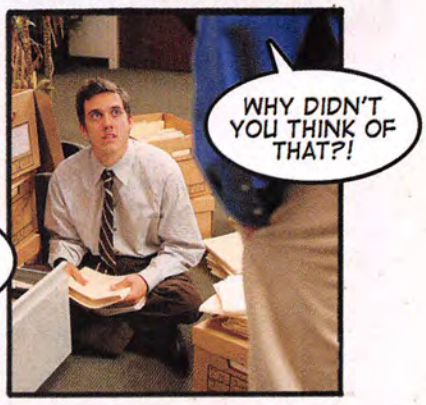
CONTINUED

INSIDE A MAJOR FAST FOOD CORP...









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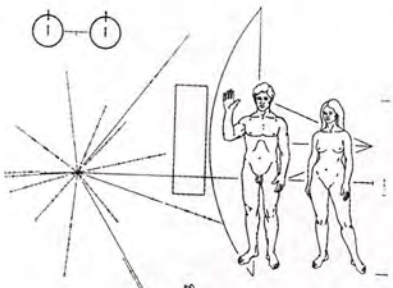

LESSON 7

What in the world is that?

A better question: What out of the world is that? Here's the answer, Captain Inquisitive: When unmanned spacecraft Pioneer 10 and Pioneer 11 were launched into the cold dark of space in 1972 and 1973, respectively, they were outfitted with plaques inscribed with the exact image seen above, designed by cosmo-crazy astronomer Carl Sagan. Should either of the Pioneers encounter any life forms during their travels, the image is supposed to clearly explain to the residents of Zytorg who humans are and where we reside in the universe. You've got a man giving a friendly gesture, a woman just kind of standing there, the spacecraft's flight path from third planet from the Sun, a schematic of a hydrogen atom—makes total sense, doesn't it? We only hope that if aliens are able to figure out this baffling design and visit our planet, they aren't disappointed to find that, unlike the chick in this drawing, all Earth ladies don't rock the full Brazilian.

LESSON 8

Discussion Questions & Classroom Activities

Put your NASA knowledge to the test! When you're done, take what you've learned and bore your friends with it.

1 What's this?

A The first man-made object to orbit Earth

B The chair you regret buying from IKEA

2 Which was the cause of one of the biggest disasters in NASA's history?

A O face

B O-ring

C Type O-negative

3 Match up time! Connect the famous quote to the Apollo mission with which it's associated:

A *"Houston, we have a problem."*

B *"That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind."*

C *"I want you! I want the Stallion!"*

ANSWERS 1. A; 2. B; 3. A. Apollo XIII B. Apollo 11 C. Apollo Creed

4 In 1983, President Reagan devised the Star Wars missile defense system. To understand why it failed, try this:

Ask your grandpa to design a space-based means of protecting the free world. Give him crayons, poster board, and a multibillion-dollar budget. Now examine his work. Is his solution a good one, or a humongous, ape-dick waste of time and money?

5 Experience weightlessness!

First, attach cables to your arms, legs, torso, and head. Have a grownup run the cables through pulleys in the ceiling and hoist you upside down to simulate the irregular blood flow of zero gravity. Next, drink four bottles of NyQuil to induce terrifying feelings of being adrift in time and space. Congratulations, you're an astronaut! (Or you can just jump in a pool. That works, too.)

FEBRUARY 5, 2007

Here's what police say happened: Lisa arrives at the airport with a buck knife, a BB gun, plastic gloves, a mallet, a can of pepper spray, and rubber tubing in her car. She dons a wig, trench coat, and glasses and follows Colleen to her car and blasts her with pepper spray. Lisa is arrested trying to ditch her gear.

MARCH 7, 2007

She is fired from NASA and goes back to work for the Navy. Her welcome back party is probably pretty weird.

APRIL 2008

Lisa is set to take the stand as the first active astronaut charged with a crime: attempted kidnapping, battery, and burglary with assault. That's kind of something to be proud of, no?

APRIL 2008

Trial date pushed back. We think her only crime was having too big a heart. Well, that and the assault stuff, too.

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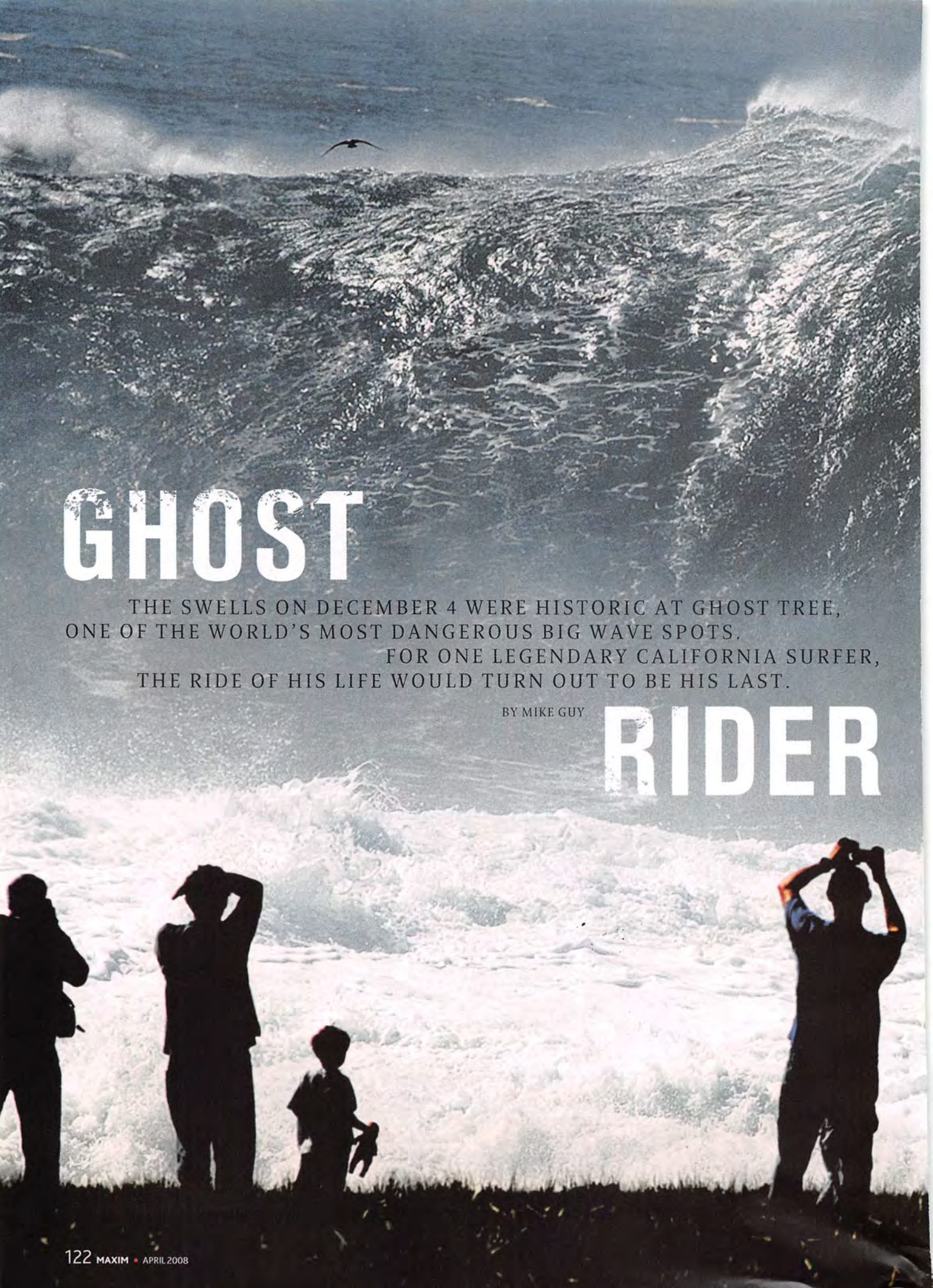

GHOST RIDER

THE SWELLS ON DECEMBER 4 WERE HISTORIC AT GHOST TREE, ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS BIG WAVE SPOTS. FOR ONE LEGENDARY CALIFORNIA SURFER, THE RIDE OF HIS LIFE WOULD TURN OUT TO BE HIS LAST.

BY MIKE GUY

PHOTOGRAPH, BART KEAGY

"Waves are not measured in feet and inches; they are measured in increments of fear." —Buzzy Trent

* * *

A LITTLE BEFORE 10 A.M. ON THE MORNING of December 4, Peter Davi drove his Ford F-150 along the 17 Mile Drive in Carmel-by-the-Sea, a quaint town bordering Monterey in Northern California. His friend Osh Bartlett, known as Frog, sat beside him. Through the window they smelled the pine and cut grass wafting from the farms and gentlemen's ranches up in Carmel Valley. Davi watched with a flicker of disdain as a parade of Audis, Lexuses, and the occasional Ferrari sped past. As the other drivers stopped to buy skim lattes at Carmel Valley Coffee, Davi and Frog passed the Pebble Beach Golf Links, turned right onto Cypress Drive, and pulled into the parking lot at Stillwater Cove—already filled with pickups hitched to empty waverunner trailers.

Outside it was cool and misty—mid-50s and rising. A 10-knot breeze blew out of the north, swirling the loose, dark curls on Davi's head. Tourists come thousands of miles to eye this stretch of picturesque coast, with its rocky shoreline and lush cypress trees. But to Davi, a lifelong local, it was the sound that struck him that morning. In the parking lot at Stillwater Cove he could hear Ghost Tree like he'd never heard it before. It was the sound of 70-foot waves—surely record size—detonating onto the boulder field at Pescadero Point.

(clockwise from top) Peter Davi, gazing at the surf, grew up in Monterey, California, a third-generation fisherman; Jake and Peter Davi prepare to hit the waves. Surfers, from left, Peter Mel, Anthony Ruffo, Davi, Jake, Johnny Boy Gomes, Chris Buonocore, and Davi Boy Gonzalez in 1992.

Davi was a massive, intimidating man. Considered the unofficial mayor of this legendary surfing community, he'd earned widespread respect over the years among elite surfers by launching himself into the largest, most terrifying waves in California and Hawaii. He knew every break in Big Sur. He had a ruddy, wind-swept face and dulled dark eyes. He stood 6'2" and weighed close to 250 pounds. When he pulled a 4/3-millimeter wet suit over his body, along with a hood and gloves, his paunch was visible. He grabbed his 8'5" surfboard—a "gun" suitable for paddle surfing but too long for this dangerous tow-in scene. At 45 he walked as if in constant pain, as though the cartilage in his knees had been worn away.

This morning Davi was feeling every hour of those 45 years. He'd had a long night snorting speed. The crystal meth sizzling in his bloodstream was fading away, sublimating into a hangover so toxic his saliva tasted like it could strip the paint off a fireplug. He still had enough meth coursing through him to feel the searing high. And he was about to swim into the biggest waves on record at Ghost Tree, arguably the most dangerous surf spot in the world. "What took you so long?" asked Anthony Ruffo, a pro surfer and one of Davi's closest friends. He and Randy "Flintstone" Reyes had already launched two jet skis into Monterey harbor and rounded the peninsula to Pescadero Point.

Davi drank from a water bottle and worked the muscles in his jaw. He strapped a six-foot leash to his ankle and plunged into the teeming brine. As his wet suit filled with the icy water, Frog started up his jet ski. Lying on his board, Davi grabbed the tow rope and they idled out of the cove. When they passed Pescadero Rocks, Davi saw the swell. It was Ghost Tree like he'd never seen it, a mountain of water. The breaking surf now sounded like an airplane crashing, even from half a mile away.

* * *

THE GIGANTIC ROLLERS WERE NO SURPRISE. "There were big buoy readings," says Don Curry, 48, the legendary Carmel surfer who gave Ghost Tree its name, referring to weather data buoys that the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration maintains far out at sea. "We knew we were going to get a big swell." According to NOAA records, the buoys indicated 20-footers hundreds of miles out days earlier. A storm had parked in the middle of the Pacific for a week, packing 50 mph winds. The swells that resulted built as they neared the 9,600-foot deep underwater troughs called the Monterey Canyon off the California coast. As the storm blew and the rollers grew in speed and mass, the surfing world took notice. Historic waves were headed into shore, the kind that arrive only once every few years, if that.

The phenomenon is called the trifecta—a perfect storm of waves when surfers follow the same swell from a huge weather system as it surges east across the Pacific, beginning in Hawaii's North Shore and Waimea Bay, then up to Northern California, and finally to Todos Santos Island off the coast of Baja. The week before the big event, alarms had gone off across Internet bulletin boards, e-mails were sent, and text messages crisscrossed the globe.

By December 3, many of the world's top big wave surfers had descended on the Cali coast. Locals, like brothers Russell and Tyler Smith, were already here; others, like Don Curry, Greg Long, Mark Healey, and Mike Parsons, also showed up, as did a Santa Cruz contingent of Ghost Tree pioneers like Shane Desmond and Tyler Fox. Carlos Burle flew in from Brazil. Some wave hunters had hopped across from Hawaii; others had come all the way from Australia.

When Davi arrived at Ghost Tree, about 21 waverunners and 15 tow-in surfers were buzzing around trying to capture the madness and glory. Davi was instantly recognized; he was a trailblazer here, one of the first to surf these dangerous swells. Photographers lined the shore, snapping away at the action. Seaweed, sea cucumbers, and forests of feather boa kelp churned in the white water. Davi took his place on the shoulder of the lineup. The swells at Ghost Tree were so large and moved so fast, surfers were towed by jet skis into the waves on special short boards with foot straps. But Davi maintained a lifelong disdain of the tow-in—prefer-

PHOTOGRAPHS (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP), COURTESY OF BRYAN MCALISTER; COURTESY OF CHRIS BUONOCORE; VERN FISHER

ring the purist attitude that surfing was about nothing but the man, the board, and the sea. That's why he showed up with his longboard rather than the shorter, pointed guns the tow-in surfers were riding.

Davi surveyed the scene. Twenty-footers were rolling in at 19 second intervals, and when the swells arrived in the shallows, the earth pushed them upward another 50 feet into the air. Around now the first foursomes at Pebble Beach were making the turn onto the 18th hole tee box, and they saw what Davi saw from the water: the gargantuan, vertical mug of Ghost Tree in all its thunderous glory.

"I was saying the day before that someone's going to die on the fourth," pro surfer Grant Washburn said. "That's the kind of swell that kills people for sure. It's that big, it's that heavy, it's coming at a scary angle. When you're near those waves, you're pretty much aware that they will kill you."

* * *

BY MOST DEFINITIONS, BIG WAVE SURFING was the first extreme sport, born one day in 1969. Three massive storms collided over Hawaii, and much of the coastline population was evacuated for fear that the waves would wipe away their homes. Armed with a wooden longboard, Californian Greg Noll spent two hours standing on Makaha Beach staring at the walls of water crashing down with thousands of pounds of force. Finally he marched into the sea and rode a 35-footer, the largest wave ever surfed at that time. "Some of my friends have said it was a death wish wave," Noll later wrote. "I didn't think so then, but in retrospect I realize it was probably bordering on the edge."

Heretofore wave riders avoided breakers greater than 20 feet; they were considered too dangerous to navigate on the era's primitive surfboards. The idea of seeking out huge waves was new, and it caught on. Every outdoor sport needs an Everest, and surfing now had one. Suddenly, a crew of surf gladiators began to travel the earth in search of that rolling peak, and the sport of big wave surfing was born. It spurred the industry to create new boards and permeated fashion and pop culture, eventually resulting in surf film classics *Riding Giants* and *Point Break*.

The scene in the continental U.S. came to the fore in 1975, when Jeff Clark discovered one of the biggest waves on the planet in Half Moon Bay, south of San Francisco, that rose sometimes 70 feet in a symmetrical wave that broke in both directions. These were frigid, rocky, shark-infested waters. Clark paddled a half-mile out and surfed it alone. He named it Mavericks, and it's still North America's most famous big wave spot. In 1992, Clark got a call from a local in Monterey named Peter Davi, a 30-year-old commercial fisherman and renowned surfer. A group of hardcore riders had been hearing about Clark's wave, and they wanted in. Clark agreed to guide them, and Davi, his friend Don Curry, and a gang of Santa Cruz heavies drove up Highway 1 to Half Moon. "In those early days Davi would have people videotape them surfing Mavericks and they'd watch it afterward and study it," Curry says. "For them it was uncharted territory. I mean, we were surfing into rocks. Who does that?"

The men who sought out the Goliaths of the sea found something spiritual in them. The danger, the immeasurable power of the ocean's thrust, the adrenaline surge: The big wave offered transcendence. Riding the big wave was like a drug, and mortal notions like jobs and money took a backseat. "To keep your sanity, you have to ride waves, and some of them need to be big," surfer Dave Kalama once said. "The closer you get to total annihilation, the more real everything becomes."

The sea claimed its share of the best. In 1994, Hawaiian Mark Foo drowned in an 18-footer on his first attempt at Mavericks. A year later, Donnie Solomon died in a 20-foot wave in Hawaii's Waimea Bay. Todd Chesser was fished out of 25-foot swells at Alligator Rock in Oahu in 1997. Three years after that, Briece Tarea was killed at Tahiti's Teahupoo ("Broken Skulls"). But the pull of the big wave still beckoned, and many who'd experienced the high it provided couldn't resist. "I've never thought ➤➤

KILLER WAVES

When surfing's adrenaline junkies want a fix, they grab their boards and hit the six most challenging—and dangerous—breaks in the world.

Ghost Tree, Monterey, California
A sheer cliff of water up to 70 feet high, this is considered the toughest wave in the world. "It breaks very close to the rocks," says Peter Mel, the first to ride it six years ago. "You're just surviving it. It's a beast."

Mavericks, Half Moon Bay, California
Found 30 miles south of San Francisco, home to cold water, hard rocks, and sharp-toothed sharks, Mavericks is a perfect 20- to 40-foot riding wave. The problem: It's impact zone runs right into rocks.

Teahupoo, Tahiti, French Polynesia
The break at Teahupoo has been called "a freak of hydrodynamics." The wave forms a near perfect barrel, but the water's shallow and riddled with reefs. In 2000 Briece Taerea dropped in and didn't live to tell about it.

Jaws, Maui, Hawaii
Superhuman Laird Hamilton and his death-mocking crew invented tow-in surfing at this 70-foot, 30 mph wave, using jet skis to whip them onto the face. Hamilton's teammate Dave Kalama says surfing Jaws is "like jumping off a cliff."

Nelscott Reef, Lincoln City, Oregon
Situated on a remote swath of coast with savage undertow and volatile shallows, this break is nearly impossible to paddle to and harrowing to ride. But Oregon's only double overhead is worth the aggravation.

Todos Santos, Baja California, Mexico
There are a couple of breaks at Todos Santos, a tiny island about 12 miles off the coast of Baja, but the aptly named "Killer" is the nastiest of the bunch. In-the-know locals advise first-timers to "bring toilet paper."

Ever since Greg Noll first rode a 35-footer of Waimea Bay in Oahu in 1969, big wave surfers like Davi, Peter Mel (left), and Mavericks pioneer Jeff Clark (right) have followed heavy breaks all over, from Hawaii to Northern California and down the coast to Baja, searching for the perfect wave. For Davi, that quest would end tragically.

about surfing these waves as all that dangerous, really," comments Mavericks founder Clark. "On my worst day out at Mavericks, I'm doing better than my best day onshore. It's my home."

PETER DAVI'S LEGENDARY STATUS WAS BASED not on pure skill but rather his love of the sea and his desire to hurl himself into the most intense situations the ocean could muster. He was a peer to the greats in the sport—Clark, Curry, Peter Mel, Johnny Gomes, Laird Hamilton.

Davi grew up in the 1970s on the foggy Monterey peninsula, the grandson of a renowned sea captain who ran 90-foot ships off Cannery Row back when it was still the hard-luck harbor of the John Steinbeck era. "Pete was a real mellow kid," says Curry, who grew up with Davi. "I moved to Hawaii in 1978, and when I came back in '81 the kid had become a big man. He had figured out how to have a good time. He was looked up to, and when he went to the North Shore later that year, he fit in with the big intimidator crowd there. That's where he got a lot of his notoriety." Davi spent a few years surfing the North Shore's towering waves. "He was one of the guys who paved the way to Hawaii for us California guys," says Clark. "He had his spot on Pipeline in the lineup. I mean, you can't buy your way in there. Pipeline is so heavy. When you can call Pipeline your home, you've made it. That was him: Pipeline Pete."

When Davi returned to California, he chased the Pacific's biggest swells up and down the coast. He lived for years in the redwood stands of Big Sur with his son, Jake, now a pro surfer, and Jake's mother, Katrin Winterbotham. He knew the breaks along the fickle beaches of Big Sur probably better than anyone. Even before he was to make a name for himself in Oahu as Pipeline Pete, everyone in the Monterey area knew him. He had the reputation as a hard-working guy with a huge heart and a Sicilian-bred tough-guy edge. "I met Pete at a local spot in Big Sur around 1980," says Anthony Ruffo. "He was a big Italian dude, real intimidating, and Big Sur was most definitely his spot."

> "AFTER YOU SURF A BIG WAVE, YOU GET DEPRESSED," SAYS MEL. "DRUGS ARE A FIX."

By the winter of 2007, Davi had moved his family to Pacific Grove. From his hillside house nestled in a grove of oaks, he had a view of Monterey Bay. The house had no TV. Surfaces were covered in driftwood, pieces of jade, arrowheads he found on Pescadero Point, stones from Big Sur. Like his Italian forefathers, Davi made a decent living working netting boats. Five or six nights a week, he'd arrive at the docks at Moss Landing and go out with the crew of a large diesel netting boat. He'd fish all night, and return around 7 A.M. to unload mackerel, herring, and squid. If the swell was good, he was ready to surf by nine.

But there was another side to Davi. He had become a part of a different subculture crystallizing among surfers in California. There is a moth-to-the-flame quality to the thrill of the big wave. "I guess [big wave surfing] is an addiction," surfer Ken Bradshaw once said. "I have no idea, but it must be like being on drugs. Because when you're not doing it, it torments and eats away at you." Many surfers in the late '90s began to rely on an alternative source for that high. It was a jaw-clenching ride that could be experienced no matter the size of the rolling ocean, within the confines of a smoky living room or a barroom toilet. In the early '90s crystal meth burned through the surf community like no other, especially along the Highway 1 corridor from San Francisco to Big Sur. "Adrenaline junkies thrive on the rush of the wave," says surf icon Peter Mel. "After surfing a big wave, you get depressed, and you look for another rush. Drugs are a quick fix. Maybe the drugs fill the hole, because surfing is the best feeling—ever."

Somewhere along the way, like so many others, Peter Davi began to surf that phantom wave. "We were close when we were kids and I was a hard partyer, too," Curry says of Davi. "But then we went down different roads back in the early '90s. I went down the road of sobriety, and Peter went in the other direction."

DAVI STRADDLED HIS BOARD IN THE GHOST Tree lineup, watching waverunners tow riders into the massive swells. Pro surfer Anthony "Taz" Tashnick was next to him. Like Davi, Taz was trying to paddle into the waves rather than use the tow-in. He hadn't surfed Ghost Tree, and Davi was feeding him pointers. A helicopter was now hovering above, the chopper blades punctuating the sound of the crashing waves. When a swell rolled in, it sucked the water out of the shallows, revealing the boulders that lay just beneath the surface. The waverunner engines revved, and some brave soul launched himself into the fury.

A roller approached and Taz prepared to paddle in. "Here it comes!" Davi yelled. "Ten feet in, 10 feet over, you're going fine. Go! Go! Go!"

Taz stood up, got blinded by mist, and airdropped. Just like that he was pinned by thousands of pounds of water beneath the surface; it was like being locked in an industrial washing machine. "I rolled and rolled and rolled and rolled," he said of the terrifying ride. Jeff Clark, who was also at Ghost Tree on December 4 and had two 60-footers drop on his head, described the sensation of being trapped in the whitewash beneath the surface: "You just check out. You go to sleep. It's like falling out of an airplane. What are you going to do about it?" When Taz made it to the surface, he choked and gasped for air. He'd had enough of Ghost Tree. He started to swim in toward the shore, headed straight for his car.

Davi went to the inside of the break and tried to paddle into the overcooked scraps. But it was unsatisfying. He attempted to catch one of the big rollers, but they were moving too quickly. He no longer had the athleticism to paddle into this kind of wave; the swells rolled under him without picking him up. He knew he had to put his principles aside and get a tow. It was the only way. He saw old friend Kelly Sorensen on a waverunner. Sorensen owned a surf shop in town and had sponsored Davi for years, supplying him with boards.

"I wanna get one of those waves," Davi said.

"OK," Sorensen replied. "Ride it, Pete."

They waited, and when Sorensen spotted a swell, he throttled the waverunner. Davi pulled himself up on his board. The wave was big ▶▶

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but not gigantic; he rode it, and at the end he tumbled back into the sea. His friends Ruffo and Flintstone passed on a waverunner. Flintstone was driving and Ruffo was sitting behind.

"My turn," Davi said to Ruffo.

Ruffo jumped off, and Davi climbed on, holding his board. Flintstone drove him back to the lineup.

The meth in Davi's bloodstream now mingled with adrenaline. He was about to harness the full power of a historic wave—on a board ill-suited for a swell this size and speed. He grabbed hold of the rope behind the waverunner. And then he saw it, rolling in with immeasurable force. A vast wave rose up out of the sea, moving fast and high.

Thirty feet. Forty feet.

Flintstone opened the waverunner's throttle. Davi launched out of the sea like a water-skier, lifting his linebacker-size body up with all his strength. As he gained his footing, the wave started to break on the outside, generating an unholy roar. Davi released the tow. The board raced along the rising wave, pushing Davi faster and faster. He was moving over 20 mph now, cascading down the face of the wave, the wall of water towering over him. This was it: transcendence. *The closer you get to total annihilation, the more real everything becomes.* Boulders emerged, and Davi flitted around them with skill. The wave began to collapse on him. Coated in spume, he rode the whole wave, then let himself fall into the white water. The chop was so rough it tore his leash and carried his board away. The clamor still filled his ears, and his heart was pumping wildly. But he'd emerged in relative safety, protected by the boulder field. He was treading water amid some feather boa kelp, about 100 yards off the beach. Flintstone had picked up Ruffo, and the two rode over.

"Hey, Pete," Ruffo said. "Want a ride in?"

"Nah, I've paddled this plenty of times," Davi said, still breathing hard, his heart still pounding. He must have felt immortal. He waved his friends off and began to swim.

"We never second-guessed it," Ruffo said. "It was the most natural thing in the world."

No one ever saw Peter Davi alive again.

* * *

THIRTY MINUTES LATER, FLINTSTONE AND Ruffo were headed back into Stillwater Cove. Ruffo noticed what looked like a snorkeler. They slowed to get a look and realized it wasn't a diver. Ruffo jumped into the sea. He found Peter Davi floating, his face bone white and cold to the touch. He had abrasions on his head. No one had noticed Davi missing.

Onshore a 17-year-old EMT trainee performed CPR until the rescue personnel arrived. Davi was laid on a pier within feet of the ocean. A crowd gathered and watched as a paramedic inserted a femoral IV and pumped Davi's chest, trying to revive him. All efforts to jump-start his heart failed. He was pronounced dead at 1:28 P.M.

As an ambulance carted him to a Monterey County hospital, the surfers were still out at the lineup, unaware one of their own had been killed. But the word spread. Cell phones rang, and local news reporters and television teams arrived to report on the story of a legendary surfer's death. Davi's rise and violent fall mimicked the last wave he'd surfed. "He went out the way he wanted to go out," said Sorensen, interviewed on-camera back at his surf shop in town, "in a big wave situation."

"You can die in a motel with a crack whore, or in a hospital bed when you're 80, or like this," says Ruffo, of his friend's last ride. "This is as it should be. The comforting part is that he's a 45-year-old legend."

Four days after Davi's death, on Saturday, December 8, friends and family crowded into a Pacific Grove Catholic church for a memorial service. Afterward they headed over to the park at Lovers Point. The sun was shining, and the winds were light. One hundred surfers hopped on their boards and paddled out to form a circle just outside the break. They performed a traditional waterman's send-off, chanting the dead man's name.

"Davi. Davi. Davi."

Then they paddled into the breakers, which carried them gently back to shore.

> "HE WENT OUT THE WAY HE WANTED TO GO OUT," SAID SORENSEN. "ON A BIG WAVE."

The Monterey County coroner's report found the primary cause of death was "asphyxia due to ocean drowning" coupled with "blunt force head and chest injuries." When the toxicology reports were issued, the full story became a little clearer. The coroner reported "acute methamphetamine intoxication may have played a contributing role." Davi had 0.75 milligrams of crystal meth in his system per liter of blood.

His friends don't agree on what happened that day at Ghost Tree. Sorensen believes that in the aftermath of riding that big wave, Davi suffered a heart attack. Ruffo believes his leash snagged on rocks during an inshore surge as he paddled in, and the surge pummeled him into rocks, knocking him unconscious. Others think he was caught in ropy tangles of kelp. Don Curry is less ambivalent.

"This is a cautionary tale more than anything else," he says. "Peter didn't die surfing Ghost Tree. He died swimming in, and that's the real tragedy for a surfer. You simply cannot be in a spot like Pescadero Point when you're fucked up."

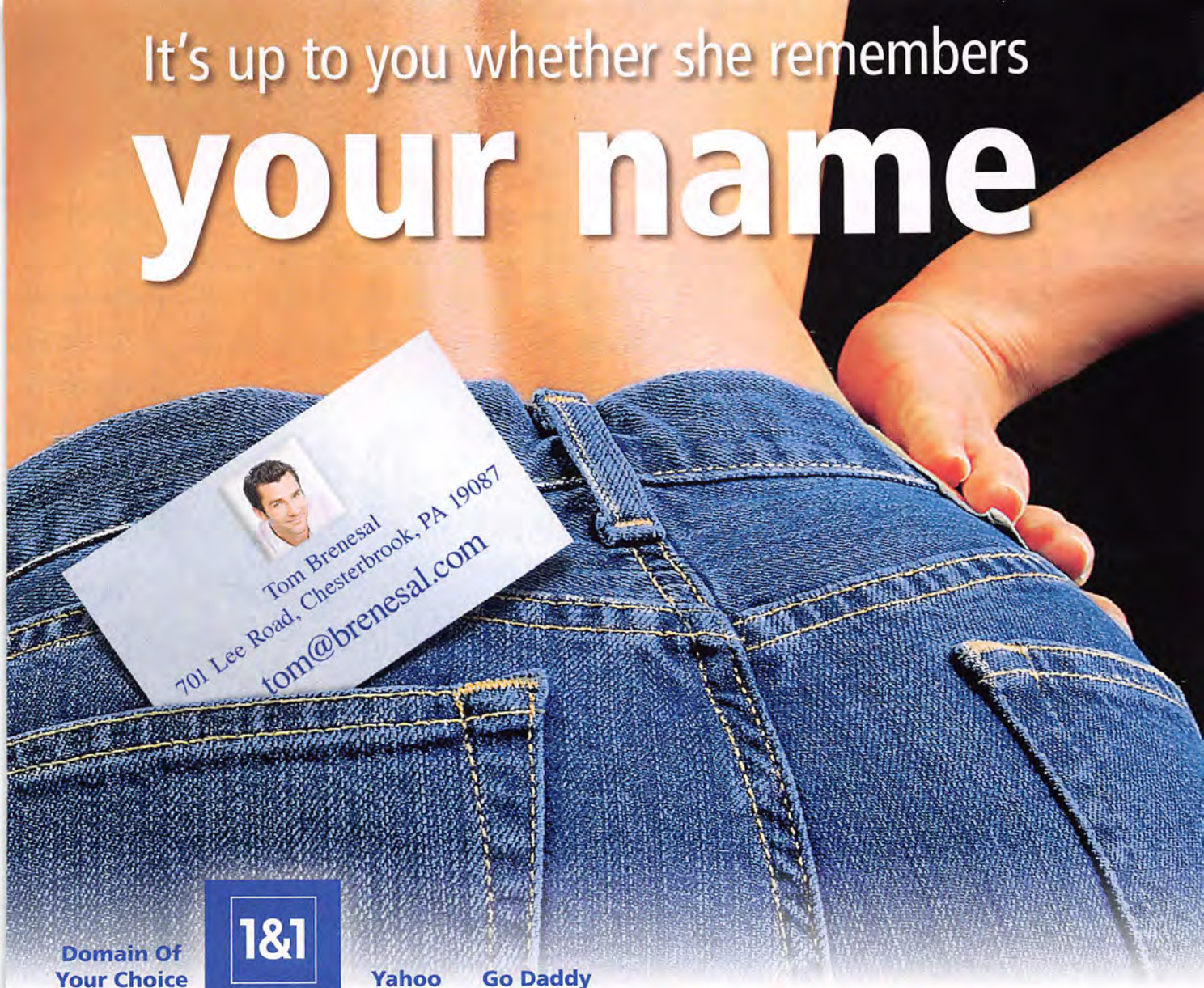
While all the details will never be known, this much is: The next time the NOAA buoy readings signal gigantic rollers headed California's way and the alarms go off on Internet bulletin boards, the world's top surfers will gather again at Mavericks and Ghost Tree. They will fly across the globe in search of their next, and possibly their last, big wave. ●

More than 500 people gathered in Monterey to give Davi a traditional send-off. The presence of crystal meth in Davi's bloodstream led some to call his death a cautionary tale. Says surf legend Don Curry: "He didn't die surfing Ghost Tree. He died swimming in, and that's the real tragedy."

PHOTOGRAPH, MILES "OTIS" MCBREEN

It's up to you whether she remembers

your name



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EXPERT

EXTREME ESCAPES

The five can't-miss and no-go action sports destinations of 2008!

The never-ending quest for the roughest bike trail, the greatest powder, the meanest white water, and the steepest climb just got a little easier. We've graciously marked out the action sports hot spots to hit and those to avoid. Just don't pull a header, bro.

Mountain Biking

PASS ON: Moab, Utah
GO TO: St. George, Utah
WHY: Moab may have the roller-coaster Slickrock trail, but during peak seasons the erstwhile mountain-biking mecca can get as crowded as I-75 during rush hour. St. George, a 90-minute drive northeast of Vegas, has riding as good as Moab's—on trails like Gooseberry Mesa—but none of the crowds. "Our friends love Gooseberry so much they'll drive all the way from Orange County to ride there," says Monique Sawicki, a former 24-hour mountain-biking national champ. Just don't plan on any liquid recreation in St. George, the home of one of the largest Mormon polygamist sects in the world. Come for the riding; stick around to pick up an extra wife or two.

Snowboarding

PASS ON: Whistler, British Columbia
GO TO: Lake Tahoe, California/Nevada
WHY: With world-class snowboarding *and* legal gambling, Lake Tahoe is a hedonistic paradise. So why cross the border to Whistler? After all, the soaring Canadian dollar has eliminated any financial advantage. "The south shore of Tahoe is one of the best places to snowboard in the world," says X Games legend Jimmy Halopoff. Crash 'n' dine in luxury at casinos like the MontBleu, Harrah's, or the Lakeside Inn, then party all night and hop the free shuttles to Heavenly, Kirkwood, and Sierra, where you'll discover some of the fluffiest powder this side of Medellín.

Kayaking

PASS ON: Buena Vista, Colorado
GO TO: Pagosa Springs, Colorado
WHY: "Pagosa Springs has some of the best sections of river in Colorado," says Evan Stafford, coauthor of *White Water of the Southern Rockies*. Don't believe us? Try the lines on the Buena Vista stretch of the Arkansas River—nearly 330,000 vacationers clogged its waterways last year, making it the world's most rafted river. And the Springs has Class V junkies covered with the rock-riddled West Fork of the San Juan River. Once the water is out of your lungs, chill out on the mellow town stretch.

Climbing

PASS ON: Yosemite Valley, California
GO TO: Red River Gorge, Kentucky
WHY: Just an hour from Lexington, Kentucky lies one of the country's great untapped climbing destinations. The Gorge features a wealth of one-pitch (roughly 100-foot) sandstone climbs for all skill levels. "The Red is the place to be if you're a sport climber," says professional climber Joe Kinder. And unlike the multi-day 3,000-foot climbs at Yosemite, at Red River Gorge you'll be done just in time to break open a bottle of Maker's Mark at day's end.

Surfing

PASS ON: Oahu's North Shore, Hawaii
GO TO: Sayulita, Mexico
WHY: With its raging meth epidemic, the North Shore of Oahu is not the paradise of years past. But the small town of Sayulita has hosted in-the-know surfers since the '60s. "Back then we drove from the States," says Jeff Wilson, director of Quicksilver Travel, a surf tour operator, "but now you fly into Puerto Vallarta, and it's only 45 minutes to Sayulita." You won't get lei'd on arrival, but there are two perfect waves outside of town: a long, gentle right break that's ideal for beginners and a steeper left-hander for when you've grown a pair.

PHOTOGRAPH, ROBERT BOESCH/WWW.ROBERTBOESCH.COM

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WORK SMARTER!

Follow these easy tips and slash the number of hours you spend in that wasteland called the office.

Outsource Away

America seems to be outsourcing everything to India, so why not get in on the act and pay an MBA in the subcontinent $5 an hour to do your work for you? Sites like elance.com, asksunday.com, and odesk.com can put you in touch with "Bangalore butlers," who take care of busywork; you can also have a virtual concierge service arrange travel and handle scheduling. "Anything that can be done by phone or the Internet can be delegated," says Timothy Ferriss, author of *The 4-Hour Workweek*. Even better, a faraway secretary won't refuse personal requests like making dinner reservations or scanning match.com profiles.

Consolidate and Conquer

Standard to-do lists are bush league, and people waste more time keeping mental tabs on their projects than crossing 'em off. "The brain's like a PC," says Mark Joyner, founder of simpleology.com, an online management tool. "If you have 20 windows open, everything slows down and eventually crashes." Instead of making one master list, take 10 minutes to separate what must be done today—write that proposal, arrange meetings, find a kidney donor—from a short list of projects that can wait. "Don't procrastinate by doing trivial things," says Ferriss. "You should only have one or two primary to-dos on a given day."

Break the Banter

Listening to a coworker recount his most recent pub crawl isn't helping you get anything done. "People will consume your time to the extent you'll let them," asserts Ferriss. To tune out distractions, wear noise-reducing headphones whenever possible while at your desk. If a coworker approaches you for something, nip the inane chitchat in the bud by replacing open-ended casual openers like, "How's it going?" with a quick, "Hi, what can I do for you?" You may come off as an asshole, but you'll be the asshole who bangs out three times as much work as everybody else and still leaves the office in time for happy hour.

Get to the Point

Writing a response to a business e-mail should take as long as a ride on the office elevator: 20 seconds. "Get back within 24 hours to acknowledge receipt, but keep your messages extremely brief, along the lines of 'done' or 'on it,'" says Stuart R. Levine, author of *Cut to the Chase*. "Soon e-mailers will take the hint and send similarly short messages." If possible, set up an auto-responder explaining that you'll only be checking e-mail at 11 A.M. and 4 P.M. and that you're available via the phone for urgent matters. "People will reassess the importance of what they're e-mailing you," says Ferriss, "so they'll e-mail you less."

It's like a *Dilbert* cartoon, but funny.

Your Life, Unplugged

We are a nation of communication addicts. Here's what happens if you break free.

■ **Habit:** Constantly checking personal e-mail at work
How common? 60% surveyed
Time you could save by quitting: 20 minutes per day
So now what? Jog two miles every morning.

■ **Habit:** Reading BlackBerry messages as soon as they arrive
How common? 59% surveyed
Time you could save by quitting: 15 minutes
So now what? Watch the first half of your favorite *Scrubs* episode.

■ **Habit:** Checking work e-mails when you're on vacation
How common? 83% surveyed
Time you could save by quitting: Two hours
So now what? Build a split-level pillow fort in your hotel room.

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Hometown Hotties 2007

PRESENTED BY ICEHOUSE

Maxim & Icehouse celebrated the 2007 top 10 Hotties in Miami. Maxim fans voted and selected the top 10 Hotties, crowning Erin McKinnon as the 2007 winner. Guests and past winner, Brittany Lee, raised their ice cold Icehouse to toast the new Hotties into an exciting year ahead!

Cheers to the 2007 Hometown Hotties!

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HOW TO BUY... A BASEBALL TEAM!

Got a few hundred grand lying around? Ditch the fantasy roster and buy your own independent franchise.

1 Pick a Winner

Buying into the majors, or even the minors, is tough. Of the five levels of minor league ball—rookie league, short-season A, A, AA, and AAA—short-season is the cheapest, but teams are still worth multimillions. Your best bet is to cherry-pick from one of the nine independent leagues sprinkled around the U.S. After getting a couple dozen friends together, an independent league team can cost each of you less than a nice Toyota. "That's how an ownership group starts," says Frontier League franchise co-owner Bill Bussing. "As the years progress, people leave, and pretty soon one person has a majority stake."

2 Keep It Liquid

You should expect to bring your share of the investment to the table in cash, and have at least $200K socked away for first-year operating expenses—especially if you're buying in the winter, when your initial income will be zero. "I'd be skeptical that a bank would rely on the franchise value itself for collateral," says Bussing, who paid $800,000 for the Evansville Otters in 2001. One failing team drags down the value of its competitors, so the league will scrutinize your expenses. After all, if a league goes belly up, everyone loses their entire asset overnight. The resale market on jockstraps? Not great in a recession.

3 Find a Stadium

Do not try to build your own. Shouldering $1 million in annual debt service to build a $10 million stadium can cripple your franchise, so buy a team that has a rental agreement with the local town. Keeping ticket prices down requires at least 5,000 seats, and if the rent climbs past $3,000 per game, you'll need good concessions to cover it. "Concessions can make or break a season," says Bradley Wendt, CEO of the United League (a six-team Southern association stretching from Texas into Louisiana). "For every person who walks through your gate, you need to make at least $5 or you may as well hang it up."

4 Staff Up

Unlike other minor league teams, indies recruit their own squads (usually sluggers passed over in the draft or released from other clubs). And at the Frontier League's slave-labor pay range of $600 to $1600 a month, players come cheap and easy: According to Wendt, of the 200 hopefuls who report to United's tryout camp this year, only 10 to 15 will earn a spot on a team. Is it time to shutter your fantasy operation and rule the real game? "Everybody loves baseball," Wendt says. "When I was managing director at Goldman Sachs, nobody wanted to talk to me at cocktail parties. Now? I'm the most popular guy in the room."

Buying Home

Three independent teams and one A squad bad enough to be affordable.

Shreveport Sports
Estimated cost: $1,000,000
The Sports' pitchers have been atrocious—only two starters have winning records in the past two seasons. And forget run support: The club averaged 6.5 strikeouts per contest.

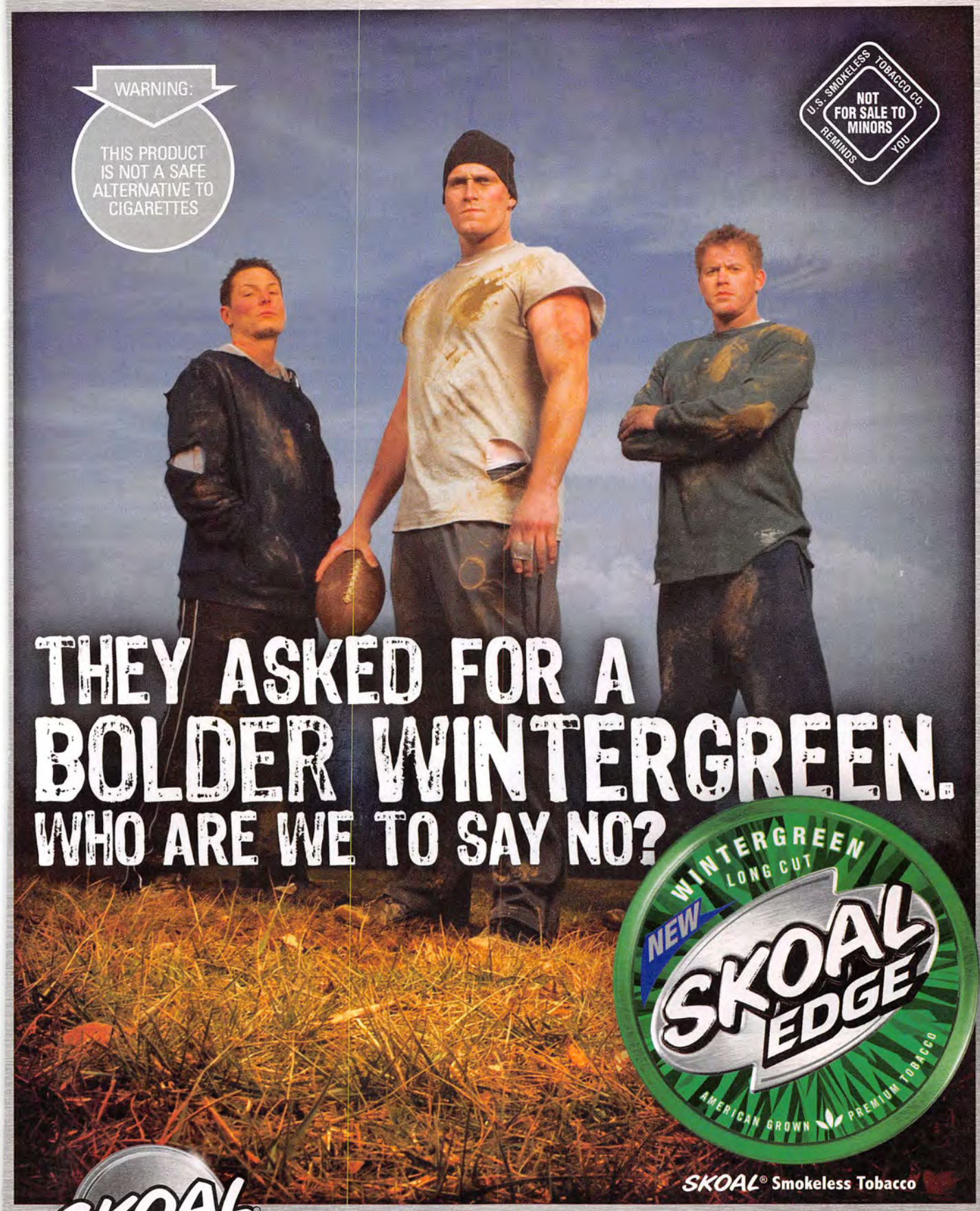
Laredo Broncos
Estimated cost: $2,000,000
Last in their league in batting? Check. Back of the pack in pitching? You bet. Is Laredo on the border of Mexico? Yup. Will you have to budget for bailing players out of a Tijuana prison? Possibly!

Orange County Flyers
Estimated cost: $3,000,000
The Flyers are skippered by Hall of Fame catcher Gary Carter, but their coyote mascot has his own e-mail address. Interested? You can book him for "any kind of function." *Any kind.*

Yakima Bears
Estimated cost: $7,000,000
A short-season Class A affiliate of the Arizona D-backs, the Bears are plagued by the dreary weather of the Northwest—and a pitching staff that pegged a league-leading 74 batters in 2007.

A field of dreams. Lonely, lonely dreams.

TEXT: STEVE MARZOLF



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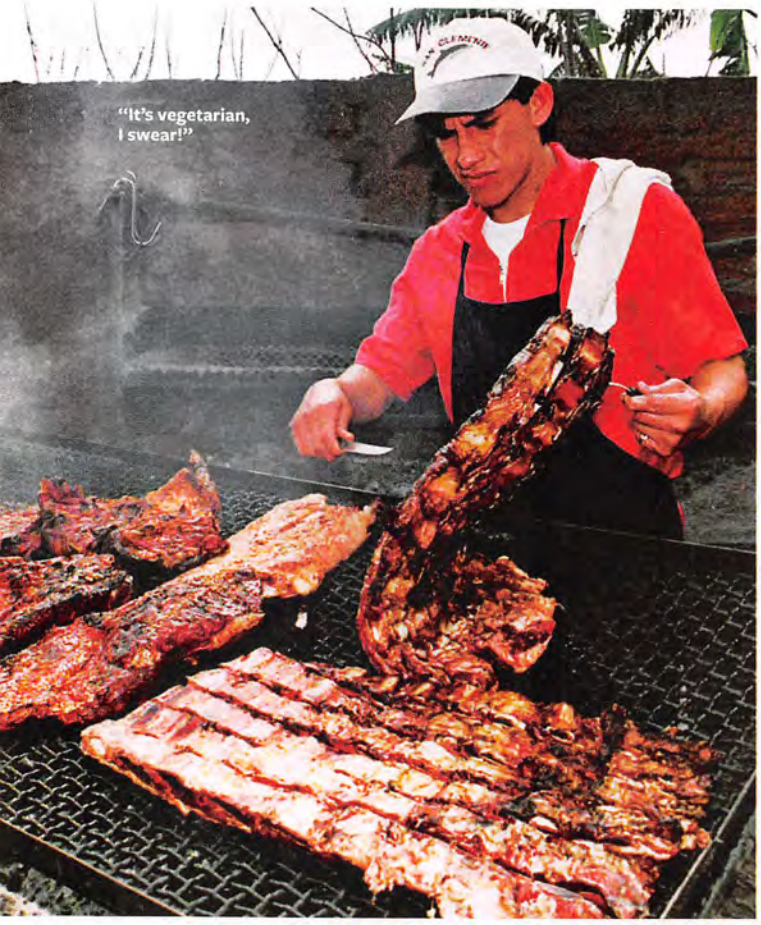
THANK YOU FOR SMOKING

We've got the blueprint to *cure* what ails ya—delicious puns and a DIY backyard smoker.

Supplies:

55-gallon drum | Kettle grill | Power drill | 8 nuts | 8 bolts | Aluminum foil



Grab your metal drum—quality vegetable oil drums are best and can cost as little as $10—and power drill. Make four 3/4-inch holes at the base of the barrel about two or three inches from the bottom and equidistant around.

Roll up some aluminum foil and plug your newly drilled holes (oh, grow up). Because all four are acting as air vents, plugging one or two will cool your fire down. When you want it hotter, just remove the aluminum and shield your mug.

About six inches above your original drill points, make another series of four 3/4-inch holes, equidistant around and just big enough to thread a three-inch carriage bolt.

Insert your set of bolts and secure each with a nut. Grab your kettle grill, take out one of the grates (you measured to make sure it fits, right?), and drop it in the drum—this will gently cradle your wood of choice.

Guesstimate from the top of the drum enough space to fit a rack or two of ribs, a brisket, or a pork butt. Drill four more 3/4-inch holes, stick in four more bolts, and secure 'em with nuts.

Drop in one more grate from the kettle grill to hold your meat (seriously, stop). Just drill three more 3/4-inch holes into the lid to give the smoke an avenue of retreat and you're done. Now commence to smoking with our blessing.

Wood Work

As all grilling aficionados know, meat is only as good as the timber you cook it with.

Hickory
The *Deliverance*-diet wood of choice. It adds a nice bacon-y tang that's best reserved for beef and pork.

Apple
The fruits—typically apple and cherry—will do in a pinch for red meat. But they really shine with turkey, chicken, and fish.

Pine
Never cook with pine or other soft woods, unless you really enjoy turpentine-flavored brisket melts.

Oak
Similar to hickory, but its lighter flavor won't overpower fish—and it still brings the ruckus to beef and pork.

Mesquite
Mesquite is an all-purpose cooker that goes well with any meat. Just keep it away from anything with scales.

TEXT, SEAMUS MCGRAW; ILLUSTRATIONS, KELTIE COCHRANE.COM

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THE DOPE ON DOPING

How the science and deception of illegal doping has ruined sports.

From spit balls to spygate, elite athletes are perpetually on the prowl for newer and sneakier ways to cheat. "It's fame, fortune, free time, a feeling of invincibility, or a combination of all four that drives people to do it," explains Dr. Gary Wadler, World Anti-Doping Agency advisor and author of *Drugs and the Athlete*. "But the cheaters are in a vast minority—we're getting very good at testing for these drugs." In light of the fast approaching Beijing Olympics, continued fallout from the BALCO scandal, the release of vindicated Jose Canseco's latest tell-all, the Mitchell Report outing pitching legend Roger Clemens as an alleged steroid and HGH user, and, most importantly, because we don't know THG from THC, we present the definitive guide to doping.

Whoa, looks like Clemens is having a snack attack.

	Lowdown	Detectable?	Side Effects?	Busted?
THG	Tetrahydrogestrinone is a powerful anabolic steroid in liquid form, guaranteed to ramp up protein synthesis for lightning-speed muscle bulkage.	Though the U.S. Anti-Doping Agency derived an effective test for THG in 2003, suspicious BALCO paper trails generally blow an athlete's cover before his blood work.	Unknown, but anabolic steroids, in general, can cause acne, testicular atrophy, and heart attack.	Track stars Kelli White, Alvin Harrison, and Marion Jones; All-star sluggers Jason Giambi and Barry Bonds (he took it thinking it was "flax seed."
EPO	A protein hormone produced by the kidneys, erythropoietin hikes the number of red blood cells in the body to supercharge an endurance athlete's energy levels.	The accuracy of the EPO urine test has recently been called into question, and an athlete may avoid detection altogether if he or she stops using it one week before a test.	Thick, syrupy blood can gum up in the heart or brain, causing strokes or cardiac arrest—or you may just die quietly and painlessly in your sleep.	Nine riders from a '98 French Tour de France team were booted from the race and arrested after their coach gave them up for EPO possession.
HGH	By stimulating the synthesis of protein, human growth hormone strengthens cartilage and bones, thus enabling athletes to recover faster and get hurt less.	The IOC uses blood tests, but no reliable urine test for HGH is forthcoming. And because MLB and NFL unions demand pee, the abuse potential in these sports is sky-high.	Watch out for acromegaly, a hormonal disorder that causes enlarging of the hands, feet, jaw, and brow (we call it Shrek-ism).	Barry Bonds is accused, and Chinese swimmer Yuan Yuan was nicked with 13 vials before the 1998 World Swimming Championship.
DHEA	Dehydroepiandrosterone is a steroid prohormone that may increase muscle mass and lower body fat. Banned from competition, DHEA is available over the counter.	Yes, by checking the ratio of testosterone to epitestosterone in a urine sample.	DHEA behaves like an anabolic steroid, and abusing it can bring on the typical side effects: baldness, acne, breast enlargement, and impotence.	DHEA isn't as potent as other drugs, so fewer athletes are busted. Andro—the legal supplement used by Mark McGwire before it was banned by MLB—is closely related.
"THE CREAM"	An ultra-high-tech ointment composed of testosterone and epitestosterone, the Cream makes your muscles rock-hard (and your hands baby-soft).	The Cream is difficult to test for because it keeps testosterone and epitestosterone ratios at equal levels. Even the drug itself knows how to cheat!	Other than the horrors that go with the use of anabolics, it's hard to say. The Cream was an off-market creation, and there hasn't been extensive testing.	Jason Giambi, Jeremy Giambi, and Barry Bonds (but he didn't know it was illegal).

Dejuiced

Has stricter steroid testing ruined baseball?

If you like pitchers' duels, America's pastime is still great. If you want long balls, you're screwed. In 2000 there were a record 5,693 home runs. In '03 baseball began testing for 'roids, and the total dropped to 5,207. Last season? 4,957. Could a drop in steroid use be blamed? According to Tufts physicist Roger Tobin, a 10 percent increase in muscle mass allows a slugger like Jose Canseco (below) to swing five percent faster, which means up to 50 percent more homers. So learn to appreciate the beauty of a well-placed bunt.

Check it out—my hand still smells like Madonna.

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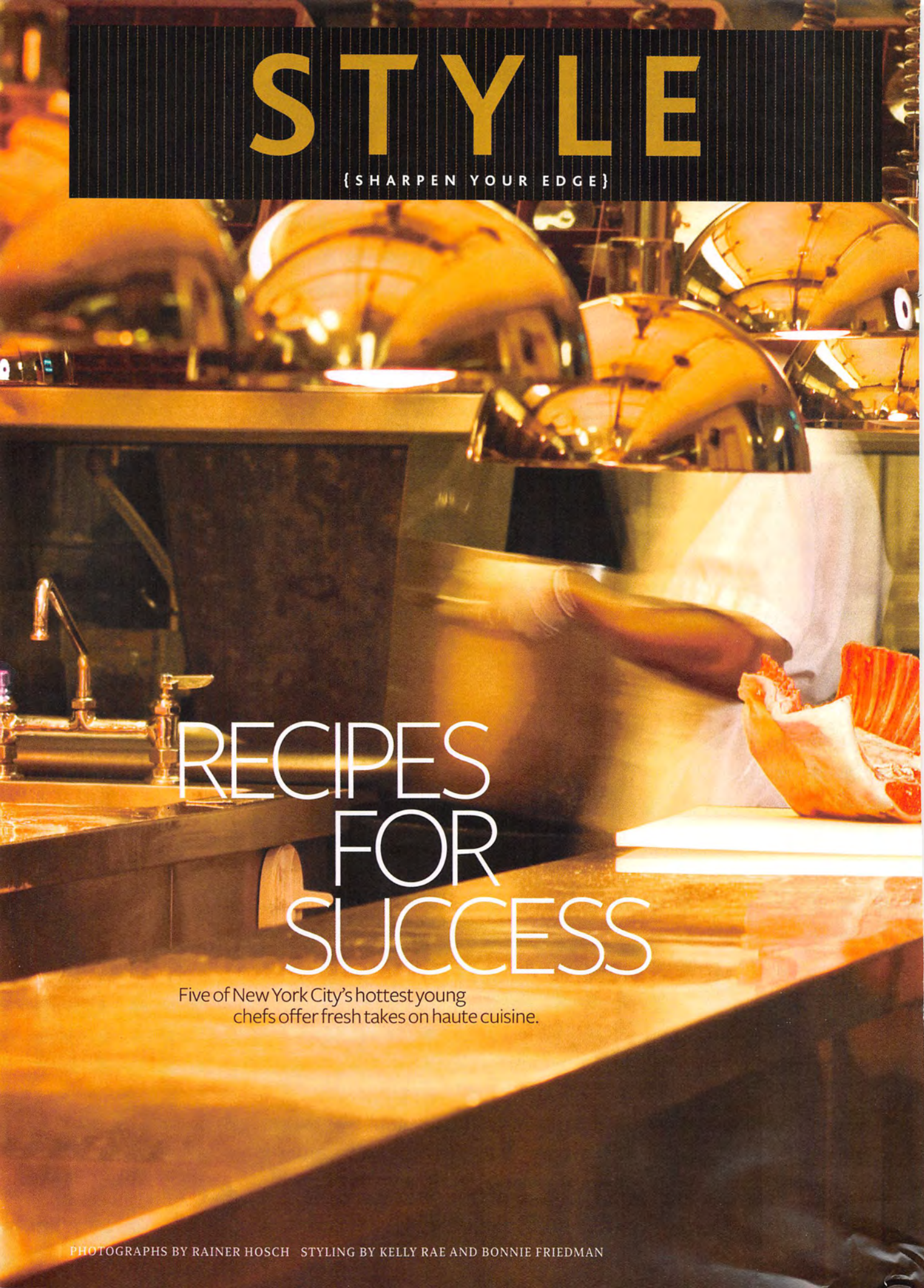

RECIPES FOR SUCCESS

Five of New York City's hottest young chefs offer fresh takes on haute cuisine.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAINER HOSCH STYLING BY KELLY RAE AND BONNIE FRIEDMAN

Craig Koketsu, Park Avenue Spring

Seasonal affair: Under executive chef Craig Koketsu, Park Avenue (the name changes with the season; it opened last year as Park Avenue Summer) has taken the loca-vore movement to new extremes. Koketsu designs four menus every year, with each one corresponding to the season. "We're getting back to our roots," he says. "Cooking with the seasons goes back to when cooking began."
Paying dues: After starting as a dishwasher making minimum wage in California, Koketsu has worked his way to the top without going to culinary school. "One of the first things I tell my new cooks is, 'You're going to be working every day,'" says Koketsu. "People get into cooking for the wrong reasons. It's not a glamorous industry." As for celeb chefs? "I hope it's a passing fad," he says. "If you're the chef and your name is on the restaurant, you need to be in the kitchen."

Craig Koketsu wears a Bottega Veneta jacket, $2,170, and shirt, $280; John Varvatos scarf, $135, Juicy Couture for Men necklace, $125; Burberry London jeans, $295; Prada belt, $350; and Rolex Submariner watch, $5,525.

Sam Mason, Tailor

Mix master: At his new Soho eatery, Tailor, Mason is taking the culinary wizardry that's earned him a rep as N.Y.C.'s mad scientist of the kitchen to a new level. "I'd never be able to tell a person what kind of restaurant they'd like," says Mason, 33. "But going out and finding what you like is one of life's pleasures." What Mason likes is the interplay of sweet and salty, as in pork belly with miso butterscotch and artichoke or passion fruit poached char with lime pickle and coconut.

Cook 'n' roll: "Shows like *Top Chef* are great because they promote cooking as a whole," says Mason, whose own foray into the world of celebrity chefs is decidedly more punk rock. For the past year Mason has been filming the Web show *Dinner With the Band* in which he shows hipster darlings, such as Tokyo Police Club and El-P the ways of the kitchen. "Music is a huge part of my life," says Mason. "The bands on the show are all from indie labels. We cook, drink, and hang out. It's just a good time."

Sam Mason wears a Theory vest, $195; Calvin Klein Collection shirt, $395; Paul Smith London tie, $135; and Z Zegna jeans, $265.

Todd Mitgang, Crave Ceviche Bar

Young gun: The co-owner and executive chef of one of New York's hottest eateries is only 27 years old, but already he's changing the way we think about cooking. "I felt like not enough was being done with the concept of ceviche," Mitgang says of the method of curing meat and seafood with acidic liquids. Cuisine without fire is nothing new, but Mitgang's take—like his cure of escolar, arctic char, duck, and lamb with brown sugar and Negra Modelo beer—is a taste to remember.

Kitchen calling: "The love and the passion for cooking, it's in my blood," says Mitgang, who recently added a full dining room to Crave's 21-seat bar. "I don't think I could ever walk away from this industry. Sometimes you want to, but you can't." With a degree in business and a natural flair in the kitchen, Mitgang refuses to be considered strictly a restaurateur. "Seven days a week I'm there," he says. "I don't just jump on the line when a cook needs help; I *am* the line."

Todd Mitgang wears a Salvatore Ferragamo trench coat, $1,950; Prada knit sweater, $650; Boss Selection shirt, $225, and tie, $125; Calvin Klein Collection jeans, $450; and Versace shoes, $650.

Neil Ferguson, Allen & Delancey

Pressure drop: Having arrived Stateside from his native Britain with fire-breathing celeb chef Gordon Ramsay (*Hell's Kitchen*), Neil Ferguson knows a thing or two about working under pressure. That's why at his acclaimed new restaurant on the Lower East Side, comfort is paramount: cozy, relaxed, and sophisticated, serving up bold downtown takes on haute classics (caramelized bone marrow with caviar, Colorado lamb chop persillade with potato purée).
Night owl: "In New York there's a great late-night restaurant scene," says Ferguson, 36, of his new home. "I want to be open until 3 A.M., serving soak-up-the-alcohol-style food. We have a big communal table, and I'd love for people to come and say, 'All right, we're here for three or four hours, and Neil's cooking for us.' There are places that do it, but I think we can raise the bar. In New York you can do anything you want. It's just perfect."

Neil Ferguson wears a Paul Smith London suit, $1,700, and silk tie, $135; and Versace Collection shirt, $225.

GROOMING, GREG B. USING NARS SKIN FOR ARTISTS BY TIMOTHY PRIANO AND VALERY GHERMAN FOR REDKEN AT DE FACTO; FOOD STYLING, ED GABRIELS FOR HALLEY RESOURCES. SPECIAL THANKS TO GRA BAR FRESH FISH AND SEAFOOD

Michael Psilakis, Anthos

On the job: "My story is crazy," says Michael Psilakis, who has revolutionized Greek cuisine at Anthos. Psilakis opened his first restaurant—as an owner—at age 24. But when the bulk of his kitchen staff failed to show up one day, he grabbed an apron. "As an owner I was at the whim of the chef," recalls Psilakis, 37, "so I decided to go back to the kitchen and teach myself to cook. It's been a wild ride ever since."

Can't stand the heat: Not that the kitchen is for everyone. "I don't think most people understand what it is like," says Psilakis, whose use of Greek staples such as raw seafood and lamb alongside current culinary faves like Berkshire pork belly and sea urchin, has seen him called the Mario Batali of Greek cooking. "The kitchen is not glamorous or sexy. The kitchen is all about sacrifice. I'm like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde: Out front I'm very cool and mellow, but when I get in the kitchen, it's not pretty."

Michael Psilakis wears Ermenegildo Zegna suit, $2,695, dress shirt, $295, silk tie, $150, linen pocket square, $70, and dress loafers, $465.

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(3); man, Mike Kemp/Getty Images; sports images, Getty Images (10); bike, courtesy of www.lookcycle-usa.com; Texas Hold'Em, D.Hurst/Alamy; Bouré, Tetra Images/Alamy **pp.116–120:** Earth, Christian Baity/Getty Images; moon, George Grail/Getty Images; astronaut, James Porto/Getty Images; Nowak, AP Photo/Pete Cosgrove; man on the Moon, World Perspectives/Getty Images; Hubble Telescope, Corbis; jellyfish, Frans Lanting/Corbis; astronaut, Corbis; wheat plant, Petra Wegner/Alamy; ant, Dorling Kindersley/Getty Images; trash can, Bob Bishop/Getty Images; buttocks, Erik Von Weber/Getty Images; Oefelein, AP Photo/NASA; key, Jaime Chard/Getty Images; Nowak waving, Reuters/NASA; couple kissing, John Lamb/Getty Images; astronaut wearing helmut, Dorling Kindersley/Getty Images; Shipman, AP Photo/John Raoux; letter, PhotoSpin, Inc/Alamy; diaper, Stockbyte/Getty Images; Ron van der Ende: Sputnik 2006 basrelief in reclaimed wood ronvanderende.nl/okokgallery.com; O-ring, AP Photo/Skip Peterson; Type O Negative, Gene Ambo/Retna Ltd; Apollo Creed, United Artists/courtesy Everett Collection; Reagan, Corbis; hanging man, Stuart McClymont/Getty Images; Pioneer 10, Time Life Pictures/Getty Images; Nowak mugshot, AP Photo/Orange County Sheriff's Dept.; gavel, Siede Preis/Getty Images; Nowak in court, AP Photo/Red Huber; plaque, courtesy of NASA **p.125:** Ghost Tree, Bart Keagy; Mavericks, Matthew Sumner/Contra/Costra Times/Zuma Press; Teahupoo and Todos Santos, Jeff Flindt/Surfing Magazine (2); Jaws, Dan Merkel/A Frame/Zuma Press; Nelscott Reef, Richard Hallman/NelscottReef.org **p.132:** papers, moodboard/Corbis; man, Veer/Tina Chang/Getty Images; man reading, Henrik Sorensen/Getty Images **p.134:** Baseball field, Mark Cowan/Icon SMI **p.136:** Man grilling, Daniel Muzio/AP Photo; bacon, Stockbyte/Getty Images; apple, Kevin Summers/Getty Images; pine cone, Steve Gorton/Getty Images; leaf, Kei Uesugi/Getty Images; mesquite, Alamy **p.138:** steroid, Mark Allen Johnson/ZUMA/Corbis; Canseco, Mark Wilson/Getty Images; Jones, Hiroko Masuike/Getty Images; Bonds, Jed Jacobsohn/Getty Images; McGwire, Andy Lyons/Getty Images; Giambi, Nick Laham/Getty Images **p.160:** Man's head, SIE Productions/zefa/Corbis; Loren, im1/x17agency online; cross, David Robertson/Alamy; Count Chocula, courtesy of General Mills; vampire, courtesy Everett Collection; Father, Jim Bourg/AFP/Getty Images; television, PhotoSpin, Inc/Alamy; torn photograph, Lars Borges/Getty Images; *Growing Pains* and Cavemen, ABC/courtesy Everett Collection (2); *Sister Act*, Buena Vista Pictures/courtesy Everett Collection.

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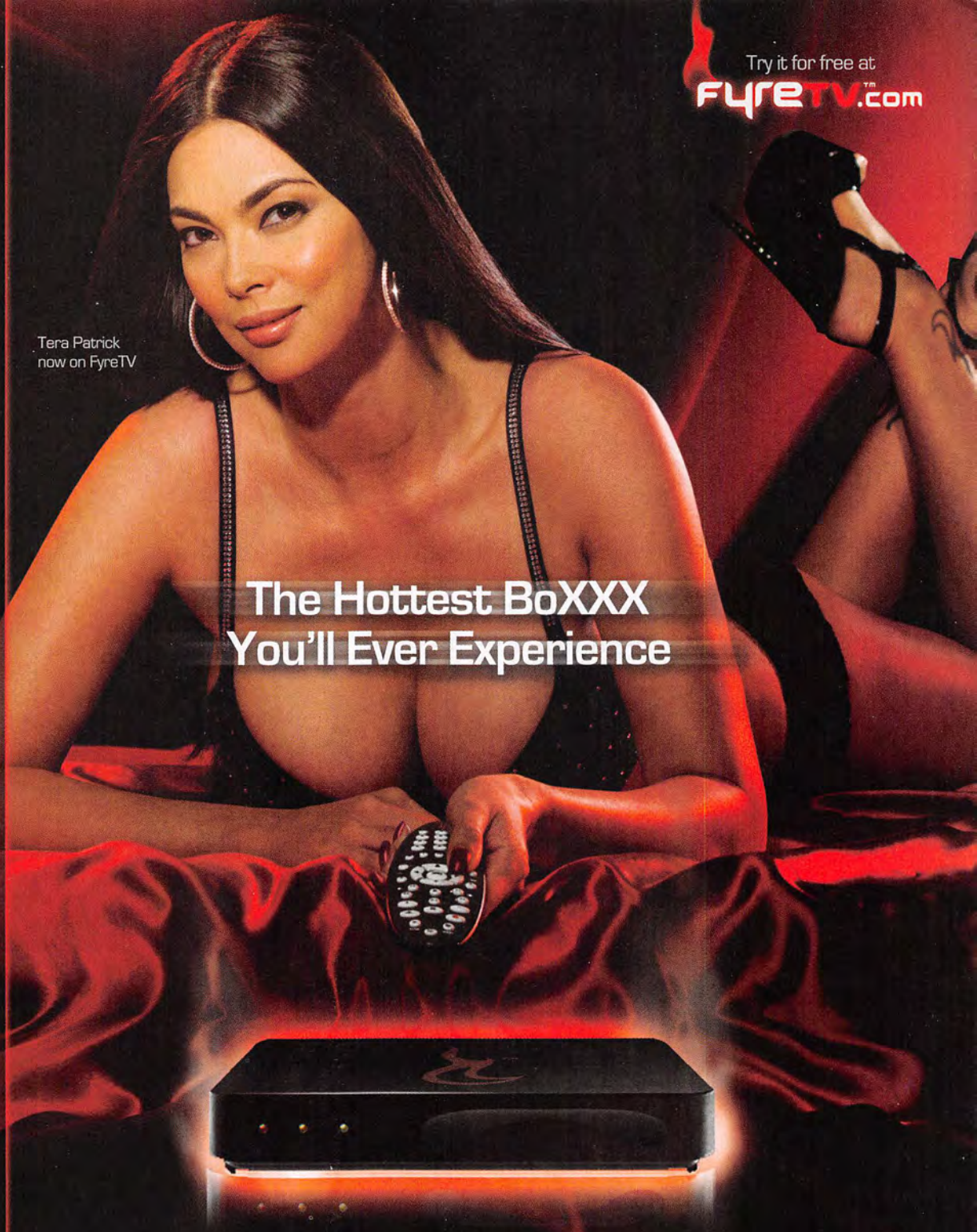

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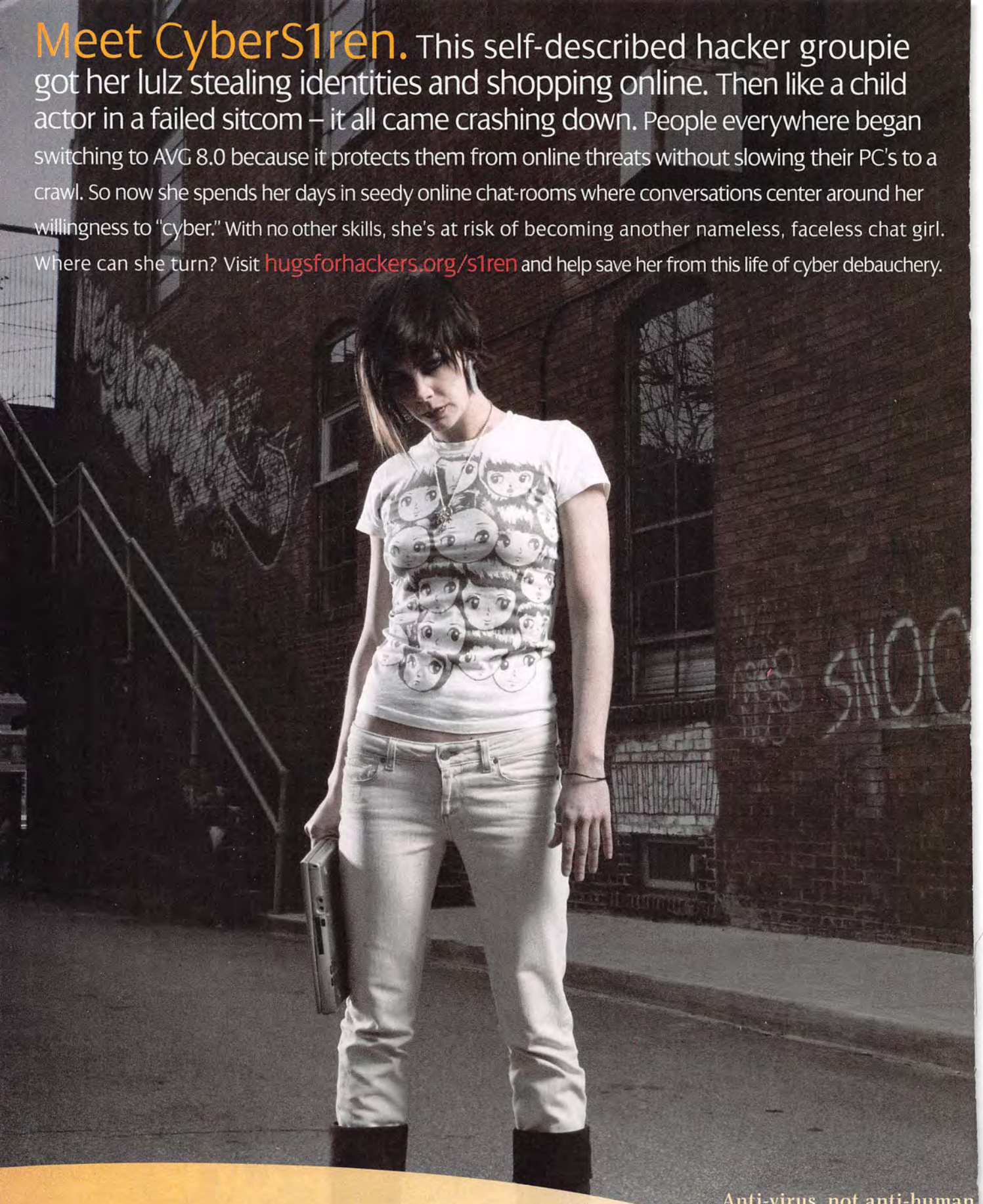

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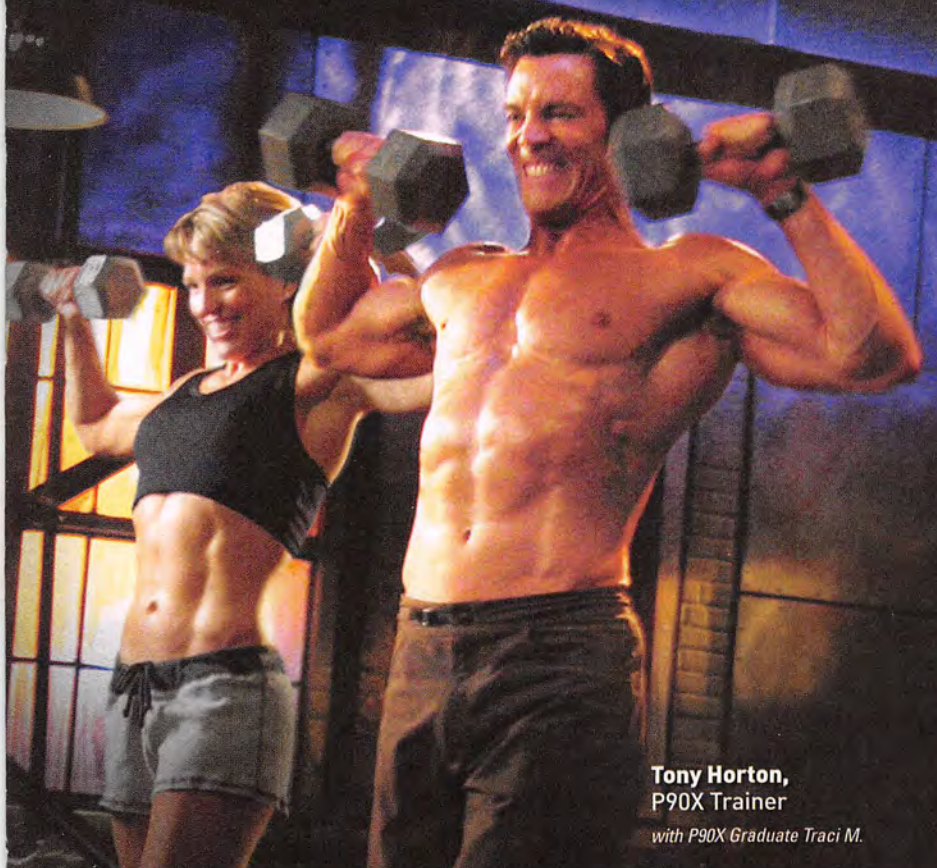

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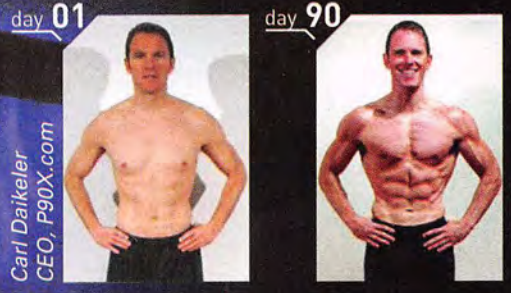

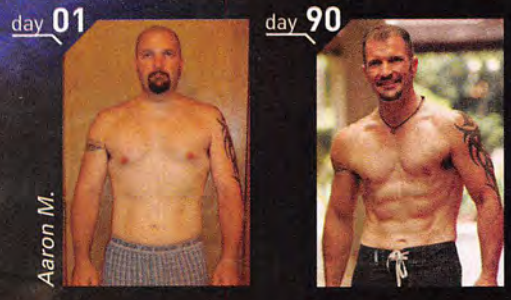

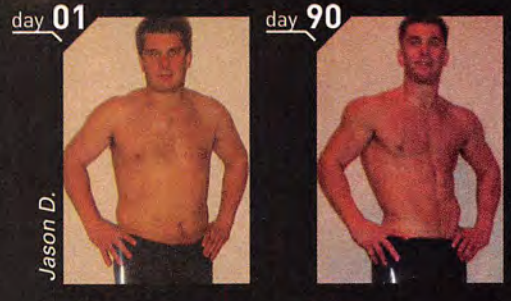

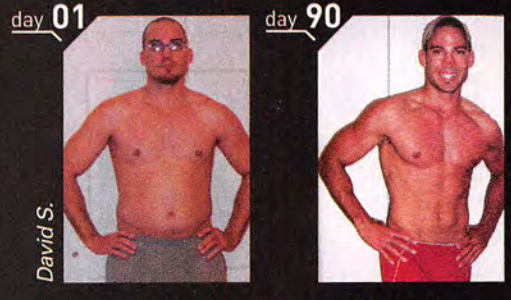

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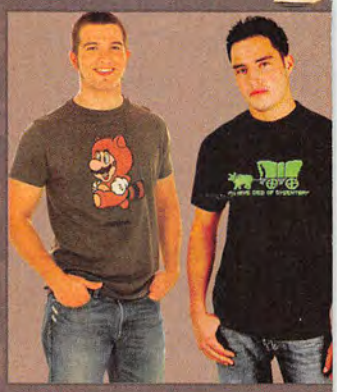

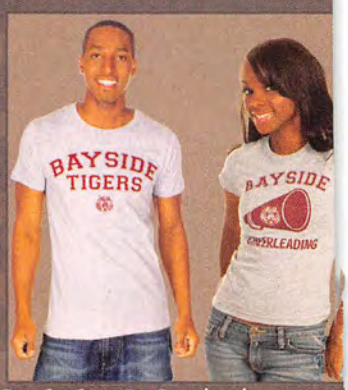

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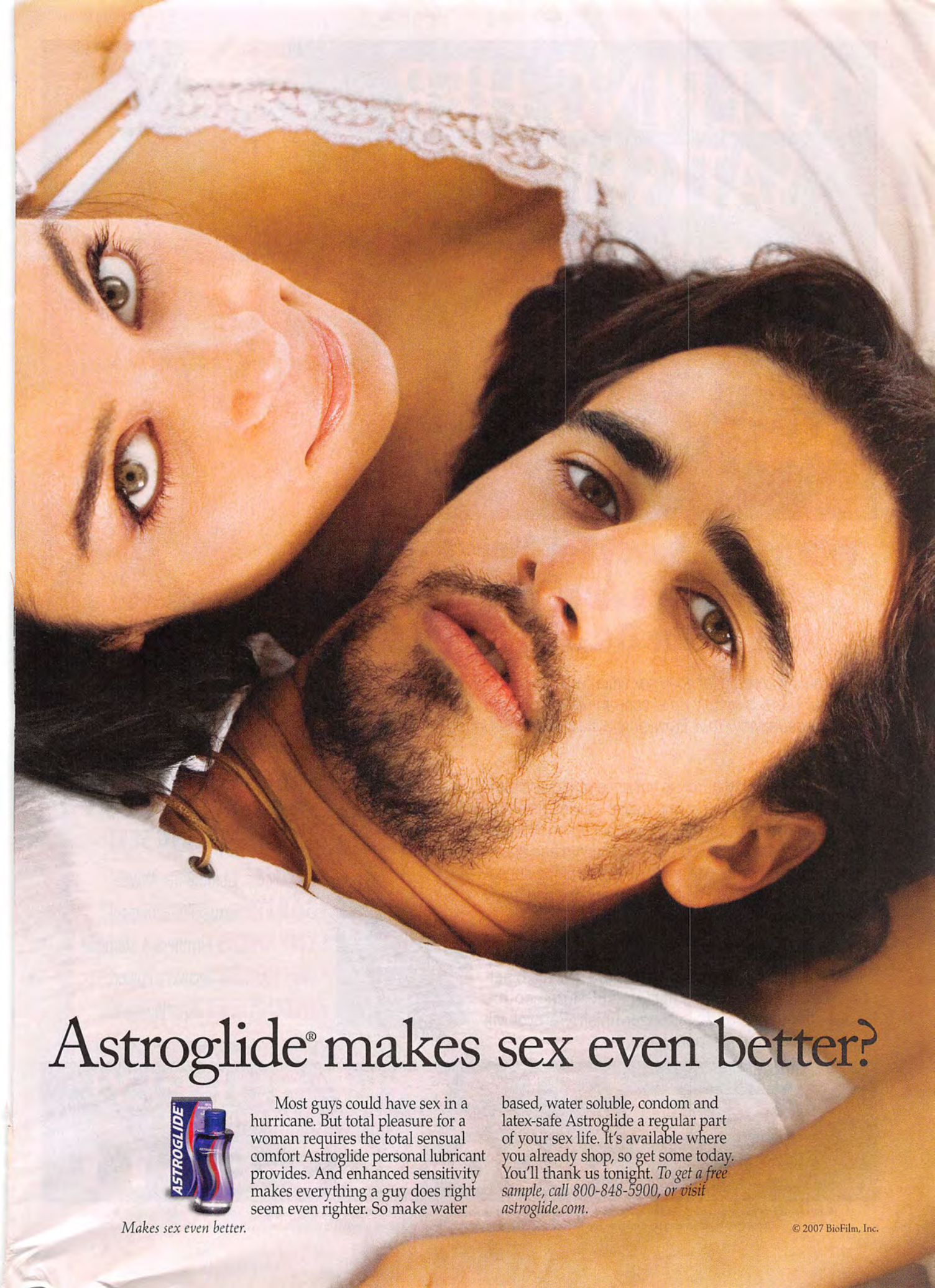

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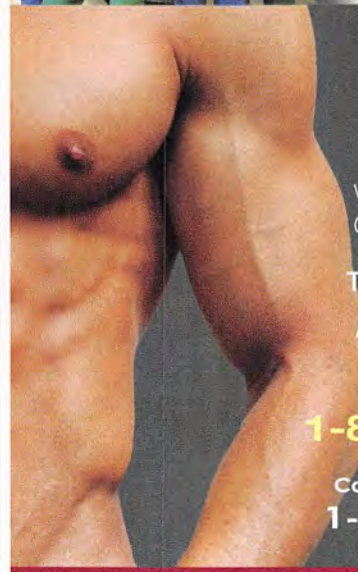

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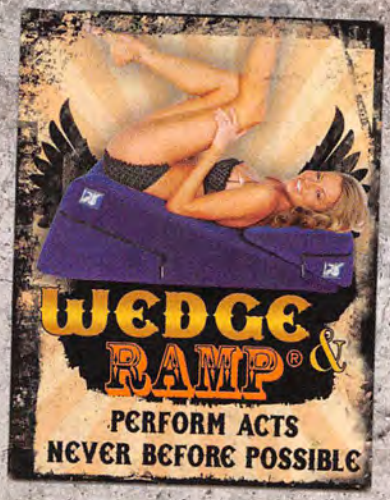

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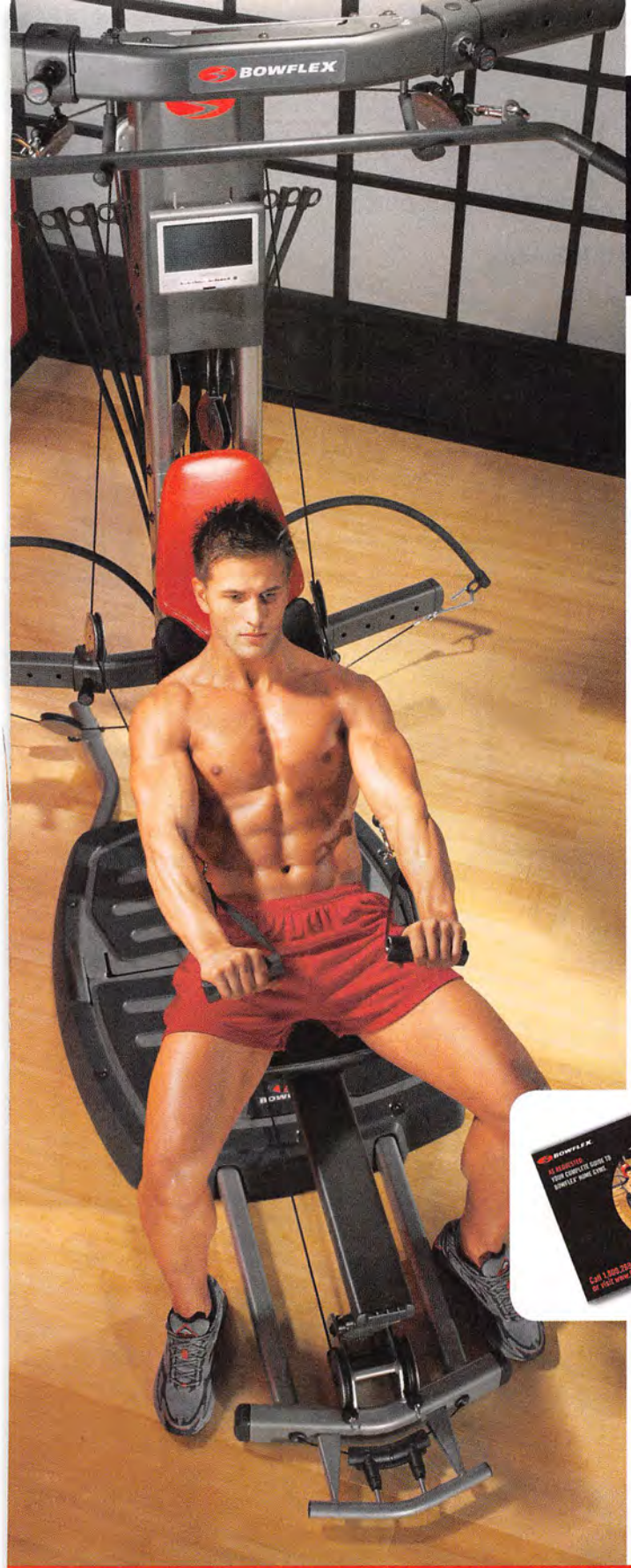

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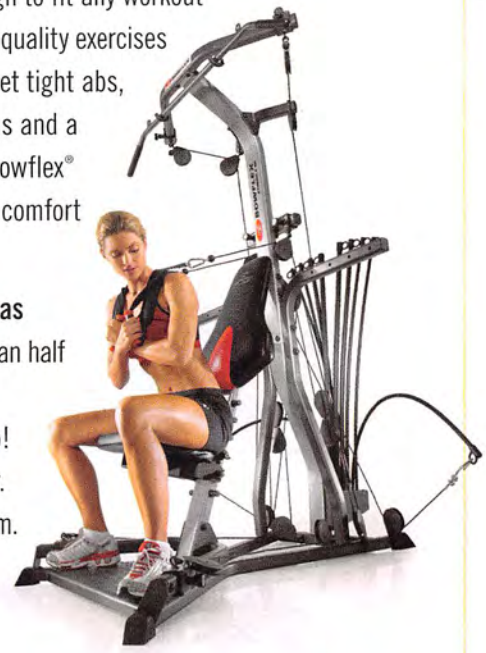

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The Decider: Who ruined your life?

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Does your life suck?

yes

When did it all go wrong?
A. When she spent all of New Year's Eve laughing at your best friend Steve's jokes
B. Sundown
C. Birth

A

B

C

Is your dining room set a coffee table and four video game chairs?

yes

no

Do you still take your temperature rectally?

yes

no

Who is your most doable celebrity?

Nanny from *Muppet Babies*

Whoopi circa *Sister Act*

Biggest regret in life:
A. Not TiVoing the first and possibly only season of *Cavemen*
B. Letting the sex tape leak
C. Volunteering to help clean up after youth group
D. Selling Google stock too early...and drinking hep-C blood

A

B

C

D

Do you black out when you see a Nativity?

yes

no

At night you...

Wet the bed, then spank yourself with a hairbrush as punishment

Snuff out a candle and cry yourself to sleep

Put an unwashed girl's T-shirt on your pillow and snuggle

Stop sitting on the couch and start lying on it

Your Parents
Dad ignored you? Mom dressed you in princess outfits? At least they're paying for your therapy.

Your Ex
If you love something, set it free. But if you really love something, watch it sleep through a window.

Television
Congratulations! You've made it through an entire page of words. Now the bad news: This isn't *TV Guide*.

no

yes

Have you ever had to confess something you did in the confession booth?

no

yes

How do crucifixes make you feel?

Terrified

Terrified/aroused

Father O'Finnegan
Don't be so hard on the guy. Have you ever tried to take a vow of celibacy? Besides, it's kind of a compliment.

Vampires
Minus side: an eternity of undead suffering. Plus side: With a rise in diabetes, blood is sweeter than ever.

Look, man, if you want help, you're going to need to be honest. Now stop screwing around and answer the question right.

no

True or false:
The purest show of love for someone is a forehead tattoo.

true

false

You stopped breast-feeding...

Age 2 or younger

Last Tuesday

When you're feeling down, you...

Draw a syrup smiley face on a pancake

Reorganize the cape closet

Sketch her naked from memory

In five years you see yourself...
A. Turning your old tree house into a kick-ass shaggin' cabin
B. Crossing "watch every episode of *Coach*" off your bucket list
C. Meeting childhood idol Count Chocula

A

B

C

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